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BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

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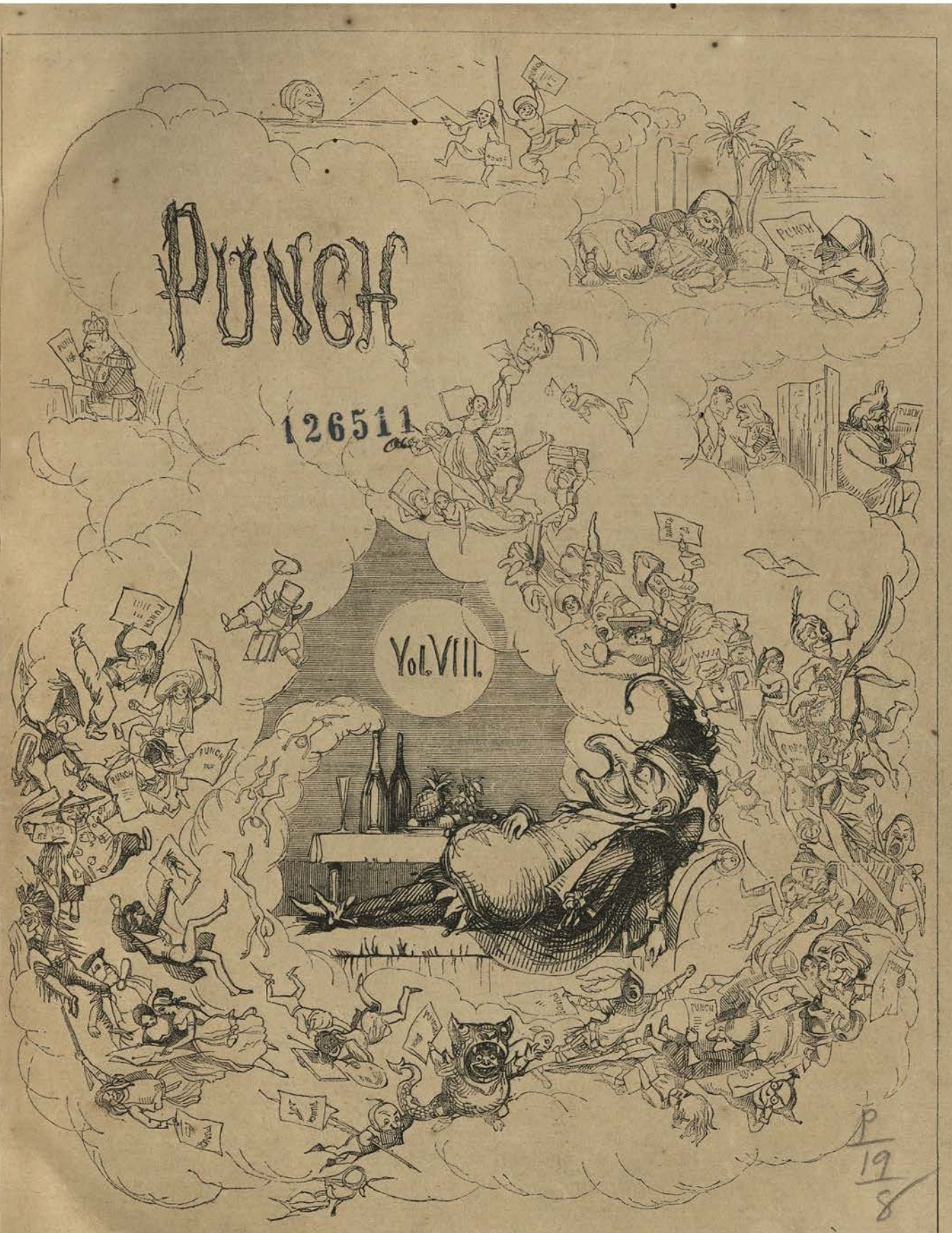

LONDON:
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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1845.

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PREFACE

MIDSUMMER is come; and with all its other glories—its sun and flowers—"the pomp of groves, and garniture of fields"—brings with it that additional blessing to the human family,—ANOTHER VOLUME OF PUNCH!

And mankind—it delights us to avow the ennobling truth—mankind is touched with gratitude for the felicity! MR. GIBBON, who wrote about those homicidal and burglarious rascals, the Romans, deemed it a matter for his especial thanks, that he was born the member of a civilized nation: that he was not born a Hottentot GIBBON, to be girdled with ovine offal—not an Esquimaux GIBBON, with a fish-bone through his nostrils—but an English GIBBON, inheriting the decencies of broad-cloth and silken hose, and privileged for rump-steaks and port like any other Christian gentleman. In the like way, let the present generation of men express a rapturous thanksgiving that they live in the printing days of PUNCH! Let them, however, not be vainglorious or arrogant in their happiness. No: whilst the small tear of gratitude twinkles in their right eye for a peculiar blessing, let them think with mournful pity—with affectionate tenderness on the benighted condition of their forefathers. For *they*—poor souls!—lived not in the typographic days of PUNCH!

But men *are* grateful. The hearts of the Antipodes beat towards us! There is no infant colony throughout the world that does not hold forth to us its little hands, even as babies hold forth theirs to their loving fathers, to be nursed and dandled. And we are proud of this affection! Very proud; albeit we continue to walk without silver trumpets before us, and hitherto have not mounted a peacock's feather in our Sunday beaver!

We have selected this page wherein to write a letter to all the Powers of earth—to acknowledge their kind intentions towards us, briefly—but oh! with what sincerity!

All the Crowned Heads that glorify this otherwise shabby world have sent deputations to *Punch*—(he has said not a word of the matter in his own Court Circular)—inviting him to pass the Midsummer Holidays at their several Courts. "Dearest, sweetest *Punch*,"—so runs the tenor of their invitations—

"You will have finished your Eighth Volume; come, and make merry with us: come, and make us frolic with your mirth—thoughtful with your wisdom."

It gave us some pain to refuse the summons to Windsor Castle. But as the said summons was accompanied with a notification that our visit must be kept a profound secret,—inasmuch as it was hinted the presence of Literary and Artistic genius at the Royal Table might bring it into disrepute—we felt that we owed it to our illustrious Order—the Order of the Goose-Quill and Pencil—not to visit even Windsor *incog.*

Louis-Philippe pressed us, very kindly, to the Tuileries. And had Joinville been at sea, we think we should—despite of all old differences—have gone. But we were afraid that that mischievous boy would have primed our cigar with gunpowder, have put detonating stuff in our pillow, or have committed some trick that we must have chastised him for, and—we would not break the *entente cordiale* between the two countries.

Queen Isabella graciously promised us, if we 'd visit Madrid, one of her sweetest *bonbons,* besides the Order of the Lolly Pop! But old *Punch* is not to be caught with sugar—especially Spanish sugar.

And then for the Court of Portugal! No: thought we; we would rather visit a Court of St. Giles; for though we hate dirt, still there we should have it unmixed with the worst dirt of the world—pride.

Metternich, on the part of his master, was civil; but we thought of Italy, of the blood of the Bandieras, and we said—no!

President Polk begged we would honour America. "No, no," said we, "you Americans rob poor *Punch* enough, as it is: if he were to trust himself bodily among you, you might suddenly take a fit of Yankee honesty, and sell him, it may be to Russia, to pay off your debts."

And coming to Russia, reminds us that Baron de Brunow waited on us to tempt us to St. Petersburg (and thence to Siberia). We must, however, say thus much in praise of the Ambassador's modesty: he knew what *Punch* thought of Nicholas, and had not the impudence to put the question. The Baron, having caught our indignant eye, vanished in confusion.

We received a very flattering invitation from Kingling Dan I. of Ould Ireland. His Majesty assured us, that if we would only come as guest to Dublin, we should not be very much hooted—and that only "the smallest taste in life" of eggs and gutter-mud would be thrown into our carriage.

Our page would burst did we try to cram into it all the royal invitations—from that of China down to Morocco—sent us for the present balmy Midsummer. No; said we, we will go to none of your Courts. No; we will visit neither Paris, nor St. Petersburg, nor Pekin,—but we will go quietly and philosophically to Herne-Bay.

"Meanwhile," said we to the different deputations, "what a blessing is it that if *Punch* in person will not or cannot visit all or any of your Courts, he can nevertheless appear there in all the glory of type, in all the emblazonment of illustration." All the deputations seemed touched with this profound truth; and putting their hands upon their grateful hearts, they all withdrew. And we, falling back in our easy-chair, saw in a vision thousands of genii carrying "Punch, Vol. 8." to the furthermost corners of the earth!

"For ourself," said we, "we certainly will take packet for Herne-Bay. But we trust that there will be no firing of the Tower guns on the occasion. The majesty of Letters needs not noise and smoke to tell of its whereabout."

We shall arrive at Herne-Bay quietly, unostentatiously. If the One Policeman of the Town be on the jetty to receive us, we shall be more than satisfied.

Such is the modesty of true greatness! Kings and conquerors, take a lesson from Punch!

JANUARY.

The Irish — **State Trials.**

1	W	Light Sovereigns called in: and, after a *terrible sweating*, arrive at the Bank.
2	Th	Lord Mayor complains of dirty state of the City. Alderman Gibbs objecting to *put down the dust*. Very dirty!
3	F	Mr. Holcombe presents to the Queen eight pure-bred Bantams, which henceforth "*take their peck*" at Windsor.
4	S	England at peace with all the world. Wonderful! that's a *piece* we don't owe to the French.
5	S	Sunday.
6	M	Qui tam actions for penalties brought against noble Turfites. Ha! what an *exposure of legs*.
7	Tu	The Grasshopper placed on the Royal Exchange. Poor grasshopper! he won't find many *green blades* there.
8	W	Chantrey's bronze statue of George IV. placed in Trafalgar Square.—A fine statue of a *bad caste*.
9	Th	300 Charity boys go to see Pictures in Nat. Gal. None of the boys past *Ten-icrs!* (*Reader, log.*) Oh! Joe Miller and his men.
10	F	Lord Brougham's return to England announced. Lord Campbell learns from the "Tipton Slasher" the noble art of self-defence.
11	S	A pudding 290 lbs. weight boiled at Aughton.—So large, that all the children of the village *walked into it*.
12	S	Sunday.
13	M	Extraordinary.—During the whole of the month the upper Beadle of the Burlington Arcade has never been out of temper.
14	Tu	54 Prisoners transferred from the Millbank Penitentiary, all marked M.P. As bad as the Premier, who always has an *M.P. at his back*.
15	W	Wonderful Precocity.—There is a cad, a mere boy only 16 years old, who understands the whole of the machinery of the Brixton treadmill.
16	Th	20,296 pipes of port wine imported into England. 21,296 pipes of "beeswing." What a *hum!*
17	F	Mr. H. Phillips' first lecture on Hebrew Music. The poet of Moses & Son presides at the Jews' harp.
18	S	Charles Kean arrives in town for the last rehearsal of Richard III.—*The last!* Ah! no such luck my boys.
19	S	Sunday.
20	M	Lusus Naturæ. At Coventry, last week, a kitten was born with the head of a red herring.
21	Tu	An attorney struck off the rolls to follow philanthropical pursuits. He opens a dairy, to serve out the *milk of human kindness*.
22	W	Westminster Bridge reported to be unsafe—having—what the Parishioners of Walbrook long for—*a settlement*.
23	Th	Sir G. Metcalf sends £100 to the British and Foreign Institute. "*So much* for Buckingham."
24	F	The Irish petition for an extended trade with England in soap—being desirous of *lathering the Saxon*.
25	S	Conversion of St. Paul.
26	S	Sunday.
27	M	Scotch Farmers determine to destroy Roors—won't let them devour *the grub* in Scotland.
28	Tu	Trial for Custom House Frauds. "They've *done their duty*, and they've done no more."—*Tom Thumb*.
29	W	Great Match against Time. Widdicomb mounts a new wig, and leaves Time forty years behind.
30	Th	Martyrdom of Charles the First.
31	F	Strike of scissar makers at Sheffield. The masters having *knocked down* the prices, the workmen *strike* in defence.—[*Brilliant—Eh!*]

Bubbles of the Year.—The O'Connell Rent.

SOLILOQUY OF A SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

Hilary Term! Pshaw! There's nothing hilarious about our terms now. This is a precious land of liberty, this is! ven a sheriff's officer can't find a shoulder to turn his hand to. Time vas, ven I took my two bottles and my six bodies a-day. But now I thinks brandy-and-vater a luxury, and hasn't as much as a diaman' ring to my finger; I vonder ven they'll gladden my heart with a "execution?" for the sheriff's officer who vouldn't *serve* a fellow-cretur in *a distress*, isn't vorthy of the name of Levy! So I may as vell sell Madame Tussaud my top-boots to stand by them figures of Vellington's and Blucher's.

CLIMATE OF LONDON.

Professor Howard, in analysing the climate of London, took some fog home in a basin, and found it to contain nine parts smoke to one part porter. He undertook to extract a pint of stout from the atmosphere of Oxford-street on a very foggy day, if the fog only lasted till he had completed the operation.

EXTRAORDINARY STATISTICAL FACT.

A lady in Fitzroy-square has a cat which in the course of last year broke fifty plates, six cream-jugs, two brass candlesticks, three soup-tureens, fifteen tea-cups, and one poker; and has eaten no less than thirty chickens, two sweetbreads, seven turkeys, three legs of lamb, ten gooseberry-pies, and three pots of preserved apricots. Nevertheless, this extraordinary cat is the greatest favourite with the cook and all the servants.

WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

Advice to persons about to marry,—Don't.

THE ART OF PACKING.

A carpet bag should be packed by placing the clean linen in first, including the frilled shirts. After which stuff in the coats and boots; garnish with shaving-tackle, and ram down with hair-brush. If the packing is not then successful, insert your foot into the bag, and pull fiercely at the handles. It does not matter about the carpet bag being wide open at both sides, so as it is closed with a padlock in the middle.

MUSTARD.

The lodging-house variety is very scarce. It may sometimes, however, be raised in about a week from the kitchen, by ringing for it regularly every morning.

Art Union and

APRIL.

Fine Art Distribution.

1	Th	40 Tradesmen at Putney hoaxed by false summonses to serve on the grand jury. They gave up the *Ledger* and went for the *Hoax*.
2	W	Tom Thumb exhibited in the evening, at Buckingham Palace, as Napoleon, Her Majesty liking a *little nap* after dinner.
3	Th	A singular Fact. It has been calculated that the united ages of the workmen lately employed on the Nelson Monument amount to 32 yrs. [and 6 mos.
4	F	St. Ambrose.
5	S	Married Officers out of barracks ordered 2*s.* 6*d.* for candles and coals per week. The officers *firing* anything but *heavy charges*.
6	S	Sunday.
7	M	Q. Isabella receives a basket of sweetmeats from her soldiers, as a hint to her Majesty to attend to their *comfits*. (Shade of Joe!)
8	Tu	The *Aylesbury News* says—"A prophet has appeared in Bucks"—and top boots, we suppose.
9	W	Daring Feat. A well-known sporting character accepts an invitation from R. Montgomery, "to tea, and the Second Part of Luther."
10	Th	India-rubber Pavement placed in front of the Admiralty, that certain young officers may better jump over the heads of veterans.
11	F	Alderman Gibbs hissed on leaving the Walbrook Vestry. From the force of habit, he *pockets the affront*.
12	S	Daniel Whittle Harvey states that losses from common thieves in the City, are under £30 a day. Then Daniel [Whittle easily earns Daniel's *wittles*.
13	S	Sunday.
14	M	England is again invaded by William the Conqueror at Astley's—the Queen's English dreadfully mangled by the Conqueror.
15	Tu	Sir R. Peel subscribes £10 to the Rowland Hill testimonial. Only £10! we thought it had been ten and—*a kick* (*vide* "Pelham.")
16	W	Patent taken out for the manufacture of paper without rags. Heigho! we have covered many quires of old shirts in our time.
17	Th	State of the Provinces. A man arrives at Herne Bay and takes a first floor—an event unparalleled in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.
18	F	Report of the failure of the potato crop in Scotland proves to be unfounded; so that there was "no *speculation* in *their eyes*."
19	S	An eagle descends in the streets of Paris and carries off a Puppy—being clear that the Imperial Eagle has *gone to the dogs*.
20	S	Sunday.
21	M	The Ojibbeways, Flying Gull and Tobacco, swim a match at the Holborn Baths. 2 to 1 on the Gull, but Tobacco has no *backer*.
22	Tu	Church in danger. There is a rumour that Lord Brougham's nose is likely to be converted to Romanism.
23	W	A meeting called to establish an Agricultural College; so that the *Plough-boys* may be as learned as the *Harrow-boys*.
24	Th	Concert given in aid of the Distressed Needle-women. "They *sew*, but do not reap."
25	F	P. Albert presents a silver model of himself to the Royal Hussars. Oh! we see; gave the poor fellows *half a sovereign in silver*.
26	S	Wonderful sagacity in a dog. A Newfoundland dog finding a cheque, takes it to the Bank. On being asked "How he will have it?" [answers, "In paunches."
27	S	Sunday.
28	M	Meeting in Finsbury against the Master and Servants' Bill. Mr. Duncombe comes out in the House as the "*Cook's oracle*."
29	Tu	The Directors of the East India Company recall Lord Ellenbro'. Quite correct: his Lordship never was fit for that "*company*."
30	W	Gross Effrontery. Make a joke for yourselves.

Bubbles of the Year.—Tom Thumb at the Palace.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

This delightful science is generally devoted to the planting of flowers in blonde whiskers, so that the face may look like a piece of boiled beef garnished with carrots, cut into roses. Last year's wreaths of impossible flowers are freely transplanted to cleaned bonnets. Pretty little Dunstable cottages are covered with buds of muslin, and velvet evergreens are trained by ladies to creep over their straw thatch.

HINTS TO RAW RECRUITS.

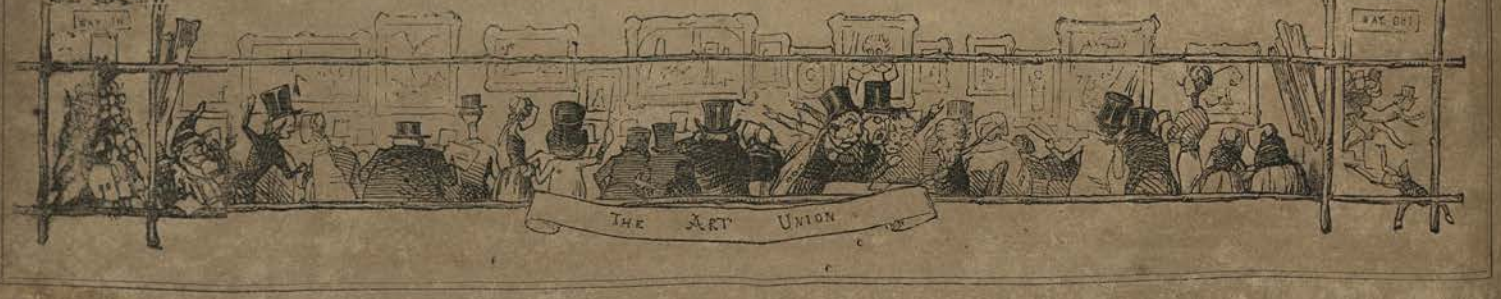
The Lumber Troop is to be met with any evening at the Falcon public-house, in Fetter Lane. They charge their glasses precisely at seven, and go through their evolutions of welsh-rabbits, chops, and kidneys, till three in the morning. The serjeant is to be met at the bar. The bounty for entering this fine corps varies from a bowl of punch to "goes all round."

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.

In April the earth puts on her livery. Nature has generally two suits of this livery in the year, with a great-coat of snow for the severe weather.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE YOUNG.

A kitten should always be kept where there are children; when they are tired of pulling its tail, they can put it into their fathers' boots. A box of colours is also a source of great amusement, affording them an opportunity of daubing their faces, and of appearing in illuminated pinafores. It is well to let them know where the preserves and pickles are kept, so that going after the jam, they may get a bite at a capsicum. On wet days they should be allowed to put peas into the piano, and thump the keys with their drumsticks. Train them to pull gentlemen's whiskers, and wipe their lollipopped hands on ladies' dresses.



The Running

MAY.

Rein Fraud.

1	Th	St. Philip—St James—Ascension Day.
2	F	Cast-iron lighthouse constructed for the Bermuda Islands, being a novel kind of *night-light* for ships in the *bed* of the sea.
3	S	Opening of Trafalgar Square—the Fountains incomplete. The Nelson Committee might have *redeemed their credit*, had they [put the *water up the spout*.
4	S	Sunday.
5	M	The hermit of the nineteenth century. A gentleman takes a private box for the season at Miss Kelly's Theatre.
6	Tu	St. John the Evangelist.
7	W	Twenty-eight Jewish weddings solemnised on this day. There's the effects of the *Hebrew persuasion!*
8	Th	A young lady takes the veil at Bishopwearmouth, and is run the worse for it.
9	F	Shower-baths used as punishment in Boston Gaol, U. S., nicknamed by American rogues as the "*washy-washy-wicious-wash'us.*"
10	S	Extraordinary Longevity. There is at present a man at work on the Hungerford Bridge, who, as a boy, witnessed the laying of its first [stone. He is in full possession of all his faculties.
11	S	Sunday.
12	M	Prince Joinville publishes his pamphlet in which he menaces England. Cock-a-doodle-doo!
13	Tu	Extreme Liberality.—We'll give you a conundrum—no, we won't; we'll owe it you.
14	W	The German Diet proposes measures to put down gaming at watering-places. Oh! that *Bad'un Bad'un.* (Did you ever!)
15	Th	Juvenile delinquency. "Young England" publishes its "*Coningsby.*"
16	F	The Webster prize of £500 awarded to the comedy of "*Quid pro Quo.*" "*Quid pro Quo*" wins the *prize*, and the manager draws a *blank.*
17	S	Discovery of coin. An eminent artist having left a painting with Moon, finds in his pocket three silver and two copper coins of the [reigns of Vict. and Geo. 4.
18	S	Sunday.
19	M	St. Dunstan.
20	Tu	L. Brougham adds a clause to the Lancaster Rail Bill, to secure himself park-gates. Give him the *gates*, if he'll alter his *style!*
21	W	Prince of Wales elected governor of the Blue-coat School. "Mind, my boys! no larks with the Governor."
22	Th	Dinner to Sir H. Hardinge from the E. I. Directors. Sir Henry being *snug in his berth*, the Directors give him *a good tuck in.*
23	F	Irish attorneys reduce fees to members of the bar one-half. The attorneys propose a treat of "*something short at the bar.*"
24	S	Strange scene in a theatre. Last night, during Mr. C. Kean's "Macbeth," a sailor jumped upon the stage, and seizing the dagger, [said "he'd stand no more of his nousense."
25	S	Sunday.
26	M	St. Augustine.
27	Tu	Judges dine at the Mansion House. With Magnay's larder, very *bad judges* to go there.
28	W	Eton Montem—And a begging we will go-e-go-e go! And a begging we will go-oh!—*Old Song.*
29	Th	A piece of plate presented to Mr. Bunn. This large piece of plate really originated in a *few spoons.*
30	F	Foolish rumour of O'Connell's marriage. Doesn't marry, but remains devoted to *Silly Bessy*—(celibacy). (*Joke Received with groans!*)
31	S	Extraordinary Gooseberry. An innkeeper at Richmond has such an extraordinary gooseberry-tree, that one of its berries makes a bottle of champagne.

Bubbles of the Year.—Testimonials to Managers.

ORNITHOLOGICAL DEBUT.

The Cuckoo makes its first appearance before a British public early in spring, and trusts to that indulgence which an English audience is never known to withhold from strange birds, who come in the character of foreign vocalists.

DIRECTIONS FOR FINDING A POLICEMAN.

Look down every area in the street; if you do not by accident see one, ring the bell and inquire if the policeman is in the kitchen. Repeat this at every door, and you cannot fail eventually to find one.

GUIDE TO THE RACE-COURSE.

Young ladies are recommended to take plenty of gloves with them to races, as the Jockey Club rigidly enforces the payment of all bets. Berlins are the cheapest. Last season's gloves, however, can be cleaned at 2*d.* a pair, and this is a capital opportunity to get them off your hands. Settling day takes place at Tattersall's three days after the race, when you must pay up your kids, or else be published as a defaulter.

BOILING.

The boiling point varies in different localities. In Belgrave and Grosvenor Squares, May Fair, and Spring Gardens, the pot can hardly be boiled under 3000*l.* a year. Whereas up at Camden Town the pot will boil at 150*l.* or 200*l.*; and about St. Giles's or Spitalfields, at 7*s.* or 8*s.* per week.

HOURS OF REST.

Archbishop Williams used to sleep only three hours out of the four-and-twenty. Sewell & Cross's young man, when he went half-price to the play and wound up at the Cider Cellars, returning to take down the shutters at eight in the morning, never slept at all; so that on such occasions as these he beat the Archbishop hollow.

Visit of the JUNE. Emperor of Russia.

1	S	Sunday.
2	M	Collier's experiments to put down the smoke nuisance tried. Pshaw! try Talacre coal.
3	Tu	Heartless robbery. Mr. John Pritt Harley sups with Lablache and walks off with his *buffo*.
4	W	Thorwalsden's executors claim £30,000 for the statue of Ld. Byron. We didn't know a poet went at so *much per stone*.
5	Th	St. Boniface.
6	F	Dinner to Charles Knight, by the Contributors to the Penny Cyclopædia;—and a *capital Knight* they had.
7	S	A gold medal presented by L. Philippe to Mr. Balfe—an honour to which he is really entitled from *scores* of other composers.
8	S	Sunday.
9	M	The Law Clerks of Dublin declare, that, "with a nod, O'Connell could *uproot* the foundation of society;"—*a-nod* effect this for a nod.
10	Tu	A Substitute for Steam. We understand that Mr. G. P. R. James has this day commenced a new Novel in 3 vols., which will be ready [for publication to-morrow.
11	W	St. Barnabas.
12	Th	Electrical rods affixed to the D. of York's Column. Qy.—How many of these *rods* go to his R. Highness's *perch*?
13	F	Wonderful Phenomenon. A rook in St. Giles's became perfectly white from grief, on hearing that the Rookery had been demolished.
14	S	S. Mazzini and others complain of letters being opened by order of Sir James Graham. Sir Jimmy being, like Ireland, ["The first *Jim* of the *See*."
15	S	Sunday.
16	M	24 Boys expelled from a National School in Ireland for wearing Repeal buttons; such buttons being considered *double guilt*.
17	Tu	St. Albans.
18	W	Wellington's Statue erected at the R. Exchange. Shame! that the man who *leather'd* so many, should be without a *shoe to his foot*.
19	Th	More monomania. George Jones convinces "Great Gull" that the red men were originally Jews. "Great Gull" forswears pork for ever.
20	F	£200 sent to the London Police by Nicholas of Russia. £200! and yet the present was *six* (Nick's).
21	S	Strange superstition of the nineteenth century. A correspondent writes, that walking from Mile End to Hyde Park, precisely [*at 12 o'clock, a policeman appeared to him.*
22	S	Sunday.
23	M	Extraordinary heat in the metropolis, thermometer 121°. To use a sporting phrase, "in this *heat* Butter *ran first*."
24	Tu	St. John Baptist.
25	W	Custom House Frauds. A passenger by *The City of Boulogne* succeeded in landing 3 bottles of French brandy concealed in his inside.
26	Th	A letter in the *Times* states, that "the D. of Marlbro' admits visitors to his garden at 5*s.* a head." "Tuppence more, and up goes his Grace."
27	F	The statue of Flora at Virginia Water thrown down; the head and right arm broken in pieces. My! what a *floorer!*
28	S	Mr. Norton, deputy-comptroller, effects a saving of £10,000 a year in the Queen's household. "Half that sum would make
29	S	Sunday. [my wife and children happy." *Old Melo-drama.*
30	M	Elopement extraordinary. Mr. Smith's cat eloped with Mr. Jones's dinner.

Bubbles of the Year.—Patent Life Pills.

TAX GATHERERS.

Scene—The Street.—"Hallo, Mr. Income, How are you?"—"Pretty well, Paving and Lighting. How 's Mrs. Paving?"—"Oh, hearty. Your good woman and the little Incomes the same?"—"Yes, thank'ee. Seen New River?"—"New River? Oh! ah! he's just run into the Cider Cellars, to have a drain with young Sewers."—"How's Windows's pains in the back?"—"Better. Have you heerd about Assessed?"—"No."—"Why, he's gone off with two quarters and Amelia Poors."—"Never! Here 's that Church coming down the street; I don't speak to him; so good-day, Paving."—"Good-by, Income." [*Exeunt.*]

MUSICAL.

In June, the concert of singing-birds begins to fall short. That delicious soprano the nightingale makes his last appearance for the season, but that very high tenor the skylark is still ready to oblige any gentleman with a song.

LITERARY.

June is Nature's publishing season, when she sends forth several of her periodicals. That splendid annual the strawberry begins to appear in parts, and the gooseberry comes forth in numbers. Some apples and pears may also be expected, as specimens of some early editions of those beautiful standard works in Nature's library.

CONFESSIONS OF A CONDUCTOR.

'Busses is erroneously said to hold only 13 insides; if they like they can hold a great many more, besides bundles and wet umbrellas. Man is a squeezable animal, and 'busses is like carpet bags, there 's no knowing what they will hold till you tries 'em. Consequently, though your 'buss seems full, shove 'em in, and drive on, and they are sure to shake down and fit in as close as wood pavement. Bad sixpences is useful on rainy nights, for stingy women as won't pay more than the fare for themselves and a carawan-full of parcels. When short of passengers, stop at the corner of every street, to make obserwations and dance the Polka on the foot-board.

The War in

JULY.

Morocco.

1	Tu	Trial in the Exchequer of the Running Rein case, being a case of "Age before Honesty."
2	W	A Sloth with 4 stomachs arrives at the Zoological Gardens. The Sloth, like a hackney-coach, licensed to *carry 4 insides*.
3	Th	Seasonable Benevolence. Herne Bay being in a state of darkness, a whale strands himself, to supply the inhabitants with oil.
4	F	Bankruptcy of Lord Huntingtowers. His lordship's nobility being at *a great discount*.
5	S	News received from the *Warspite* "That the Boy Jones had thrown himself overboard." The only ship in the navy that has its full complement of men *and one over*.
6	S	Sunday.
7	M	Extraordinary Berth. There is a situation under Government, averaging £5000 a year, and *something* to do for it.
8	Tu	To be Sold.—300,000 courteous readers, if they expect a joke on this day.
9	W	300 persons present at the Waverley Ball. Sir W. Scott gives *written characters* to all the people *out of place* there.
10	Th	The paupers at Dunmanway Union ordered to have their hair cut. The way of the world: when a man gets poor, *cut him!*
11	F	The Nabob of Surat visits the Court of Chancery. Had he stopped there long, Surat would have had *nae bob* left.
12	S	Timely Benevolence. Some kindly-disposed spinsters present George Jones with a copy of "*Cobbett's Grammar*."
13	S	Sunday.
14	M	Mr. Wodehouse apologises for connecting Mr. Wakley with incendiarism. Wodehouse, playing with fire, *burns his own fingers*.
15	Tu	St. Swithun.
16	W	Prince Albert inspects his regiment; the *company* being worthy of the Italian Opera when headed by *Albert-hats-i* (Albertazzi).
17	Th	Wonderful Instinct. A cat, having lost her kittens, follows a mutton-pie man.
18	F	Trial of Taylor's speaking-trumpet, to be heard six miles. Not the only *tailor* who has thought a *man's word ought to go a great way*.
19	S	The *Gloucester Chronicle* states, that "at a christening there were present the child's mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great [grandmother." The child christened *Morning Herald*.
20	S	Sunday.
21	M	Warner's invisible shell tried at Brighton. The thing was such a joke, that it *ship split her sides*.
22	Tu	St. Mary Magdalen.
23	W	Singular coincidence. Owing to the success of "*French without a master*," Lord W. Lennox publishes "*Sucking eggs without a grandson*."
24	Th	Mr. Hume indulges in his annual attack on the Royal Academy, —and a *pretty exhibition* he makes of himself.
25	F	Royal Agricultural Society hold their meeting at Southampton,—and present the prize waggoner with a *cart blanche*.
26	S	Wonderful cold-water cure. Sir P. Laurie puts down drowning, affixing the following notice over the Thames:—"No admittance [within ex cept on business."
27	S	Sunday.
28	M	Row at Essex Street Wharf between the Bri[illegible] piers. The piers since named Campbell and Brougham.
29	Tu	Arrival of the Xanthian Marbles at the Bri[illegible]h Museum. What say you to a game at ring-taw with the *Elgin* [illegible]?
30	W	Gymnasium erected at the Penitentiary for the state prisoners. The Agitator getting too fat, Government allows him *his full swing*.
31	Th	Strange Delusion. A lady puts into a shilling raffle at Margate, with the idea of winning something more than a cake of brown Windsor.

Bubbles of the Year.—Cheap Furniture.

Five minutes' advice on lamps.

The best lamp for a drawing-room is the Camphine, as it gives the light of twelve candles and the soot of three kitchen chimneys; it also emits a perfume equal to Patchouli. It is worthy of the attention of the philanthropists of Exeter Hall, who take such an interest in the *blacks*; for after a night with the Camphine Lamp, a Negro, upon entering the room, would take every gentleman present to be "a man and a *brother*."

Experiments in chemistry.

Potato is nothing but starch, but a piece of potato dropped into a glass of grog would not have the effect of stiffening it.

Cheap furniture.

You must not give a house-warming if you have bought cheap furniture, for the warming of the house will melt the glue, and the furniture will fall to pieces. A house may be furnished for £40, if your necessities are confined to a deal table and a knife-box, a couple of Japan chairs, and a Pembroke two-flap. It has been said, that the cheap furniture is made of green stuff, but the stuff is not half so green as those who buy it.

Hints for shopping.

If you want to purchase a piece of tape, go to Waterloo House, and ask to look at everything new in dresses, cardinals, cloaks, muffs, carpets, and feathers. Having fixed upon what you would purchase if you had the money, say "you see nothing to suit you," buy your tape, and resolve, by future rigid economy in the house-keeping, to squeeze "that duck of a Polka jacket" out of the pies and puddings.

Meteorological.

The greatest drought will be at the Fountains in Trafalgar-square; the greatest moisture in St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, till the roof is closed at the term[illegible] of the Gibbs' season.

The Meeting of the **AUGUST.** Agricultural Association.

1 F Numerous robberies of attorneys' chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The thieves claiming the property as the *lawyers' next of kin.*
2 S Mr. S. Buckingham denies in the *Times* his connection with the failure of his neighbour Whitmarsh. Mr. S. B. stating [that the Institute is not *next door to bankruptcy.*
3 S **Sunday.**
4 M The thieves' haunt in West-street, razed. The ground being a capital *plot* for a Newgate novelist to build three *stories* upon.
5 Tu Monster Train. Yesterday a carriage containing one passenger left the terminus of the Kensington Railway!
6 W Proposals to regulate the number of passengers on steamers. Rather premature. Why not wait till a boat-load goes to the bottom?
7 Th Dr. Lamb, aged 80, has lived and brought up a family on vegetable diet. Ha! we see: "Lamb and greens."
8 F The Ministerial White-bait dinner. Brougham, being a good boy, was allowed to come in with the dessert.
9 S Novel Punishment. A young lady, having married her father's footman, was lately sentenced to Mrs. Ellis' *Wives of England* for a [twelvemonth, and *hard labour* too.
10 S **Sunday.**
11 M The D. of Richmond obtains a £50 Prize for a Broken-winded Horse. Here's a joke ready made, and what's better *a roarer!*
12 Tu 500 bottle-nosed whales appear in Scapa Bay. The bottle-noses probably on their way to Cork.
13 W An elephant sold by auction at the St. Katharine's Docks. We should like to know the auctioneer strong enough to *knock him down.*
14 Th Clothworkers' Comp. present Sir R. Peel with the livery. Sir R. having turned his coat so often, the Co. thought he wanted a new one.
15 F The *Courrier Francais* says, "the tail of the comet is only one foot long," showing that there is likely to be a *short crop* of comets.
16 S Wicked but ingenious fraud. A poor woman having sent a little child to the public-house for the loan of a newspaper, the heartless landlord gave the infant the *Morning Herald.*
17 S **Sunday.**
18 M The *Times* says, "The Circassian war has now lasted more than 60 years," whilst the bullets have gone through many *sentries.*
19 Tu Ld. Rosse completes the polishing the lens of his telescope. Saturn rubs up his rings, to cut as great a shine as possible.
20 W Every debtor in Liverpool gaol released under Brougham's act. Under Lord Brougham's tuition, the debtors decline *quod.*
21 Th The *Salem Gazette* announces the "arrival of a female ourang-outang, who smokes cigars." When a widow, she can smoke her own *weeds.*
22 F Popular fallacy. It is a vulgar belief, which cannot be too soon exploded, that a cab fare is 8*d.* per mile.
23 S Strange, if true. A lady had a duck which, hearing it was to be killed for dinner, walked into the garden, and deliberately stuffed [itself with sage and onions.
24 S **Sunday.**
25 M A holiday at Westminster, commanded on the birth of a Prince. [*Father log.*] Ah! these *great 'uns* are always abridging the *less 'uns* [lessons.]
26 Tu Speaker's House sold in lots, previous to being pulled down. The auctioneer having *put the question*, the house comes to a *division.*
27 W Lord Brougham undertakes to present all insolvents' petitions under £20. "Small parcels carefully delivered."
28 Th **St. Augustine, B.**
29 F **St. John Baptist, B.**
30 S Absence of mind. A gentleman in a hurry to get to the Bank, got into an omnibus at Charing Cross, and was in it two hours before he dis- [covered his mistake.
31 S **Sunday.**

Bubbles of the Year.—The Agricultural Prize Labourer receiving a Stone and a Hammer.

HOW TO TELL THE DAY OF THE WEEK.

Ring for the cook to bring up the joint. If it is rather low cut, you may infer it is Wednesday or Thursday; if it is reduced to a state of hash, you may be certain it is Friday or Saturday. There can be no mistake about the Sunday, if the joint is produced smoking hot and entire, and followed up by a pie or pudding. Another good plan is to refer to the state of your finances. Gold will tell you that it is just the beginning; silver, that it must be about the middle; and coppers, that you certainly have arrived at the terminus of the week.

A FEW WORDS TO THE LAUNDRESS BY ONE OF THE TRIBE.

Don't never wash for a two-pair back, if so be you can help it. He 's sure to miss one of his two shirts when you takes home the basket. Squares is good, and so is Terraces if they 're opulent, as they don't go to Tea Gardens on Sundays, and so can't have their feelings hurt by seeing you in their silks and muslins (which, *in course*, you 've sent to a wrong party), at the Condick, or Copinghagen, where you may take 'em to air 'em.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES.

Good housewives instead of giving their husbands' old clothes to poor relations, or necessitous neighbours, exchange them for china ornaments and black velvet chimney-sweeps. Mrs. Dix, of Prospect-place, assures us, that she has elegantly decorated her mantel-piece with two old hats, a black satin waistcoat, and a monkey jacket.

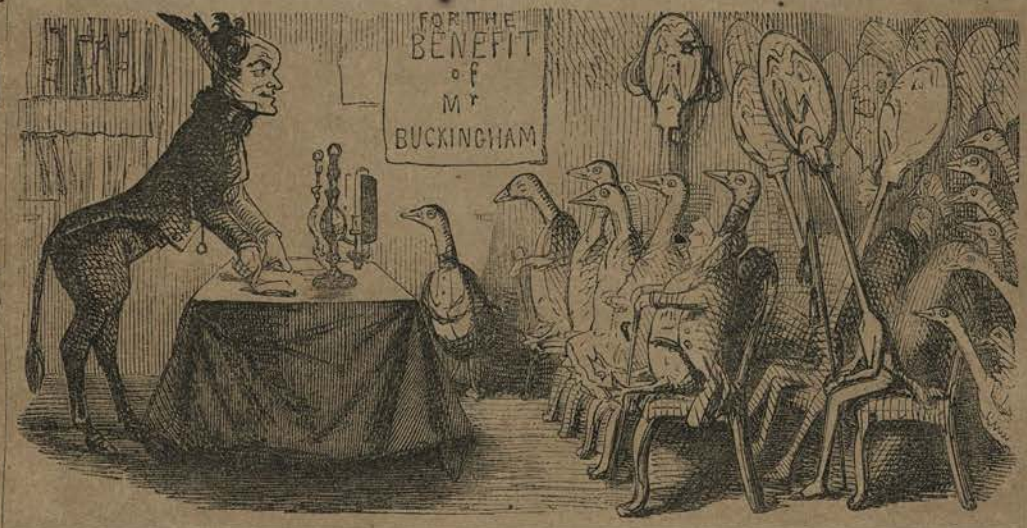
EXPORTATION OF BRIDES.

Mothers with a multitude of daughters should divide the favours of their family fairly between their native country and the colonies. Thus those daughters who are blessed with aquilines and raven tresses will be found admirably adapted for Home consumption, whilst snubs and doubtful auburns should be devoted to the Indian market.

N.B.—Squints *will* do for Canada.

The Writ SEPTEMBER. of Error.

1	M	The Surrey Turnpike Gates abolished. "That's the *ticket*."
2	Tu	"Anti-humbug" complains in the *Times* of war-steamers being called Pluto, Styx, and other naughty names. Pooh! ain't they all in the *naughty-cal* way. [Come, Mr. Reader, don't pass this off as your own.]
3	W	2250 Pheasants hatched by fowls, are turned down into the parks at Windsor. "Now, gentlemen, make your *game*."
4	Th	The "Brit. Queen" for sale at Antwerp. We'd give a good deal for *some of the snug berths about her*. [*Mem.* That's our 3d joke, upon *berths*!]
5	F	Discovery of an interesting relic. The widow of the *Red Lion* was found in the bar-parlour, supping with Policeman B. 52, off pig's-fry.
6	S	The parish of St. Mary's, Leicester, keeps up its annual custom of refusing a church-rate.—Ha! ha! going at the same *rate* [every year.
7	S	Sunday.
8	M	Nattivity of B. V. Mary.
9	Tu	Seizure at Isly by the French, of the Emperor's parasol. Having taken his parasol, he is left to the miseries of *a long reign* in Morocco.
10	W	Shameful case of child-dropping. Some heartless person, supposed to belong to the Admiralty, has dropt another *buoy* at the Nore.
11	Th	Seven letter-carriers dismissed, for opening letters at the Post-office. Serve 'em right, a set of *penny-traitors*.
12	F	A Hard Case.—An unfortunate bankrupt having failed in business, has to endure a speech and several jokes from Sir Charles Williams.
13	S	Wonderful Precocity. A celebrated dramatic translator has in his possession a magpie of this season, who, whenever he sits down to [write an original piece, calls out "O you thief!"
14	S	Sunday.
15	M	Her Majesty goes up the Frith of Tay to Dundee. Och! thin, Her Majesty *takes Tay* on her way to Scotland?
16	Tu	A quantity of Half-farthings issued. "Charity made easy to the *meanest* capacity."
17	W	O'Connell moves his prison-bed to Merrion-square. His prison-bed! We always thought Dan one of the *downy ones*.
18	Th	Complaints of the detention of luggage at the Custom-house. A gentleman very drunk could not get his intellects "*cleared*" in time for the next Dover train.
19	F	It is stated in the *Times* that the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, still exists, the head of that *bore* Mr. Lambert Jones being still on his shoulders.
20	S	Warning to Parents. A father having imprudently left his eldest son and a friend in a room with a bill stamp, they converted it into a *kite*, [and went into the city to *fly* it.
21	S	Sunday.
22	M	Complaints are made of the old age of our line-of-battle ships. They only want a *new set of teeth* to show to the enemy.
23	Tu	New chess match between England and France. England is willing to give up some of her Bishops for a (K)*night* or two.
24	W	Rumoured destruction of the plaster figure of George IV. at King's Cross—having long been in a dreadful state of *mortar-fication*.
25	Th	Novel Rain-gauge. Professor Henslow says, that the best instrument for measuring the quantity of rain fallen during the season, is a Vaux- [hall illumination lamp.
26	F	St. Cyprian.
27	S	The Clown at Astley's drawn in a tub on the Thames by two geese. "De *goose* tibus non est disputandum" (You can't drive geese [in a tandem).
28	S	Sunday.
29	M	Complaints made of a lake forming at the foot of London bridge. Why didn't they put a *goloch on the foot*, to keep the water out?
30	Tu	Ludicrous Mistake. A coalheaver lately applied to the magistrates for a game certificate to *shoot*—coals.



Bubbles of the Year.—The British and Foreign Destitute.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SPONGE.

The best way to manage a sponge is to be "at home" only on cold shoulder days. A house in the country is a protection against the frequent appearance of the sponge, especially if the omnibus fare is equal to a coffee-house dinner. Should the riding charge, however, be a plate of soup under the price of an "ordinary," the sponge may be looked for with certainty. An excellent mode of eradicating the sponge is to wear a temperance medal round your neck, which will excuse you placing anything stronger than toast-and-water upon the table; and as sponges are invariably wet and thrive like fungus, best in a cellar, you will find the "pledge" an admirable cold water cure.

LICENSES.

Members of Parliament have the privilege of abusing one another, without paying for the license. Retail beer-shops are licensed to "be drunk on the premises;" and during the after-dinner sessions at the Old Bailey, the Judges and Jury have a license allowed them by law to do the same thing.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

The vessel of the State is to be seen in dock in Downing-street. A polite note addressed to Sir Robert Peel will obtain you at any time an order to be taken over it.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

The cheapest way to furnish a room is to paper it with postage-stamps. For this purpose, put all your friends under contribution. You will only require 33,542 to paper a *small room*. The most expeditious method is to advertise for a ladies' horse, a *Natif de Paris*, or a grand piano (letters post paid), and with the answers you will receive, you will have sufficient to paper your largest room, and a cupboard to spare.

The Visit of OCTOBER. Louis Philippe.

1	W	St. Remigius.
2	Th	Full dress required at Drury-Lane theatre. The Manager wishing to *clobber up the close* (clothes) *of the season.*
3	F	A Soiree given at the Athenæum, Manchester, when "Young England" sports its upper *Benjamin.*
4	S	Literary Intelligence. In the press—a cotton pocket-handkerchief, edited by Mr. S. Buckingham, containing the bill of fare of the British (and Foreign Institute.
5	S	Sunday.
6	M	L. Philippe gives the Queen an Album commemorative of the visit to Eu. *Do* let us look at the Chateau D'Eu (*do!*)
7	Tu	Prospectus issued of the Sunflower Company. The Sunflower's a very pretty "*plant.*"
8	W	Freak of Nature. A child in Pennsylvania born, in the iris of whose eye, may be traced the following words—"No effects."
9	Th	St. Denys.
10	F	£50,000 shares of the Thames Tunnel sold for £30. Any one, since the opening, being able to *run through* the *hole* of the *property.*
11	S	Lord Ellenborough returns, and the ship undergoes quarantine—for fear of introducing the *Indian Plague.* (D'ye take that? eh?)
12	S	Sunday.
13	M	The freedom of Edinburgh presented to Liebig, the cock of chemistry, who like the cock in the fable, has found pearls in dunghills.
14	Tu	Effects of the New Tariff. French rolls may now be had at a penny a piece, the duty being reduced on Plaster of Paris.
15	W	L. Philippe visits his former residence at Twickenham. Poor fellow! his affairs were all at sixes and sevens when he was at the *Ait.*
16	Th	Promenade Parliaments proposed by Dr. Maunsell, in Ireland—the Repeal movement being all *Walker.*
17	F	St. Etheldreda.
18	S	St. Luke.
19	S	Sunday.
20	M	Blessings of the Penny Postage. Creditors now write three times a day.
21	Tu	Law clerks appeal to public sympathy for shorter hours, having themselves always endeavoured to "*serve*" persons *in distress.*
22	W	Government advertises for tenders for the Fleet Prison. *N.B.* Lord Brougham has removed the *fixtures under* £20.
23	Th	Mr. Buckingham publishes in the *Times* his benevolence to Father Mathew. Father Mathew being used as a *handle for the pump.*
24	F	Caution to Tradesmen. Never execute orders for men with mustachios, unless they are accompanied with *the tip.*
25	S	Magnay issues his proclamation for barricading the city on the Queen's visit. For the entertainment of the Queen, he has the Poultry trussed with bars, and stuffed with Liverymen.
26	S	Sunday.
27	M	The "Schoolmaster Abroad." A cabman went into Gliddon's *Divan,* and, calling for an Havannah, exclaimed "Iω βαχε" and went out without paying.
28	Tu	St. Simon and St. Jude.
29	W	Yesterday the Queen opened the Royal Exchange; declared her royal will and command, and said, "Take your 'Change out of that."
30	Th	Mr. Cope presents a memorial, signed by 200,000 persons, for free passage over Waterloo and other bridges. So there are 200,000 persons in this world who object to go the way they are *told.*
31	F	

Bubbles of the Year.—Young England's Soiree.

POPULAR DELUSION.

It is the greatest fallacy to suppose the Post was invented merely to carry letters. The postage was reduced to enable tradesmen to send their goods at a cheaper rate. The central depôt of this new Parcels' Delivery Company is at St. Martin's-le-Grand, where cats, turbots, trunks, eggs, dogs, coalscuttles, lobsters, chairs, butter, and every article of food and furniture, from an oyster to a four-poster, are received up to 7 P.M. N.B. Cats, turbots, coalscuttles, and four-posters, are not admissible through the opening in the letter-box, but must be delivered in at the window.

THE PALACES OF LONDON.

There is a palace in almost every court and at the corner of every street in London. They are brilliantly illuminated every night, and levees are held in them all the year round; but the public are not admitted to the drawing-rooms, excepting on extra-*ordinary* occasions. Any person can get admission into one of these palaces by inquiring after Old Tom or asking for the Porter.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Member of Parliament can always get a good dinner with a bottle of wine for nothing. He has but to watch the public meetings or charities at the Freemasons' Tavern, and send in to the Committee his initials, M.P. An indignant speech will be the only expense the dinner will cost him; and he can save this if he chooses, by putting his name down for £50, and forgetting to pay it.

FEATHERED TOURISTS.

The Migration of Birds in the middle of October is very remarkable; and it is said that the popular exclamation, "My gracious!" or "Migrations," is derived from the circumstance.

The Completion of **NOVEMBER.** Royal Exchange.

1 S **All Saints.**
2 S **Sunday.**
3 M Messrs. Sturgh decline the sale of malting barley, being friends to the weak and the sick but not to the *stout* and *hale*. (Ale.)
4 Tu Extraordinary Fog. To-day a tremendous fog visited Fleet St. It was, however, confined to the city, being too thick to get through Temple Bar.
5 W The Queen and Prince Albert subscribed £300 to public wash-houses. A nice bit of "*Windsor soap*" for the people.
6 Th **St. Leonard.**
7 F Posting-bills illegally fixed on the Wellington Statue. Shame to *stick* an old soldier who never *stuck at anything!*
8 S A coloured sketch of the opening of the Exchange exhibited at Mr. Moon's. Coloured! very strange, this printseller's *designs* [being generally so very *plain*.
9 S **Sunday.**
10 M Yesterday Lord Mayor's Day. Gibbs drawn to Guildhall by six horses. Six horses! Much better had he *posted the pony*.
11 Tu **St. Martin.**
12 W A lady complains in the papers of the ruffianly conduct of certain medical students at the London University. Such
13 Th **St. Brittius.** [students "when taken to be well shaken."
14 F Signs of a severe winter. A Correspondent states that yesterday he positively saw half a ton of coals and six bundles of wood delivered
15 S **St. Machutus.** [at the British and Foreign Institute.
16 S **Sunday.**
17 M **St. Hugh.**
18 Tu Smith's distillery found to have illicit pipes under-ground. The excise officers "call *spirits* from the vasty deep," and they come.
19 W A cargo of American candles imported. When will Pennsylvania send her *composition*—and how much to the pound?
20 Th **Edmund K.**
21 F Alarming panic in the City. Lord Mayor Gibbs has announced his intention at the next vacancy to put up for the Governorship of the [Bank of England.
22 S **St. Cecilia.**
23 S **Sunday.**
24 M Sir James Graham recommends the abolition of the evening sittings at the Old Bailey, that criminals may not be sent across
25 Tu **St. Catherine.** [the sea while their judges are "*half-seas over*."
26 W Chinese granite offered for sale at Liverpool. The masons of England invited to a tough "Chinese chop."
27 Th Instinct of Rats. Sir Robert Peel sets a trap for Brougham, who smells the salary, and declares it is not quite "*the cheese!*"
28 F Seventy pages of the "Gazette" filled by railway notices. Ah! seventy *pages* to carry the railway *trains*.
29 S Cool Impudence. Yesterday an individual of dashing exterior presented a shilling to the toll-keeper of Waterloo Bridge, and sarcasti-
30 S **Sunday.** [cally demanded change.

Bubbles of the Year.—The Great Unaccountable.—"I likes to be despised." Mawworm, in *The Hypocrite*.

HORTICULTURAL NOTICE.

The flower of the garden, the lettuce, opens at seven and shuts at ten. To prevent the intrusion of slugs, it might be as well to attach a piece of paper to the lettuce, inscribed with the words, "No admittance except on business."

HINTS FOR EVENING PARTIES.

Now convert old gossamer into opera hat, by doubling it up, and lay in small talk for approaching evening-parties. Now practise the Polka with arm-chair, and rub up old imitations *à la* Joe of neighing horses, and sawing wood. Now read up familiar Joes, and learn new jokes for quadrilles. Now study in the looking-glass for comic song, and flour your Postilion's wig for masked ball. Now compose speech to toast "The Ladies," and commit to memory a "Return thanks" when your "health" is proposed at supper.

HOW TO MAKE A GUY.

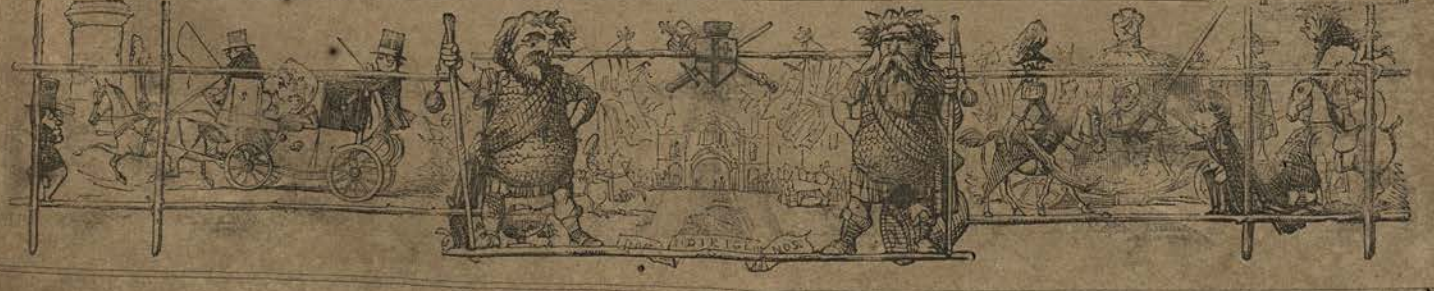
Get a head of long hair turned up at the ends, and put it on a *Chapeau Français*; take a pair of mustachios, an imperial and eye glass: add to these a blue satin scarf, with a gold pin like a beadle's staff, braided coat, crimson waistcoat, ladies' boots, canary kids, a tremendous swagger, and a very small riding-whip. Put these together on a block, turn it into Regent Street about three o'clock; and you will have succeeded in making a perfect Guy.

IMPORTANT TO BORROWERS.

The present quotations in the money market for a £50 bill, are £10 in money and the rest in good cholera Cape. The advantages of this system are, you can have your bill discounted by the father, be sued by the son, arrested by the uncle, sold up by the nephew, and locked up in the sponging-house by the first cousin.

MEDICAL.

Certain Cure of a Cold in a Prima Donna.—Stop her salary, or put a rising vocalist in her part.



The Triumphs DECEMBER. of Punch.

1	M	Report of the daily papers being raised to sixpence. The *Herald* wishing to go *half the hog*. (N.B. A *hog* is a shilling.)
2	Tu	A class established at Somerset House to instruct women in wood engraving; the Sites engraving the blocks with Hes (*ease*.)
3	W	Remarkable presence of mind. A gentleman being pursued by Mr. Levy, the sheriff's officer, took refuge in a pork-shop.
4	Th	Prince Albert at the Smithfield Cattle Show gets a prize for his pigs; and so makes "*a purse out of a sow's ear*."
5	F	Baptist chapel at Stratford broken into. The "plate" being pewter, the thieves leave it behind them—the thieves too genteel to take a *pull out of the "pewter."*
6	S	St. Nicholas.
7	S	Sunday.
8	M	Conception of B. V. M.
9	Tu	How to prevent fits. Buy a coat of Moses and Son.
10	W	The Duke of Cleveland proposes to add two wings to Raby Castle. A pair of wings! with an extraordinary *flight* of stairs.
11	Th	Chinese guns presented as trophies to the Queen. A pretty specimen of the China *ware* (*ease*). [Keep your temper, reader.]
12	F	Bill proposed to put the Militia on a better footing. Better footing! try ankle-jacks, and let them be well welted.
13	S	The Westminster boys perform one of Terence's plays. Wright would beat them any day at the "*Adelphi*."
14	S	Sunday.
15	M	Ruling Passion, &c. An Attorney, being given over by his doctors, issues a writ of "*Ne exeat regno*" against himself.
16	Tu	Dog-stealing very prevalent in the Metropolis. Several old ladies, having lost their pets, wish their *pugs* would "*turn up*."
17	W	The Duc de Bordeaux, heir to the French throne, visits Birmingham. *La jeune France* cuts its *heir*.
18	Th	Return of the piece of crystal abstracted during the fete at Chatsworth, showing the person who took it was no *gem*-an.
19	F	Several sums in silver found in rats' nests at Perth. The rats, as Sibthorpe would say, turning *miсers* (misers).
20	S	Alarming Failure in the City. Sir Peter Laurie asks, Why Hungerford Bridge and the Thames Tunnel are like badly-dressed joints? 'Cos one's *over*-done, and t'other's *under*-done.
21	S	Sunday.
22	M	New Calculating Machine, invented by Dr. Roth. Indeed Roth must be a rum old *Cocker*.
23	Tu	Eruption of Mount Ætna. Another *rash* breaking out of the poor old "*crater*."
24	W	Malicious report. Some malicious-disposed persons have circulated a rumour that the fountains in Trafalgar-square have been seen to [*play* during church-time on Sundays.
25	Th	Christmas Day.
26	F	St. Stephen.
27	S	St. John.
28	S	Sunday.
29	M	Frequent robberies in Hyde Park, shameful attack on the "Inns of the metropolis!"
30	Tu	Mr. Roebuck denies in the *Times* that "he has sold himself to the Tories;" there being no "bidders" for the "lot."
31	W	Ringing the changes.—Having rung the changes on 300 subjects, Punch rings for Judy and the gruel, and proceeds to tallow his nose.

Bubbles of the Year.—Fashionable Proprietary Chapels.

Christmas Festivities.

Now list your doors, cork your soles, and tallow your noses. Now scour your raisins, and whip your syllabubs. Now look up your greengrocers for evening parties. Now kid your knockers, and flannel your bells for boxing-day.

The Wassail Bowl.

Robert of Gloster thinks that the Wassail bowl was so called because there Was-ale (easily corrupted into Wassail) in it. Phillip of Kensington thinks it might have been called Wassail, because he Was-ill after drinking too much of it.

Things to be Remembered at Christmas.

That the mistletoe only comes once a year. Young ladies should bear this in mind before they say "Don't" to young gentlemen. That private boxes are only made to hold six, and that mothers should not try to cram eight children into them, besides herself, papa, and the governess.

Blessings of the Police Force.

Policemen are public instructors. They're all lettered to teach maid-servants their alphabet. That's the reason they haunt people's areas. They're paid to be well-informed, and so should know all the cooks on board-wages, and every housemaid that finds her own tea and sugar. Policemen are now known, in common with the "*Patent easy shining black lead*," as the "Housemaid's best friend."

Coal Measure in Lodging-Houses.

1 Coalscuttle makes	1 sack.
2 sacks	1 ton.
10 tons	50 fires.
50 fires	Firing for the Landlady all the year round.

The price is very difficult to estimate as it varies from half-a-crown a scuttle to sixpence a shovelful.

The Progress of Punch.

As Young Aurora, with her "blaze" of light,
Into the shade throws all the pride of night,
And pales presumptuous stars, which vainly think
That every eye is on them as they blink:

So *Punch*, the light and glory of the time,
—His wit and wisdom brilliant as sublime,
Scares into shade Cant's hypocritic throng—
Abashes Folly, and exposes Wrong.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

INTRODUCTION.

Poor Mr. Job Caudle was one of the few men whom Nature, in her casual bounty to women, sends into the world as patient listeners. He was, perhaps, in more respects than one, all ears. And these ears, Mrs. Caudle—his lawful, wedded wife, as she would ever and anon impress upon him, for she was not a woman to wear chains without shaking them—took whole and sole possession of. They were her entire property; as expressly made to convey to Caudle's brain the stream of wisdom that continually flowed from the lips of his wife, as was the tin funnel through which Mrs. Caudle in vintage time bottled her elder wine. There was, however, this difference between the wisdom and the wine. The wine was always sugared: the wisdom, never. It was expressed crude from the heart of Mrs. Caudle; who, doubtless, trusted to the sweetness of her husband's disposition to make it agree with him.

Philosophers have debated whether morning or night is most conducive to the strongest and clearest moral impressions. The Grecian sage confessed that his labours smelt of the lamp. In like manner, did Mrs. Caudle's wisdom smell of the rushlight. She knew that her husband was too much distracted by his business as toy-man and doll-merchant to digest her lessons in the broad day. Besides, she could never make sure of him: he was always liable to be summoned to the shop. Now from eleven at night until seven in the morning, there was no retreat for him. He was compelled to lie and listen. Perhaps there was little magnanimity in this on the part of Mrs. Caudle; but in marriage, as in war, it is permitted to take every advantage of the enemy. Besides, Mrs. Caudle copied very ancient and classic authority. Minerva's bird, the very wisest thing in feathers, is silent all the day. So was Mrs. Caudle. Like the owl, she hooted only at night.

Mr. Caudle was blessed with an indomitable constitution. One fact will prove the truth of this. He lived thirty years with Mrs. Caudle,

surviving her. Yes, it took thirty years for Mrs. Caudle to lecture and dilate upon the joys, griefs, duties, and vicissitudes comprised within that seemingly small circle—the wedding ring. We say, seemingly small; for the thing, as viewed by the vulgar, naked eye, is a tiny hoop made for the third feminine finger. Alack! like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil it circles a whole world. Or to take a less gigantic figure, it compasses a vast region: it may be Arabia Felix, and it may be Arabia Petrea.

A lemon-hearted cynic might liken the wedding-ring to an ancient Circus, in which wild animals clawed one another for the sport of lookers-on. Perish the hyperbole! We would rather compare it to an elfin ring, in which dancing fairies made the sweetest music for infirm humanity.

Manifold are the uses of rings. Even swine are tamed by them. You will see a vagrant, hilarious, devastating porker—a full-blooded fellow that would bleed into many, many fathoms of black pudding—you will see him, escaped from his proper home, straying in a neighbour's garden. How he tramples upon the heart's-ease: how, with quivering snout, he roots up lilies—odoriferous bulbs! Here he gives a reckless snatch at thyme and marjoram—and here he munches violets and gilliflowers. At length the marauder is detected, seized by his owner, and driven, beaten home. To make the porker less dangerous, it is determined that he shall be *ringed*. The sentence is pronounced—execution ordered. Listen to his screams!

> "Would you not think the knife was in his throat?
> And yet they 're only boring through his nose!"

Hence, for all future time, the porker behaves himself with a sort of forced propriety—for in either nostril he carries a ring. It is, for the greatness of humanity, a saddening thought, that sometimes men must be treated no better than pigs.

But Mr. Job Caudle was not of these men. Marriage to him was not made a necessity. No; for him call it if you will a happy chance—a golden accident. It is, however, enough for us to know that he was married; and was therefore made the recipient of a wife's wisdom. Mrs. Caudle, like Mahomet's dove, continually pecked at the good man's ears; and it is a happiness to learn from what he left behind that he had hived all her sayings in his brain; and further, that he employed the mellow evening of his life to put such sayings down, that, in due season, they might be enshrined in imperishable type.

When Mr. Job Caudle was left in this briary world without his daily guide and nocturnal monitress, he was in the ripe fulness of fifty-seven. For three hours at least after he went to bed—such slaves are we to habit—he could not close an eye. His wife still talked at his side. True it was, she was dead and decently interred. His mind—it was a comfort to know it—could not wander on this point; this he knew. Nevertheless, his wife was with him. The Ghost of her Tongue still talked as in the life; and again and again did Job Caudle hear the monitions of by-gone years. At times, so loud, so lively, so real were the sounds, that Job, with a cold chill, doubted if he were really widowed. And then, with the movement of an arm, a foot, he would assure himself that he was alone in his holland. Nevertheless, the talk continued. It was terrible to be thus haunted by a voice: to have advice, commands, remonstrance, all sorts of saws and adages still poured upon him, and no visible wife. Now did the voice speak from the curtains; now from the tester; and now did it whisper to Job from the very pillow that he pressed. "It 's a dreadful thing that her tongue should walk in this manner," said Job, and then he thought confusedly of exorcism, or at least of counsel from the parish priest.

Whether Job followed his own brain, or the wise direction of another, we know not. But he resolved every night to commit to paper one curtain lecture of his late wife. The employment would, possibly, lay the ghost that haunted him. It was her dear tongue that cried for justice, and when thus satisfied, it might possibly rest in quiet. And so it happened. Job faithfully chronicled all his late wife's lectures; the ghost of her tongue was thenceforth silent, and Job slept all his after nights in peace.

When Job died, a small packet of papers was found inscribed as follows:—

> "Curtain Lectures delivered in the course of thirty years by Mrs. Margaret Caudle, and suffered by Job, her husband."

That Mr. Caudle had his eye upon the future printer, is made pretty probable by the fact that in most places he had affixed the text—such text for the most part arising out of his own daily conduct—to the lecture of the night. He had also, with an instinctive knowledge of the dignity of literature, left a bank-note of very fair amount with the manuscript. Following our duty as editor, we trust to do justice to both documents.

BIOGRAPHY OF PRINCE ALBERT'S OX.

unmindful of the little romance which has hung itself—in place of the cattle-show ticket—round the neck of this extraordinary animal, and rendered him, to a certain degree, a public character, we feel justified in giving a biographical sketch of him.

Our hero—we mean our ox—was born of respectable parents in a paddock in the Home Park at Windsor, and at a very early age began to exhibit a talent for eating which marked him out as a fit subject to be stuffed for some future cattle-show. On one of the visits of Prince Albert to the farm, the brute was engaged in discussing a bunch of turnips with such extraordinary gusto, that his Royal Highness was attracted by the circumstance, and made inquiries of the principal bailiff, who was told to keep his eye on the subject of our present biography.

Our hero's heiferhood passed in one continued round of munching; and it was remarked by those who had charge of him, that tares or turnips, grass or grain, beans or beet-root, came all alike to his rapacious appetite. In the course of a few months his hide began to expand, and he evinced all the usual characteristics of a prize ox—such as losing the power of walking at a greater rate than half a mile an hour, while shortness of breath, and other concomitants of fatness, became extremely evident. The success with which these qualities were cultivated is well known, and we find our ox ultimately installed at the Baker Street Bazaar, where he behaved himself with the dignity becoming a prize, and thus set an example to the surrounding cattle. It was in this honourable situation that our hero attracted the attention of Mr. Bannister, the butcher, of Threadneedle Street, who, having mentally divided him into sirloins, estimated his ribs, made a rough calculation of his aitch-bones, and cast off his steaks, consented, with much spirit, to give sixty guineas for him. Our hero's fate now appeared to be sealed, and nothing was apparently capable of saving him from being gibbeted at Mr. Bannister's, with a placard, announcing his having gained a prize, stuck with a wooden skewer into his back, as an invitation to customers.

Fortunately for the sagacious creature, Prince Albert paid a visit to the cattle-show, when our hero, panting with fatness, chanced to put out his tongue just as his Royal Highness passed, and the tongue coming into contact with the Prince's hand, the incident was attributed to a burst of affection, though it really was nothing more than a *lapsus linguæ*, or slipping out of the tongue, from sheer want of breathing-room. The circumstance was noticed by the Queen, and the result is known. The ox, that was standing on the very brink of untimely shambles, has been restored to his paddock at Windsor.

Handsome Turn Out.

The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, the Labourer's Friend, and Farm-servant's Father, has lately been exercising a little wholesome fatherly severity upon his Irish tenants in Westmeath, where eighteen families have been turned adrift by the Duke's steward. Pleasant weather this for the wet bog, or the ditch-side! It appears that no rent was due from them. Doubtless, on the occasion of the next agricultural jubilee at Stowe, these eighteen families will form part of the pageant. The conduct of the Duke of Buckingham proves the truth of what has been often said of him, that "no landlord can *turn out* a finer set of tenants."

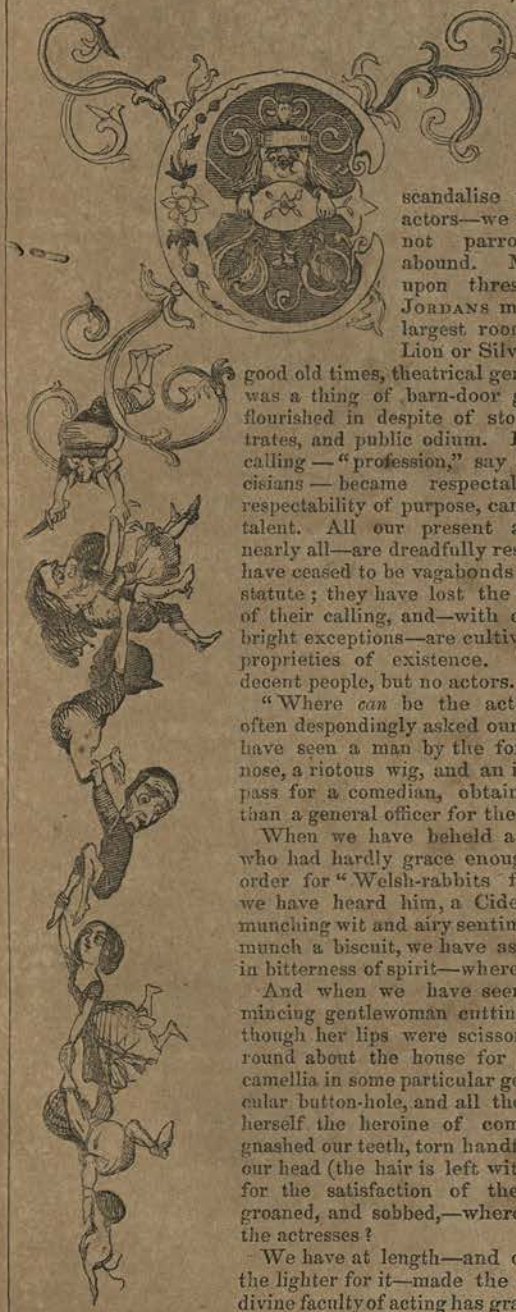
CONSCIENCE MONEY.

Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge several sums of money from the different concoctors of the London pantomimes and burlesques, for the very liberal use they have made of his jokes and subjects of the past year. The list will be published, and the amount forwarded to a magistrate for the relief of the Fountains in Trafalgar Square, in a day or two.

THE DETENTIONS AT THE POST-OFFICE.

A Gentleman, living in Camden Town, would feel particularly obliged to Colonel Maberly to return to him, as soon as he has done with them, the goose and Epping sausages, which were sent to him through the post last week by a friend in the country.

ACTORS IN HIGH LIFE.



EVERYBODY has heard that in the good old times, players were ranked as rogues and vagabonds; and then, as if to scandalise the respectable, actors—we mean *actors*, and not parrots—did most abound. MUNDENS acted upon threshing-floors, and JORDANS made musical the largest room of some Red Lion or Silver Stag. In the good old times, theatrical genius, like pullets, was a thing of barn-door growth. Actors flourished in despite of stocks, and magistrates, and public odium. By degrees, the calling—"profession," say green-room precisians—became respectable; and with respectability of purpose, came mediocrity of talent. All our present actors—or very nearly all—are dreadfully respectable. They have ceased to be vagabonds according to the statute; they have lost the picturesqueness of their calling, and—with one or two very bright exceptions—are cultivators of the dull proprieties of existence. They are very decent people, but no actors.

"Where *can* be the actors?" we have often despondingly asked ourselves, when we have seen a man by the force of a painted nose, a riotous wig, and an incessant cackle, pass for a comedian, obtaining higher pay than a general officer for the imposition.

When we have beheld a light comedian who had hardly grace enough to receive an order for "Welsh-rabbits for two,"—when we have heard him, a Cider Cellar waiter, munching wit and airy sentiment as he would munch a biscuit, we have asked—and asked in bitterness of spirit—where be the actors!

And when we have seen and heard a mincing gentlewoman cutting her words as though her lips were scissors, and looking round about the house for some particular camellia in some particular gentleman's particular button-hole, and all the while thinking herself the heroine of comedy,—we have gnashed our teeth, torn handfuls of hair from our head (the hair is left with the publisher for the satisfaction of the curious), and groaned, and sobbed,—where, oh! where be the actresses?

We have at length—and our heart sits all the lighter for it—made the discovery. The divine faculty of acting has gradually ascended in the social scale; and the very best players—LORD BROUGHAM and others must have half prepared the world for this truth—are now to be found among the aristocracy. Genius loves extremes. The true player was once to be found in the barn—he is now only to be met with in the palace of the lord.

Our excellent contemporary the *Northern Whig* affords a recent instance of this profound truth. During the holidays, plays have been acted at Mount Stewart, the seat of the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY. *The Double-Bedded Room*, says the *Northern Whig*, was first acted; and now, listen to the critic:—

"The MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, as *Mrs. Deputy Lomax*, acted with much grace and delicacy of manner, and seemed, by her excellent perception of the humorous, to catch *the very spirit of the author*. Her ladyship's acting, in the part in which she depicts the *finesse* and nervous apprehension of the gentle widow, when locked up in the double-bedded room with *Pipes*, was *a genuine comic reality*."

What is this but the manifestation of true genius, that acts wholly unconscious of the source of its inspiration?

"While the manner in which LORD CASTLEREAGH, as *Pipes*, supported his part, can easily be imagined by all who are acquainted with his Lordship's delightful requisites for the private social circle,—his exhaustless humour and flashes of merriment, 'that are wont to set the table in a roar.'"

Besides this, MRS. MONTGOMERY threw a nameless grace about *Nancy Spigot*, and MR. M. acted the *Landlord* "with much quiet humour." To crown all, "MR. CROMMELIN supported the character of the gallant *Major* with great spirit and very good taste."

The after-piece was *The Thimble-Rig*; chosen, we fear, for some party application. In this

"LORD SEAHAM, as *John Ginger*, seemed to anticipate the jollity of 'merry old Christmas,' *by the repeated bursts of laughter which he elicited at the extravagance of his fear* lest his wife should hear of his borrowing the ten pounds, which, contrasted with the absolute despotism of his imperious spouse (the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY), created great amusement. *His Lordship seems to be possessed of a very high degree of histrionic talent.*"

We forget the name of the moralist who, looking at the happy boys in Westminster play-ground, sadly observed—"Alas! that any of these fine fellows should ever be turned into Members of Parliament!" We have precisely the same feeling towards LORD SEAHAM. Why cannot he always play the *John Gingers*, ornamenting that station of life to which it seems nature has pleased to call him? Why should he ever bury himself in the House of Lords?

There is no doubt that histrionic talent has been filtered by ascension, and that it is now only to be found in its purest state in the very highest life. Wherefore, then, should it not be made available for social advancement? Sure we are that MR. BARRY could spare a bit of the new Houses of Parliament for a theatre, in which—with pieces written for a direct purpose—the aristocracy might at once amuse and instruct the people. We have only for a moment to think of certain public men, to see before us a company of actors that would speedily defeat all other competitors. There would, too, be a singular fitness, a happy application of means to an end, in having the theatre and the senate-house under the same roof. If a Peer or Member had a particular motion for a certain night, he might act either in the first or second piece to suit the time. With LORD BROUGHAM, or any other noble actor quick at a change, he might almost play the part of law-maker and low-comedy-man the same night. We think SIR ROBERT PEEL would play *Silky* admirably; LORD STANLEY would shine in the mysterious and passionate; and LORD LONDONDERRY (we are happy to say he has been recently rehearsing the part) would ensure himself a reputation in the kind-hearted landlords. What a host of talent rises before us! There is Young England, too, with SIDONIA to write the pieces and SMYTHE to do the songs! We can imagine the first piece, the *Benevolent Bowler; or, the Count and the Cricket Ball*. That, supported by "a phalanx of talent," would create a moral revolution. And then what a practical condescension—what a fine illustration of the wise humility and true humanity of the school, if a few of Young England's ladies would attend with baskets, serving pine-apples and Seltzer water to the million!

Neither would we have the actors labour without the hope of tangible reward. Certainly not. Fine acting should be the test of fine statesmanship, and recompensed accordingly. And whereas it is now customary to bestow the Blue Riband upon a consummate general or diplomatist, we would award the like distinction to the best *First Robber*, or the cleverest *Jeremy Diddler*.

WORDS FOR PANTOMIME MUSIC.

Quickly.

"HERE we are!"
Dum, dum, dum, tittledy, iddlety, tiddlety—
Dum, dum, dum, tittledy, iddlety, iddlety—
Tiddlety, iddlety, iddlety, &c.

SECOND VERSE.—*More quickly.*

"Somebody coming!"
Tum, tum, tum, tootlety, ootlety, ootlety—
Tum, tum, tum, tootlety, ootlety, ootlety—
Ootlety, tootlety, ootlety, &c.

THIRD VERSE.—*Very quick.*

"Here 's the Police!"
Bang, bang, bang—fiddle-de diddle-de, diddle-dy—
Bang, bang, bang—fiddle-de diddle-dy, diddle-dy—
Diddle-dy, diddle-dy, diddle-dy, &c. &c.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

A PENSION of £600 has just fallen into the Civil List. We wish the Civil List "a happy new year, and many of 'em."

Catalogue
OF
THE KENSINGTON RAILWAY.

THE effects of this extraordinary instance of the railroad mania were a short time ago advertised for sale; but, as if to be in character with the whole affair, when it came to the point there were no bidders.

A notice was issued that the sale had been postponed; and it is understood that the Birmingham Railroad has bought or will buy the secluded little line, whose existence would never have been known but for the publicity we have given it from time to time, in the hope that people having heard of it *might* be seized with a sort of odd inclination to go by it. We regret that our friendly offices have been of no avail; and in the hope that if the property should ever come to the hammer again the articles may at least be known, we print the following

CATALOGUE

of the effects of the late lamented Kensington Railroad, which will be submitted to public competition in consequence of the premature demise of that unfortunate line, which was seized very suddenly, and expired in the arms—or rather in the hands—of the Sheriff of Middlesex.

LOT 1.—A policeman's suit, complete, with leather belt and buckle.
LOT 2.—An engineer's jacket.
LOT 3.—A small plot of lettuces, with spring onions *en suite*.
LOT 4.—A SUPERIOR FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE, OF WHICH ONLY ONE SEAT HAS BEEN USED ON ONLY ONE OCCASION.
LOT 5.—Half-a-hundred of coals (more or less), being the remaining portion of a hundred laid in at the commencement of the winter for working the line.
LOT 6.—A superior engine, a thorough good servant, with no objection to make itself generally useful, though it has been hitherto generally useless. Has never yet had any followers.
LOT 7.—An account-book entirely new, except the first page, which is inscribed, "Profits of the Kensington Railway."
LOT 8.—The rails, which are very little worn, and are admirably adapted for public parks or private pokers.
LOT 9.—A form for the passengers to sit upon while waiting for the train, very much worn by the money-taker jumping up and down upon it, for occupation and exercise.

CONDITIONS.

The highest bidder to be the purchaser, and in case of only one bidder being present, the policeman on duty to have the right of running up the price till the auctioneer thinks it high enough.

In the event of a dispute between two or more bidders, they must settle it between themselves, but the money must be paid by one of them.

Punch's Pantomime.

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.

Kelmar	An old gentleman who has seen better days—with a song	MR. JOHN BULL.
Grindoff	A miller pretending to take an interest in corn, which is mere chaff—afterwards *Pantaloon*	SIR R. PEEL.
Count Friberg	A youthful nobleman continually going backwards and forwards, but settled at last—afterwards *Lover*	LORD PALMERSTON.
Lothair	Sometimes called Young England—afterwards *Harlequin*	MR. D'ISRAELI.
Riber / *Golotz*	Two of *Grindoff's* band	LORD STANLEY. / SIR JAMES GRAHAM.
Claudine	Adopted daughter of *Kelmar*—afterwards *Columbine*	BRITANNIA.
Ravina	A disappointed, scolding old woman—afterwards *Clown*, with "Tippity-witchet."	LORD BROUGHAM.

SCENE I.—*The Banks of the River Thames, with the Treasury Mill in the distance. Several Under-Secretaries and Subs, disguised as Millers, are carrying sacks loaded with grist. They come forward and sing the following*

Chorus.
When the wind blows,
The way that it goes
Our master is quickly turning;
When the wind drops,
At once he stops
Until its next move discerning.

[*Exeunt Miller's Men in different boats, not being able to row in the same.*

Enter Kelmar. (MR. JOHN BULL.)
Ah! there they go; I wish each Treasury hack
This day had literally got the sack.

Enter Claudine. (BRITANNIA.)

Kelmar. (JOHN BULL.)
What can have occupied your time so long?
If flirting with Young England, it was wrong.
No doubt he thinks you 'd be a pretty catch,
But he is not an eligible match.

Claudine. (BRITANNIA.)
I 've not encouraged him, though you're aware
That his professions are extremely fair.

Kelmar. (JOHN BULL.)
Whate'er Young England says for nothing goes,
He can't accomplish what he may propose;
You want a very practicable man—
Try and like Grindoff Peel.

Claudine. (BRITANNIA.)
I never can.

Kelmar. (JOHN BULL.)
Neither can I. But poverty, you know,
Makes us sometimes to strange expedients go:
One of those strange expedients, I feel,
It was to have recourse to Grindoff Peel;
But as he got us out of debt, you know,
To him a little gratitude we owe.

Claudine. (BRITANNIA.)
Alas! for what we owe too much we pay—
The Income Tax wipes all the debt away. [*Exit weeping.*

Enter Lothair. (YOUNG ENGLAND.)

Lothair. (YOUNG ENGLAND.)
Where's your adopted daughter, tell me, do.

Kelmar. (JOHN BULL.)
My good young gentleman, what's that to you?

Lothair. (YOUNG ENGLAND.)
I fear she 'll fall into the hands of robbers—
I speak politically—

Kelmar. (JOHN BULL.)
You mean jobbers?

Lothair. (YOUNG ENGLAND.)
I'll find 'em out, and then the game I 'll win.

Kelmar. (JOHN BULL.)
How can you find them out? You know they 're in.

[*Exeunt arm-in-arm, talking earnestly on various subjects.*

Enter Riber (STANLEY), *and Golotz* (GRAHAM).

Riber. (STANLEY.)
Our eye upon that couple we must keep—

Golotz. (GRAHAM.)
Into their letters I will take a peep.
That is the course which I adopt with most:
I tell you that 'twixt you, me, and the Post.

Riber. (STANLEY.)
He to our party gives enough to do.

Golotz. (GRAHAM.)
Which is our party? I can't tell; can you?

Riber. (STANLEY.)
To say the truth, we've run so many rigs,
I don't know if we are Tories now or Whigs.
Some one approaches, shall we now retire?

Golotz. (GRAHAM.)
Retire! while any one will pay our hire?

Riber. (STANLEY.)
No: let us step aside. That's what I meant.

Golotz. (GRAHAM.)
To step to any side I 'm quite content.

[*After wavering from side to side, they go out.*
Enter Grindoff (PEEL), *and Lothair* (YOUNG ENGLAND) *at the same moment.*

SCENE II.—*The inside of Kelmar* (JOHN BULL'S) *house. Grindoff* (PEEL) *and Kelmar* (JOHN BULL), *discovered seated.*

Grindoff. (PEEL.) *A knock is heard.*
Whoe'er that is, of course you'll not admit,
For this snug place none but myself is fit.

Kelmar. (JOHN BULL.)
That 's rather selfish. I must ope the door.

Enter Friberg (PALMERSTON), *who eyes Grindoff* (PEEL).

Friberg (PALMERSTON) *aside.*
I think I must have seen that face before.
(*Aloud.*) Is there a vacant place, my friends, for me?

Grindoff. (PEEL.)
You must be well aware that cannot be.

Friberg. (PALMERSTON.)
Why not? 'twas in this snug abode, you know,
I took my quarters up some time ago.

Grindoff. (PEEL.)
Likely enough, but times are changed since then.

Friberg (PALMERSTON), *with intense meaning.*
They are indeed—and so perchance are men.
A coat will turn and turn and turn again,
Yet still go on, and still the same remain.

Grindoff (PEEL), *aside.*
This hint to be invited can't be taken,
Confidence in him must at once be shaken,
Or Kelmar (BULL), may ask him perhaps to stay,
When 'tis my plan to get him out of the way.

[*Throws down an empty purse, with "Whig deficit" embroidered on it, and Exit. Kelmar* (JOHN BULL), *starts with horror from Friberg* (PALMERSTON), *and the scene closes in.*

SCENE III.—*A Cavern in the Treasury. Government clerks variously employed, chiefly in reading the newspapers.*

Chorus of Clerks.
We dreamt that we sat in our fathers' halls,
At home by our own fireside,
And we 'd only assembled within these walls
For a sort of official pride;
And we thought that of all the salaried host
Not one could merit claim;
And we also dreamt—which pleased us most—
That they paid us all the same.

Ravina (BROUGHAM), *coming forward.*
They cast me off,—but they my power shall feel,
I 'll have a blow-up yet, with Grindoff, (PEEL).
Perhaps they don't know exactly what I mean:
I 'll put a squib into some magazine;
If I blow up the whole affair, they 'll see
All this concern for corn is fiddle-de-dee.

Enter Grindoff. (PEEL.)

Ravina. (BROUGHAM.)
Ah, here you are. Oh, wherefore this neglect?

Grindoff. (PEEL.)
Tell me, old woman, what you could expect?

Ravina. (BROUGHAM.)
Think how I 've aided you in all your rigs.

Grindoff. (PEEL.)
Avaunt! discarded beldame of the Whigs!
Because with them you never could agree,
You come and try to palm yourself on me?
Your service I reject—your threats defy.

Ravina. (BROUGHAM.)
For this you will be sorry, by-and-by.

[*Ravina* (BROUGHAM) *comes forward to the front and sings a new version of "Tippitywichet," at the conclusion of which she puts a squib into a magazine, which causes a general blow up of the Treasury Mill. Corn comes falling down in great abundance. Grindoff* (PEEL) *abandons all attempt at protection, and a Fairy appears.*

Fairy.
That mischievous old hag has done it all,
Wishing the rest low as herself to fall.

For her malignity I'll take her down—
At once I change her into motley *Clown.*

[*Ravina* (BROUGHAM) *is changed into Clown, and he immediately runs to the front, exclaiming "Here we are."*

Fairy.

GRINDOFF, that's PEEL.—A care you did pretend
For corn, and called yourself the farmer's friend;
Your Sliding Scale must fail you very soon—
Therefore, appear as slippery *Pantaloon.*

[*Grindoff* (PEEL) *is changed into Pantaloon, and rushes forward throwing himself into the usual attitude, exclaiming "How are you?"*

Fairy.

You, Friberg (PALMERSTON), possess one grace,
Constancy to one object, which is—place;
A love for that you always did discover,
And for yourself, I change you into *Lover.*

[*Friberg* (PALMERSTON) *is changed into the old Pantomimic character of Lover, when he begins looking at the Clown and Pantaloon through a very large quizzing-glass.*

Fairy.

Lothair (YOUNG ENGLAND), you with boldness strange,
Pretend that everything you've power to change;
Changing yourself, applause from all must win,
So I convert you into *Harlequin.*

[*Lothair* (YOUNG ENGLAND) *is changed into Harlequin, and begins turning his own head about, which makes him fancy everything else is going round.*

Fairy.

Claudine, (BRITANNIA), all of these incline
To win your favour: so be *Columbine.*

[*Claudine* (BRITANNIA) *is changed into Columbine, and runs away from all the others in turn, sometimes dodging between them, but always getting away as fast as possible.*

Fairy.

And now farewell, ye motley group, away!
You've all of you some wondrous tricks to play.

[*The Fairy disappears. Pantaloon* (PEEL) *tries to trip up Clown* (BROUGHAM), *and Harlequin* (YOUNG ENGLAND) *helps him in the attempt. Harlequin* (YOUNG ENGLAND) *takes hold of Clown* (BROUGHAM) *by both hands, and swings him completely round; after which Clown* (BROUGHAM) *is seized by Lover* (PALMERSTON), *who swings him round a little way in the other direction. Pantaloon* (PEEL) *offers his hand to Clown* (BROUGHAM), *who pretends not to see it, and, raising his foot, suddenly gives the hand a severe kick. There is a considerable quantity of comic business, at the close of which Pantaloon* (PEEL) *and Clown* (BROUGHAM) *find themselves together in the Cave of Despair, while Harlequin* (YOUNG ENGLAND) *waves his wand, and shows the realms of light and loveliness, with the word* Treasury *in illuminated lamps, and Pantaloon* (PEEL) *stands on his head amid a grand display of fireworks.*]

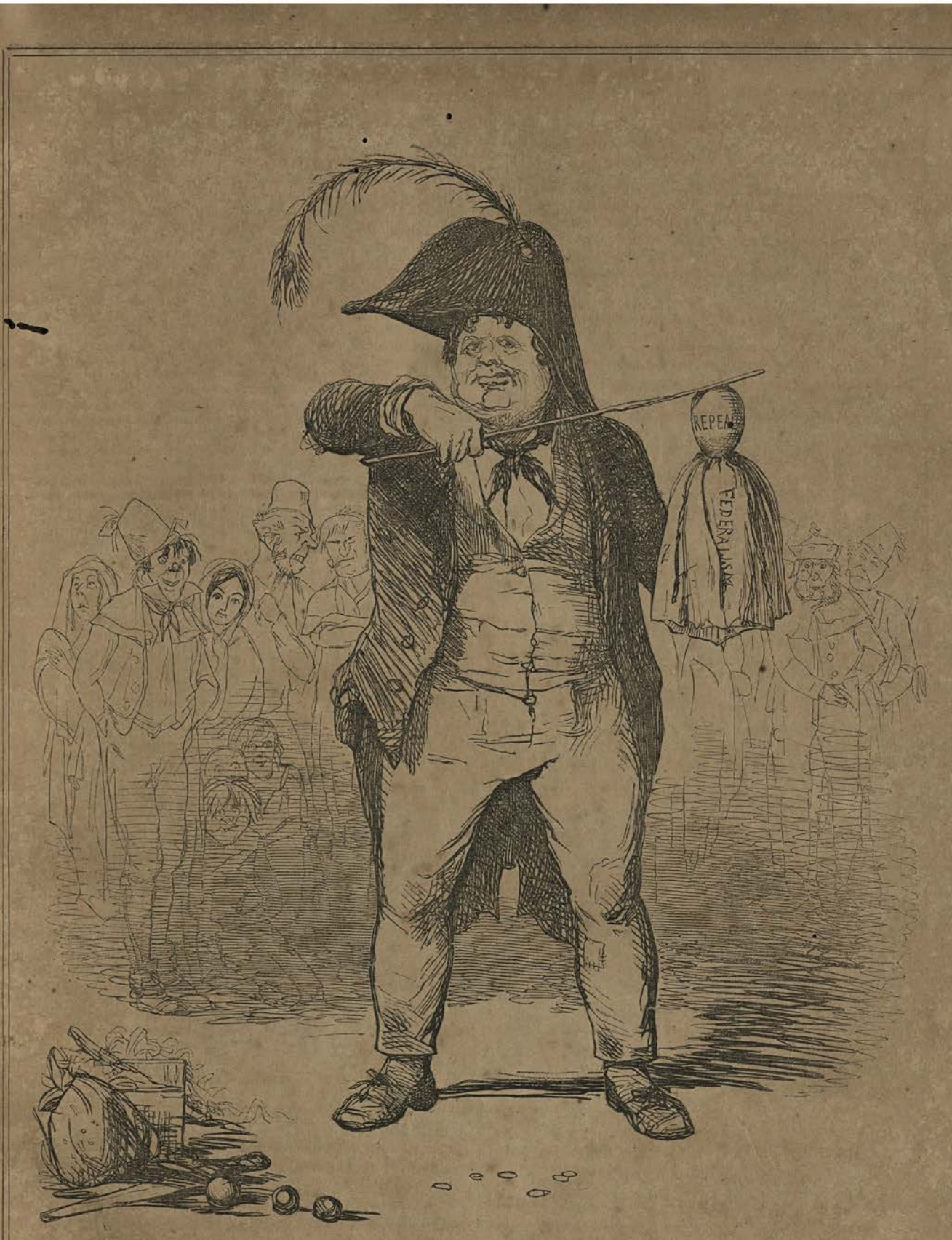
A FARTHING FOR REPEAL;

OR, THE IRISH CONJUROR.

OUR English readers may recollect an ingenious wayfarer, who was wont to levy small contributions on the pockets of his spectators by means of a sheet of white paper; yes, of one sheet of Bath post. This paper the adroit beggar would fold up into different shapes, all distinctly representing twenty different things. "Now," he would say, "it is a chest of drawers," and a chest of drawers it was; "now it is a lady's bonnet;" nobody could dispute it—it *was* a lady's bonnet; "and *now*, it is a coal-scuttle." The crowd would by their applause declare it to be a coal-scuttle, and nothing else. Now this man was an honest showman, though he dealt in sleight of hand; though he earned his mutton and potatoes by dexterity of finger—he was nevertheless no cheat; what he promised to do, he faithfully accomplished.

Why will not DANIEL O'CONNELL copy the high principle of the English showman? As, like him, he deals in legerdemain—why, like him, does he not put an honest face upon the matter?

How long is it since he has promised to show all the features of the doll, Repeal?—and up to the present time she is muffled like an Indian beauty. "Give a farthing—only a farthing—and you shall see what you shall see. Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not—only a farthing!—who would be free—but one farthing!—themselves must—down with your farthings!—strike the blow! Only a farthing!"



THE IRISH CONJUROR AND HIS CELEBRATED DOLL TRICK.

"Now throw some money into the ring, if it were only a farthing each, Ladies and Gentlemen. Say a farthing each, and you shall see the celebrated Doll Trick done all over again!"

New Year's Ode

TO THE WINNER OF THE ST. NISBETT.—Season, 1844.

"Trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of her *taking-off*."—*Macbeth.*

"*Robbing the stage* was, in those days, a practice common enough."—*Roderick Random.*

Give back—"give us back the wild freshness of morning,"
Ere light orange-blossoms weighed widowhood down!
And pause, oh! Sir William, ere *one* house adorning,
You cast in deep shadow our houses in town.
Why veil from the public its gayest of brides?
The miser alone buries gold in a box;
What artist, triumphant, his masterpiece hides?
We leave to the stage its duennas and locks.

Bound fast, yet again let the Favourite run!
Both thine and our own!—a petition not risible;
For though it is true man and wife are but one,
She, single or wedded, is two, and divisible.
While owning thee winner, the town has its rights:
The "wife" is all thine—'tis the "madcap" we ask!
Hold captive the Woman, most conqu'ring of Knights,
But give back the Spirit with Comedy's mask.

For brave widow Nisbett no more may we burn;
As blithe widow Nisbett she flies from the scene;
But let, sir,—oh! let *Widow Cheerly* return,
And her who contrasted with ripe *Widow Green!*
Enclose not the orchard while gath'ring its fruits;
The garden 's your own, sir, yet spare us some flow'rs;
Let marriage ne'er pluck up wild mirth by the roots:—
The widow is thine—but the actress is ours.

Giving up to dull parties (though Wedlock 's the teacher)
What 's meant for mankind, causes patience to reel:
And why should a Boothby thus follow a Becher!
The other Sir William, who snapp'd up O'Neill!
In favour of privacy, prejudice ran:
It carried off Kembles, the Stephens, the Tree;
'Twas doubtful if safe from some desperate man,
Was quiet Miss Tidswell or old Mrs. D.

But deeper the sorrow that Nisbett has cost;
More stern thy resentment, susceptible town;
She wedded, returned;—weds again, and we 're lost;
From Scylla escaped, in Charybdis we drown!
Blest winner, but cruel! most cruel to Art!
Yet more to Young London, who stood by her throne;
Who now shall report how she toppeth her part?—
Who rush for a seat?—she resides at her own!

Who weds a mere beauty, dooms dozens to grieve;
Who marries an heiress, leaves hundreds undone;
Who bears off an actress (she never took leave),
Deprives a whole city of rational fun.
But farewell the glances and nods of St. Nisbett;
We list for her short ringing laughter in vain,
And yet—bereaved London!—what think you of *this* bet?—
"A hundred to one we shall see her again!"

A FAGGOT CASE.

At the Watlington Petty Sessions, one John Page, "chair-maker, of Wheelend, Stoken-church" (blessed be his door-posts!) charged

"Jane Allen, a wretchedly distressed-looking woman, with an infant at her breast, with having stolen, on the 25th of November, a small faggot of wood, of the value of 'one penny,' from off a pile in Thirdswood."

Now, John Page, having this faggot very much next his heart—indeed, it must have been pretty well of the same stuff—insisted upon a conviction, and the woman—John Page's recording angel has written down the fact—

"with the infant in her arms, was committed to Oxford gaol, to take her trial at the Quarter Sessions, charged with stealing the said faggot, of the value of three-farthings."

What a very pleasant Christmas this John Page must have passed! What a remarkably nice man to spend a Christmas with! With what sweet serenity he must have gone to Church,—for of course, such a stickler for three-farthing honesty, has his pew and all things proper, and pays his devotions regularly as his taxes. And then when he returned to his jocund home, and having said grace, enjoyed like a good man his Christmas dinner, with what extreme self-contentment he must have looked upon his children (if he be blessed with such cherubs) thinking of the felonious Jane Allen's babe in Oxford gaol. And then, when he turned himself round to his fire, thinking of the faggot, what pleasant things he must have seen in the embers of his Christmas log! What a Jacob's ladder must his fancy have pictured, with John Page, chairmaker, upon all but the top-most round! And is this a man to want a faggot? Certainly not; *Punch* would give him one with all his heart and all his strength.

THE ELOCUTION SOCIETY.

Being desirous of taking a few lessons in public speaking, we hurried off to the Elocution Society, which has lately been formed somewhere in the City, by a small knot of ardent spirits, who burst, between the hours of six and eight, from the bondage of the desk and counter. On reaching the building at which the Society's meetings are advertised to be held, we found the door wide open, and nobody in attendance to receive the company. At first we commenced a quiet stamp on the pavement, but this movement having failed to excite any attention, we began knocking violently with our cane upon the wall, which brought a man out of some dark recess, who asked us what we wanted. We replied that we had come to attend the meeting of the Elocution Society, and that we understood the subject of the evening's oratory was to be the "Writers of *Punch* and the Humourists of England," according to a printed card which had been sent to us. The man replied, that if we wanted the Elocution Society, we must walk up a flight of stairs, and along a dark passage, till we got to a glass door, which was the door of the room where the Society would be sitting. Having followed his directions as well as we could, we arrived at the door, and heard a low murmuring inside, but not liking to burst into the room without any introduction, we retreated to the stairs, and shouted "Hollo" over the banisters. The man having obeyed our summons, we stated our reluctance to intrude; when he said the Society would be delighted at anybody's coming in to listen, and he strongly urged us to enter. Finding, however, that our modesty would not permit us to do so, he advised us to beckon out the secretary, and scratching off a little of the whitewash that had been rubbed over the window to prevent people from staring in, he pointed out the gentleman in the great-coat, as the functionary to whom we were recommended to address ourselves. The scene within was extremely picturesque. There were about eight persons in about eight different degrees of drowsiness, while one was keeping his lips in a sort of regular motion, only varied by occasional draughts at a glass of water, which the gentleman in the great coat-kept continually replenishing from a large jug of the refreshing element. Though we were naturally desirous of hearing how we were being treated by the "Elocution Society," which had got us as the subject of their evening's debate, we could not bring ourselves to interrupt the calm serenity of the scene, and making a precipitate retreat from the door, followed by the man, exclaiming, "Won't you go in, Sir? Shall I call him out?" we left the premises. We intend mustering the resolution, shortly, for another visit.

The Christmas Waits.

The following were the most popular last week:—

John Bull waiting for a Repeal of the Income-Tax.

The Parishioners of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, waiting for a Settlement of their Accounts.

Lord Brougham waiting for the Woolsack.

The fountains in Trafalgar Square waiting for the Artesian Well.

JULLIEN AT NAVARINO

A PARAGRAPH in the papers, a short time ago, announced the astounding fact that JULLIEN was originally a tar, and that he fought on the side of the English at the battle of Navarino. One of our artists, who was also present at Navarino, in the peaceful capacity of a passenger, and received a cannon-ball in his chest, which utterly destroyed a dozen shirts that were packed up in it, was of course an eye-witness—or rather an opera-glass witness, for he got as far away as he could—of JULLIEN'S achievements. The valiant conductor of the promenade concerts was worked up to more than concert pitch, and skipped about, holding in his hand one sharp, with which he turned several into flats most unexpectedly. The gallant JULLIEN slew with his own hand several Turks, and put others to flight—a circumstance which, no doubt, suggested to his mind, in after years, the celebrated Turkish *galope*.

How he came to renounce the sabre for the *bâton* is not known. Some have attributed it to his finely musical ear, which was offended by the shrieks of the wounded being sadly out of tune, and painful to his organ of harmony. The din of battle was carried on amid such a discord, that he flew to beating time when he became heartily tired of beating the enemy.

Proceedings in Bankruptcy.

(*Before Sir C. F. Williams.*)

Sir C. F. Williams. IN the case now before me, I am asked to withhold the bankrupt's certificate. Where does that draft come from? it cuts completely through me. The certificate, it is true, may be asked for, because this court is always open—and that door seems to be always open also. (*To our Reporter.*) Who are you, sir? Why did you open that door? Are you aware, sir, that every time that door opens a draft rushes in? By the by, the bankrupt has not accounted for the draft on COUTTS'. This must be done; for it is very mysterious as it is, and the Court will have light thrown upon it. Who pulled down that blind! How am I to see what I am about? Not but what this is a case any one might decide with his eyes shut. (*Our Reporter titters.*) Who are you, sir? What are you doing here?

Our Reporter. I came, sir, as one of the public, understanding this to be a public court.

Sir C. F. Williams. Very right, sir, very true, and very proper. (*Walking up and down before his chair.*) I sit in this chair to do justice between man and man. This is a public court, sir. Very right; you're quite right. A very laudable curiosity, sir. Whoever comes here out of curiosity will not come here for nothing. (*To another person.*) What are you, sir, pray may I ask?

The other person. I am the bankrupt, sir.

Sir C. F. Williams. Very true; I beg your pardon, sir. I pity you. You seem to be a very unfortunate man; a most unfortunate man, sir. [*The door opens, a hat pops in, and pops out again.*

Sir C. F. Williams. Who is that? Bring him back. Whose hat was that! Let it be brought before me. While I preside in this court, I will not be interfered with. (*To our Reporter.*) You are the bankrupt, I think you say?

Our Reporter. No, sir; I am only a looker-on.

Sir C. F. Williams. A looker-on! Why, man, don't you see that the court is inconveniently full? We have no room for lookers-on here, sir. Pray, sir, give way to the gentlemen who have business here.

Our Reporter. I thought, SIR CHARLES, you said it was an open court?

Sir C. F. Williams. It is, sir. Open to come, and open to go. Usher, show that man the door.

Our Reporter. Thank you, SIR CHARLES, I can find my way without the usher's assistance.

Sir C. F. Williams. And so you ought, sir. Is the usher to be employed in running backwards and forwards with a parcel of interlopers. This court, while I sit in it, ought not to be——

Our Reporter having quitted the court, did not hear the remainder of the sentence.

THE KINGSTOWN BOAT CLUB.

THE KINGSTOWN BOAT CLUB, near Dublin, is a very select and *récherché* Society.

It has been established for the purpose of curing and preventing any feeling of sea-sickness in aspiring youths and middle-aged gentlemen. We say advisedly, middle-aged, for it is a fact still to be accounted for by natural philosophers, what becomes of all our elderly gentlemen?

The Club performs its important functions by accustoming its members gradually to view the graceful undulations of that mighty phenomenon, the ocean, as represented by the portion of the Bay of Dublin enclosed within the piers of Kingstown Harbour.

THE CLUB HOUSE consists of a tolerably large sized travelling cart, which once conveyed Mr. Wombwell's highly respectable menagerie to Donnybrook fair, and on the break-up of that establishment, and the break-down of itself, was obtained on very reasonable terms by the spirited originators of this Club.

The Club-house has been newly painted both inside and out, at a very considerable outlay of capital; and under the directions of one of the first architects in the country, a permanent portico, combining all the chaste and classical proportions of the Parthenon of Athens, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and that of Jupiter Stator at Rome, has been added and made to harmonise with the original graceful structure. On one side may be seen the railway terminus, bringing the members every ten minutes from Dublin, on the other, that noble memorial column, so creditable to the *originality*, if not the fine arts of the country; erected as it was to commemorate "The happy departure" of George IV. from Ireland.

The general occupation of the members of the Kingstown Boat Club consists in reading "Saunders' Newsletter," eating cold mutton chops, with sherry-and-water *ad libitum*.

Individuals who have been at least six months members are observed to take precipitately to the wearing of check shirts, Jersey frocks, and red night-caps in the day-time; they leave off the use of suspenders, and give an occasional hitch up to their unwhisperables, and say "Starboard," and "Larboard," "Shorten your top-sails," "Splice the mainbrace," and other unintelligible expressions, especially when ladies are present.

A further advanced class venture out on the balcony overlooking what they are pleased to denominate "The azure main." They smoke cigars, fish for flounders, and employ themselves in pulling up and down a long pole a piece of variegated bunting, which they call an "Union Jack." The constant ascent and descent of this hardly-used piece of Irish manufacture was long unaccounted for by the outward world; until very lately a careful observer from the opposite or Howth side of the bay, by dint of a telescope on Lord Rosse's principle, observed it was occasioned by a long, thin, hungry-looking Repealer pulling it down, as soon as a short, stout, well-to-do little Conservative hauled it up.

CURE FOR A COLD.

THE following prescription has been taken from an old black-letter book, A.D. 1403. We print it for the benefit of those medical antiquarians who are fond of tracing the progress of medicine:—

Putt your fette in hotte water,
As highe as your thighes.
Wrappe your heade up in flannelle,
As lowe as your eyes.

Take a quart of rum'd gruelle,
When in bedde, as a dose.
With a number four dippe
Well tallowe your nose.

CATTLE SHOW MANŒUVRE.

LINE of the description of the QUEEN, the PRINCE, and the OX, is replete with pathos; and if ÆSOP had been alive he would have, no doubt, hit off a very nice little fable on the subject.

We are told that,

"After entering the enclosure, the first animal which attracted the attention of HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT, and which *had been removed from the dark corner it had previously occupied into the light near the entrance*, was the black polled ox of the Scotch breed, bred by his Royal Highness."

The reader will remark the extreme slyness of the committee in taking the royal ox out of "the dark corner," into which he had been huddled, and bringing him "into the light near the entrance," because the illustrious owner of the snubbed and slighted brute was about to visit the Cattle Show. This is a manœuvre worthy of a crafty schoolmaster, who keeps a clean collar and a hair-brush always ready to rig-out the particular boy whose friends or parents happen to pop in unexpectedly. It is quite clear, that though the judges at the Cattle Show adjudged a prize to the Albert Ox, they considered him no great shakes, or they would not have stowed him away in a dark corner to be brought out "into the light near the entrance" only in case of a visit from HER MAJESTY.

A Political Fable.

IF not exactly since Creation,
As long as she has been a nation,
England has ever, day by day,
Been going headlong to decay;
Whilst how to save her from perdition
Has puzzled every politician.
Once on a time—of recent date—
Ruin impending o'er the state,
A consultation grave took place,
Of learned Doctors, on the case
Of Britain's body politic,
Thus lying perilously sick,
Of chronic febrile inflammation,
And inanition, from Taxation;
On the disorder all agreed;
But how to treat it? How indeed!
Some tax must be repealed; but what?
Each had his own suggestion got.
A Householder, "From Britons' backs,"
Exclaim'd, "take off the Window-Tax."
"The tax on Malt," a Maltster said;
A Cotton Lord, "The Tax on Bread;"
"Bread!" a Tobacconist cried, "stuff!"
"Tobacco is the thing—and snuff."
"Well, Sirs," exclaimed an ancient Buck,
Who still unto his pigtail stuck,
"To renovate the Constitution,
To save us from a Revolution,
Credit maintain, recruit Finance,
And keep us from a war with France,
There 's nothing (here his voice rose louder)
Like taking off the Tax on Powder!"

MORAL.

Since we perceive that nothing can
Suit the complaint of every man,
But to reduce the Nation's dues
So as to meet his private views,
The dullest mind must clearly see
What line SIR ROBERT PEEL's should be,
As every one cries, "Nought like leather,"
TAKE OFF TAXATION ALTOGETHER.

HINT TO THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

WE fear that the benevolent exertions of the Humane Society tend somewhat to encourage foolhardiness. To skate where the ice is marked "Dangerous" looks very brave, and is tolerably safe. For the inscription "Dangerous" we would substitute "Ice Thin. Good Skating for Simpletons and Idiots."

LORD BROUGHAM TO PUNCH.

WE have received the subjoined epistle from LORD BROUGHAM. It is not often our fortune—good or bad—to agree with the noble Lord: nevertheless, in the present instance our acute sense of right assures us that he is justified in his complaints, and we publish them accordingly:—

DEAR PUNCH, *Dec. 30, Cannes.*

I have just read the English papers containing the accounts of the English pantomimes. After much pondering thereon, I come to the conclusion that both you and myself have been scurvily treated. I find that I am introduced in the Sadler's Wells pantomime dressed as I lately appeared in your incomparable pages. I feel, sir, that the manager—whoever he may be—of the playhouse has herein grossly infringed upon your inalienable right. I know not what you may think; but for myself, I feel that I am the exclusive property of *Punch*. Where, by this time, I should have been, had he not kept me before the public eye, I know not. I therefore, sir, protest against this gross dishonesty.—I can use no other word. I feel, sir, that you have made me: and that you owe it to me and to yourself to protect the property you have in me. Pray sue for an injunction.

I believe that all the London playhouses are at present under the government of the Lord Chamberlain. MR. JOHN KEMBLE is the Licenser of Plays *vice* his father, CHARLES KEMBLE, resigned. (that *was* a job, I think). Now, *Mr. Punch*, I shall in my place in Parliament, beg to know of the Chamberlain if his officer is to permit the personation of a living peer of the realm in a pantomime! MR. JOHN KEMBLE is, I have heard, a great precisian in the matter of words; but, as it seems, admits of any latitude when the thing to be represented is a nobleman of the United Kingdom.

I have the honour to be,
Your obliged servant ever,
BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

P.S.—*Do* press for an injunction.

THE MONSTER MEETING.

THE attraction of the Great Agitator is daily diminishing, and his Monster Meetings are getting so "small by degrees and beautifully less," that he will soon be in the same case as the provincial manager, who on going forward to make an apology to the audience, was about to commence in the usual manner, "Ladies and Gentlemen," when seeing only a few females and one male in the house, he substituted "Ladies and Sir" for the usual exordium.

If matters go on progressing backwards—to make use of an Irishism—as they have been doing lately, the Monster Meeting will dwindle to two or three loitering juveniles, and perhaps a Repeal dog or a horse of Anti-Union principles. What will become of the famous couplet addressed to the "Hereditary bondsmen," if the meeting consists only of two or three children? The line must be altered to "Hereditary bonds-*brats*," &c. &c., in order to render it applicable.

RIGHT BREECHES POCKET *versus* LEFT.

The Dartmouth election appears to *Punch* to be one of the most pleasing contests of the kind upon record. There have been no hollow protestations about Church and State; no Whig or Tory professions of regard for public interests; no uncalled-for allusions to great questions of politics, about which country electors cannot be presumed to know anything. Mr. Somes, who may be called "the pet of the shipowners," simply says, "I will build so many ships in Dartmouth per annum;" in other words I will pay a handsome yearly rental for my seat. Mr. Moffatt, "the railway fancy," says, "I will bring a branch railway to your town, and pour in so much per annum by this important channel." There is some side-talk of free-trade, but that sort of thing is regarded very little. Dartmouth should henceforth be styled, *par excellence*, "The Pocket Borough," for not even on a Lord Mayor's Day has the maxim, "Take care of your pockets!" been more thoroughly acted up to than by its electors on this occasion. We hope this election will set the fashion, that henceforth a candidate shall be asked simply, "How can you make it worth the town's while to return you?" The plan is preferable to individual bribery, as respectable people may share in the benefit of it, and as it is not punishable by law. Besides it will do away with an enormous amount of cant, and the bribery oath will not have to be administered. Then what a fusion of parties will be produced; Whig and Tory, Radical and Conservative, will walk arm-in-arm linked by the golden tie of self-interest, the great bond of constituencies as well as nations. Heaven speed the time!

"THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND."

SKETCH TAKEN AT THE HORSE-GUARDS.

Under this title, we essayed a few observations in a recent number on the condition of Mrs. Reston, the Heroine of Matagorda, a nurse in Glasgow Town's Hospital. These observations have, we are happy to say, been satisfactorily answered by the *Glasgow Citizen*, in courteous terms. There is now every prospect that the poor woman will be comfortably provided for. We quite agree with our northern brother, that the authorities at the Horse Guards have not come out of the affair with any considerable lustre. How is it that the Hero of the Peninsula closed his ears, and his pockets too, to the appeal of the Heroine of Matagorda?

"The Light of Other Days."

The Parish of St. Pancras is doubly blest in this foggy weather, for it has its street lamps burning both night and day. We counted last Friday in the Hampstead Road no less than ten Naphthas flaring up dimly one after the other. Now could not this superfluity of light during the day, when its burning must be an insult to the public eye, and a rank offence in the nostrils of every political economist, be put by for the Kensington Roads, and lent to them every night? Naphtha, it is true, is not the most brilliant light the metropolis or the age can boast of; but still Kensington will see, we are sure, with half an eye, that Naphtha, dim as it is, is better than no light at all.

AN ITALIAN "BLAZE OF TRIUMPH."

At Naples, Mercadante, the celebrated composer, was called before the curtain, on the first night of his new opera, "*Leonora*," no less than twenty times, and at last the audience called his wife! If this new "blaze of triumph" should cross the Alps, a British audience, we are sure, will never be satisfied with only the wife; but will have the composer's mother, grandmother, aunts, and all their children called out of bed, to appear before them. Let us hope the authoress of the "Women of England" in such a case would interfere!

THE BISHOPS.

Certainly there is something the matter with the Bishops. It is not for *Punch* to criticise the lawn with the eye and finger of a lady who would buy pocket-handkerchiefs; but there *is* something the matter with the Bishops. There was a time when we never heard of them save in their Christian proprieties; when they gave away oxen and cart-loads of bread at their doors to the poor. Now do they every day occupy—to the exclusion of much instructive and amusing matter—three or four columns of the *Times*. Surely, this is not as it ought to be. People get up of mornings and wonder what Exeter will say—just as certain folks, the first thing they do, consult the weather-cock. Then, again, they look to see if London is in the paper. This must be wrong. We had come to this conclusion, when we were made to stare by the Bishop of Chester. That good man was, doubtless, uneasy at the notoriety which rewarded certain of his brethren. He therefore determined to call public attention to himself; and so signed a petition to the Queen, for mercy to Mary Gallop, by her own confession the murderess of her father. And the Bishop observes—

"That she was not influenced to this great crime *by any malignant hatred to her father*, but as a means *that occurred to her mind of enabling her to marry the person to whom she had engaged herself.*"

Now, should some Dean or Canon put arsenic in the Bishop of Chester's turtle-soup, in the hope of obtaining his bishopric, would not the prisoner have this excuse—that he had no "malignant hatred" to the Bishop;—certainly not; only too much love for his see?

Some time since, there was a prejudice against certain candles, it being alleged that they were impregnated with arsenic that they might burn the brighter. The morality of Mary Gallop, (according to the Bishop,) partakes, and, *for the same reason*, of the brilliancy of these tapers; for he says—

"That should the Queen's mercy be extended to this miserable woman, she might prove *of great use in being employed in teaching young persons* in one of the schools in any place to which she may be transported."

This wretched woman administered *two* doses of poison to her father. With no touch of conscience—no remorse, she gave the second dose, the first having failed. And this is the instrument to teach young persons! Imagine with what solemn emphasis would flow, from the lips of the parricide, these words:—

"Honour thy Father and Mother, that thy days may be long in the Land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

By the way, when Mary Furley was suffering under the agonies of the death-warrant so atrociously inflicted upon her—yes, Sir James Graham, atrociously—where were the Bishops to plead the cause of an outraged, broken-hearted woman? But then Mary Furley had not poisoned her father; she was, probably, not eligible as a Christian monitress. In a word, Mary Furley was not Mary Gallop.

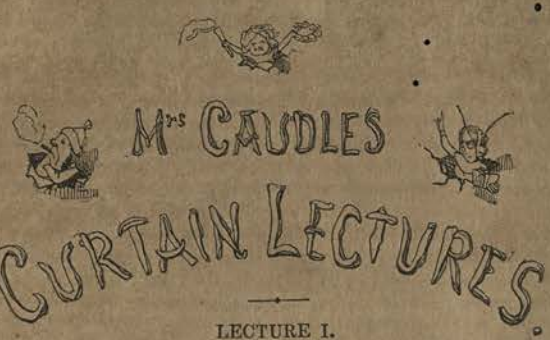
Let it not be thought that we advocate, *under any circumstances*, capital punishment. Certainly not. It is our belief that the gallows is the worst reformer. Our strictures are only intended for the sophists who play the mountebank to humanity.

A LIKELY JOKE.

The line which Britain thinks of forming over the Desert to India, is a line not at all approved of by France; so she is going to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. For this purpose a Company has been formed; and important negotiations are to be set on foot with the Simoom, in virtue whereof that potentate will engage to refrain from filling the excavations, as fast as they are made, with sand. An active diplomatist is to be employed in endeavouring to reconcile the Red Sea and the Mediterranean to the idea of meeting; and to get them to agree respectively not to break in prematurely on the works, and so crush the whole undertaking. The *Siècle* and other Opposition Papers anticipate great obstinacy on the part of the said Powers, which, however, they impute beforehand to the intrigues of *perfide Albion*, and suggest the necessity of a war with us in case the elements prevent the canal from being dug.

The Health of the Metropolis.

The *Bachelor* and the *Flirt*, belonging to the above-bridge Navy, have been *laid up* at Vauxhall, owing to the coldness of the season. The *Bachelor*, who was very much shaken last autumn by the equinoctial gales off Putney, will not be able to leave his bed in the river, it is expected, till the return of the warm weather.



LECTURE I.

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND.

"You ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds? But so it is: a wife may work and may slave! Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds! As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go,—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those belonging to you. I wish people knew you, as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your poor family pays for it.

"All the girls want bonnets, and when they're to get 'em I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em—but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle.

"The man called for the water-rate, to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes, who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them.

"Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked his shuttle-cock through his bed-room window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him—if the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head; for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a good many more things, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.

"Next Tuesday the fire-insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid! Why, it can't be paid at all. That five pounds would have just done it—and now, insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night,—but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance *must* drop. And after we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

"I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor little Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stop at home—all of us must stop at home—she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes—sweet little angel!—I've made up my mind to lose her, *now*. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away their five pounds, too.

"I wonder where poor little Cherub is! While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know, I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite all the children. It wouldn't now at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia, and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

"Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes,—I know what it wants as well as you, it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day. But now it's out of the question: *now* it must bang of nights, since you've thrown away five pounds.

"Well, things are come to a pretty pass! This is the first night I ever made my supper off roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles, when folks are always lending five pounds?

"Ha! there's the soot falling down the chimney. If I hate the smell of anything, it's the smell of soot. And you know it; but what are my feelings to you? Sweep the chimney! Yes, it's all very fine to say, sweep the chimney—but how are chimneys to be swept—how are they to be paid for by people who don't take care of their five pounds?

"Do you hear the mice running about the room? *I* hear them. If they were only to drag you out of bed, it would be no matter. Set a trap for them! Yes, it's easy enough to say—set a trap for 'em. But how are people to afford the cheese, when every day they lose five pounds?

"Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down stairs. It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it *may* be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come in some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back-door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when fools won't take care of their five pounds.

"Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise, she'd have been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds.

"And now, see Mr. Caudle, what a misery you've brought upon your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown—the girls can't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire-insurance can't be paid, so we shall all fall victims to the devouring element—we can't go to Margate, and Caroline will go to an early grave—the dog will come home and bite us all mad—that shutter will go banging for ever—the soot will always fall—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—thieves be always breaking in the house—and our dear Mary Anne be for ever left an unprotected maid,—and all, all Mr. Caudle, because YOU WILL GO ON LENDING FIVE POUNDS!"

SONG OF THE TWELFTH CAKE.

Twelfth Cake is the monarch of sweetmeats;
They crown'd him long ago,
With images bright and sugar as white
As a diadem of snow.

The halfpenny bun with sugar done,
And a portrait in chalk of the Queen,
The image may take of a true twelfth cake,
But its treachery soon will be seen.

The homely plum may do for some
Who for cheapness a shift would make,
When cover'd with frost, at a moderate cost;
But it's not a true twelfth cake.

Oh never trust to a showy crust,
With images gaudily deck'd,
Lest under the paint you find there *aint*
The richness you did expect.

The pound-cake, I 'm told, confin'd in a mould,
Will forms fantastic take;
But look at me, unfetter'd and free,
A regular round twelfth cake.

President Polk and his Slaves.

The New England Puritan tells us, and in a manner that would induce us to believe that Praise God Barebones was its editor, some "facts respecting Mr. Polk," the new American President. We hear that Mr. Polk, "in the walks of private life," is highly respected; "that he is a slave-holder indeed, but not, as has been often stated in the papers, one of the richest and most extensive slave-owners in the State: that he may be worth some 25,000 dollars, A PART ONLY IS INVESTED IN SLAVES." How beautiful are the softening tints of iniquity! Mr. Polk *is* a slave-holder, but not a *rich* slave-holder. He only dabbles a little in human blood and bones; he is not a wholesale dealer in God's image; he turns a cent or so, where other men turn a dollar, and therefore may be looked upon—and indulgence claimed for him accordingly—as a sort of amateur human flesh-merchant, not a regular trader. True it is, that Mr. Polk has slaves; but possibly he may avail himself of the notorious excuse of the frail lady, "they are" very "little ones."

TOM THUMB AND THE INCOME TAX.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is at loggerheads with TOM THUMB on the subject of the Income Tax. We have carefully perused the act, to ascertain whether THUMB will be able to slip through the minister's fingers. We find that any one practising an art or mystery is not exempt. No one can doubt that TOM possesses the art of humbug in a very eminent degree, and we therefore think he must be held liable even on that account. The statute provides for the case of infants, and we suspect there is a section which contemplated a *lusus naturæ* becoming liable, for it is provided that the guardian or curator—the latter being a term applicable to museums, and *à fortiori*, to caravans—shall be held responsible. If the word showman had been distinctly added, there could have been no doubt in the world of BARNUM's liability. If, however, TOM THUMB wants a good answer to the claim, *Punch* will supply him with one which will prove a decided settler to the *vexata questio*. Let his answer be that the tax extends to nothing under a hundred and fifty pounds, and as he professes to be considerably under that in striking his balance, he may contend that he does not come under the act, or rather that he comes under it altogether.

PUNCH AND THE AMERICAN PRESS.

SEVERAL of the American newspapers have, what they call, "a London correspondent." He is very frequently an American who finds it most convenient to dwell on this side the Atlantic; one of those biped vermin which—in all countries—are generated in the dregs of an ink-bottle, and sting, so far as they can sting, at so much the column. They sell their souls, as men sell tape, by the yard or piece. The *Boston Atlas* has one of these animals in its pay; and certainly the amount of falsehood dispatched from London by the "correspondent" marks him as a most industrious rascal. It is plain that to him lying is a labour of love, he works so blithely at it. He has of late endeavoured to turn his scoundrel penny out of *Punch*, having transmitted the following to the *Boston Atlas*, from which it was quoted in *The Evening Post* (a New York paper), of Dec. 13 :—

"No paper has, of late years, attained so wide a circulation as *Punch*, and deservedly so, for it could boast of presenting every week the very best talent of the town; and its etchings with the pen and pencil are now known in every part of the habitable globe. It was originally started by a few popular London writers." . . .

"*Several* of the original contributors to *Punch have continued to write for it to the present time*; but while they have been paid merely as any other clever writers would be, the proprietors have reaped all the profits arising from the work. WITHIN THE LAST SIX WEEKS, THESE AND OTHER POPULAR WRITERS HAVE MET FOR THE PURPOSE OF PLANNING AND BRINGING OUT SOMETHING FRESH ON THEIR OWN ACCOUNT, LEAVING *Punch* TO ITS FATE."

The object of this brazen invention was, of course, to foist off in the American market "the something fresh," whatever it might be, in the place of *Punch*. Poor *Punch* was left to its fate, and the "something fresh" was to be made doubly fresh by the spirit which was wont to animate *Punch*, left in *articulo mortis*. To this, we have a very brief answer. Let it then be known to all America, that with one single exception, the same pens that for three years past have been employed upon *Punch*, labour for it—and that right joyously—to the present hour. The exception we have alluded to is that of the author of the "Physiology of the Medical Student," &c., whose connection with *Punch* was brought to a close so far back as December, 1843. Our only way to meet the "London Correspondent," and the interests that, by his lying, he would support is to adduce simple facts. "Here be truths," we think; and so much for *Punch* and its writers. As for the "Correspondent," it may possibly not conduce to the sweetness of his slumbers to learn that *Punch* knows him and his habitat. In future, he had better lie with a little more discretion.

We are now tempted to extract a passage or two from the correspondent's letter, that the reader will immediately perceive to be illustrative of the intelligence and veracity of the writer. He is speaking of a MR. MARBLE, a clever American actor, very cordially received on his first appearance at the Strand Theatre. Thence, he went to the Haymarket, where his piece (a miserable farrago) failed. But why did it fail? Hear the London Correspondent.

"When it is known how great is the influence of the Society of Dramatic Authors, the fate of this Yankee production will not be wondered at. *There are about one hundred and fifty members* [THERE ARE, IN REALITY, ABOUT FIVE-AND-TWENTY, AND OF THESE FIVE AND-TWENTY, NOT ABOVE TEN WRITING MEN], and a large number of these are, more or less, contributors to the daily and weekly papers.—Whenever a new piece is announced at any of the metropolitan theatres, if it be from the pen of a member, *means are taken to insure it a favourable reception*, the house *is taken by surprise*, the plaudits of regular *claqueurs* are so long and loud; the journals afterwards are unanimous in praise of the new production. But if some unlucky manager dares to announce a piece *which is not written by a member*, no matter how great its merits may be, the dramatic clique are sure to be present on its representation, and with their *claqueurs* the piece is hissed, condemned, and shouted off, and the journals assist to bury it in oblivion."

"This was especially the case," says the correspondent, "with MR. MARBLE." And wherefore? Why

"The object would be to persuade MARBLE, in their criticisms, to engage some well-known dramatic author to write a farce for him. This advice MR. MARBLE has been compelled to take."

A gross falsehood from beginning to end.

"These particulars of a most outrageous system were communicated to me principally *by one of the disappointed and condemned writers*, but they are strictly true so far as I am able to judge from personal observation."

That is, the correspondent has *seen* the Dramatic Authors' Society actively employed in condemnation of American MARBLE. The first night of *Sam Patch*—

"The house rung with the approbation of the audience, but the *claqueurs* kept up such a constant shout and hissing, that when the curtain dropped it was impossible to say whether approbation or disapprobation ruled. On the next night a stronger company of *claqueurs* were present, and the piece was not permitted to go on. MR. WEBSTER prudently withdrew it, and substituted 'Yankee Land.'"

And this *Yankee Land*—albeit American produce—was suffered to be acted, the Dramatic Authors not sending in their *claquers* to *hiss* the Transatlantic novelty!

The ignorance and the falsehood of the "Correspondent," we leave without further comment to the judgment of the reader. We may merely express our sorrow that any portion of the American press should employ "Correspondents" whose habitual falsehood places them among the dregs of mankind; creatures, who make the goose-quill minister to a wretched existence, and who, to earn their loathsome bread, would foster prejudices between two nations, that by the triple bond of language, literature, and blood, should live in brotherhood together.

That the American Press is sometimes anxious to obtain the best and the most multifarious English correspondence, is evident by the subjoined copy of a letter (the authenticity of which we avouch) addressed to an English author. The epistle asks at the hands of the writer—

"A series of letters,—good, efficient magazine articles of *permanent literary* value—essays on topics of the times, humorous, or half-philosophical—sketches of authors—*new literary anecdotes*—criticisms on books and the stage—piquancy and novelty the essentials. *The best possible table-talk of the day.*"

And for this, the labour of the brain—for permanent literature—humour and philosophy—sketches, anecdotes, and the cream of London table-talk, JONATHAN was willing to pay—*three guineas per month!* If our friend of the *Boston Atlas* be remunerated according to this scale, then does he sell his soul dog-cheap. To be sure, he doubtless knows its proper value.

IMPORTANT TO TAILORS, PILL-MERCHANTS, &c.

ADVERTISING in pantomimes is rapidly rising into popular favour, and is an ingenious method of evading the advertisement duty. We have drawn up the following SCALE OF PRICES FOR PANTOMIME ADVERTISEMENTS for those puffing tradesmen who are anxious to get their goods off by the help of harlequin, clown, and pantaloon :—

	£	s.	d.
A trick, with complete change	0	5	0
A very good ditto, with blue-fire, or gunpowder	0	7	6
A joke, by clown, (per scene)	0	10	0
Something beyond a joke	0	15	0
Half a scene, with correct view of the shop, or nostrum	2	10	0
The entire stage, with flats, real doors, a leap through the window, appropriate music, and a red-hot poker	5	0	0

CURIOSITIES OF POLICE.

A GREAT book is yet to be written on our Police Courts. We believe that some genius — heaven-appointed for the work—will one day arise; in the mean time, and awaiting that luminary, we can only gather up materials for the *opus magnum*.

At Clerkenwell, ELIZABETH PHILLIPS was arraigned before the celebrated MR. GREENWOOD, with having stolen the watch of a tradesman, in Sadler's Wells Theatre. It was proved that the police knew nothing to her prejudice, and that she had lived with her father in the same place for seven years. The girl herself, in a passion of tears, exclaimed—

"Why, my God! several people will come forward to prove I was at home all Friday evening. At the time this gentleman and lady speak of, *I was fetching a pint of beer for my father from the Swan public-house, in Keate-street.* Send for Mr. Fryer, the landlord. Oh, do pray, Sir, do, for I am innocent."

And the innocence of the girl was proved beyond doubt. She had, however, been taken into custody at Sadler's Wells the night after the complainant had lost his watch, she having been at home on the Friday. Whereupon, what did and what said the sagacious magistrate? Why—

"MR. GREENWOOD discharged the girl, telling her *to be cautious how she visited theatres in future.*"

And wherefore? The accuser might have made the like mistake as to personal identity, had he been robbed in a church; yet would MR. GREENWOOD have then advised the girl "to be cautious how she visited churches in future?"

LUMINOUS PHENOMENON.

THE passengers on the Kensington Road were struck one day last week by a strange luminous appearance between Knightsbridge and Kensington. On investigation the extraordinary effect was found to be occasioned by the singular lighting of the lamps, a circumstance that was beginning to fade from the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." The excitement occasioned by the fact to which we have alluded was very considerable on the other side of Hyde Park Corner, and small groups assembled from time to time in the vicinity of the lamps, discussing the quality of the lights and endeavouring to assign some reason for the miraculous alteration. The general impression appeared to be that *Punch* had done it all, and CULLEN'S omnibus having drawn up to the side of the road, the driver in a neat speech proposed a vote of thanks to us, which was ably seconded by the conductor, and having been put to the passengers, it was at once passed, even the horses evincing their readiness to aid in carrying it. As far as we have been able to judge from the hasty glance we took in riding past, we should say that the lights are fair average lights, and the gas reflects the highest credit on the company as well as the longest lamp-posts on the footway. The light seems at present somewhat dim, but great allowance must be made for the gas, which has not yet got accustomed to the pipes, from which it has been so long excluded. As a first attempt, the effort was successful though not brilliant. We shall suspend our final judgment till we have seen the lamps oftener.

PORTRAIT OF A KENSINGTON LAMP.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

COMPLAINTS having been made at Texas about the delay in settling the Boundary Question, the President has written to SIR ROBERT PEEL to send him "a *line*."

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED, at his seat in Windsor Park, PRINCE ALBERT'S Ox. He made a light supper off oilcake, and turnips, and turned into his straw afterwards to take a few winks. His Royal Highness, however, was so fatigued with his journey, that he did not get up till two the following day.

SENSIBILITY OF THE PHARISEES.

THE *Ipswich Express* publishes a statement that puts the sensibilities of the dwellers of Ipswich in the rosiest light. If we are to believe the *Express*, then are Ipswich folks of the porcelain of all human clay, having the very tenderest affections towards—themselves. At the present time, it appears, there are three convicts in Ipswich gaol under sentence of death. Well, the town of Ipswich bestirs itself, and despatches "an earnest petition to the Secretary of State"—for what? Is the town doubtful of the efficacy of capital punishments, and therefore does it sue for a commutation of the sentence? By no means; the town leaves the culprits to the halter, and in the depths of its tenderness only thinks of itself! The petition, "signed by the authorities of the town," is to this benevolent effect; it prays—

"That the prisoner [MARY SHEMING] might be respited until the execution of the two HOWELLS and SHIPLEY, in the hope that the town might be spared the infliction of two public executions."

And the town of Ipswich feels its heart somewhat the lighter, "for an advance has been made" towards its wishes, MARY SHEMING being respited until the 11th inst. But—

"The execution of the other criminals being ordered to take place on the 25th of January, it is not improbable that, *in deference to the earnest petition of the authorities*, the female prisoner may receive a further respite."

That is, the law, cat-like, but in deference to the authorities, may sport with the agony of MARY SHEMING until the 25th! The reputation of SIR JAMES GRAHAM as Home Secretary, certainly owes something to the condemned cell; and as he has linked his name with that of MARY FURLEY, he may not in this latter instance refuse historic companionship with MARY SHEMING.

But why, allow us to ask, should there not be *two* executions, if executions are permitted at all? Their advocates contend that they are beneficial as public examples.* If so, why should there not be two examples instead of one? Why not, to the shuddering population of Ipswich, read two terrible moral lessons? Wherefore lose one awful opportunity of illustrating the solemn usefulness of the punishment of death? Or if, indeed, the feelings of the town are so acute—if Ipswich shrinks at the thought of so appalling, so ghastly an exhibition—wherefore hang at all? The advocates of hanging, as a social example, should rather husband their resources, that their influence might be more frequent. To beg a respite, only that there may be a double execution, is certainly to lessen the number of wholesome examples. We are aware that GEORGE THE THIRD—a very great authority on hanging—was not of this opinion. Under his reign there was always what *Peachem* calls "a decent execution." It is a fact, not to be too frequently quoted against the champions of the gallows, that on the 23d of June, 1784—*sub rege pio*—the New Drop was first used, when fifteen convicts were together executed. More than this; from the following February to the 1st of December, there were *ninety-six*—more than an average of two a week—hanged in front of Newgate; and for what? Why, the great majority for offences which in the present time would be punished with various terms of transportation, the evil-doers being first taught a trade in a Model Prison. Let it be known that fifteen human creatures were to be hanged in the Old Bailey on Monday,—and the metropolis, nay, the whole country, would rise in indignation against the wickedness; a wickedness which, however, our forefathers thought necessary to social security, as *their* forefathers, in their daily business walks, saw in the heads of traitors festering on Temple Bar, the ghastly yet fitting evidences of the right divine of kings.

To return, however, to Ipswich and the selfishness of its sympathies. In its tenderness for itself, and its apathy towards the suffering convict, we are reminded of the sensibility of a certain lady of fashion. She had a pet spaniel that, in a momentary freak, bit a piece out of the footman's leg. Whereupon, the lady, thinking of the dog as if indeed it were a part of herself, exclaimed—"Poor little dear! I hope it won't make it ill." Now, never mind the sufferings of MARY SHEMING, but don't let Ipswich be made ill—let Ipswich be "spared an infliction."

* In the *Times'* report of the recent execution of WILLIAM KENDREW, at York, we read, in the following sentence, a frightful comment on the social effect of hanging:—"A YOUNG MAN WAS DETECTED ALMOST AT THE FOOT OF THE SCAFFOLD, IN THE ACT OF PICKING POCKETS."

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE Committee for the Improvement of Regent Street has just published its half-yearly Report. The following extracts will show the fine sense these Cachemire Lords have of the gratitude they owe to the nobility and their carriage customers :—

"Your Committee is happy to state, that the beadles have behaved during the last half-year with the greatest vigilance and courage. The beadle on the Right Quadrant has taken up no less than 17 lucifer-match girls and 30 bits of orange-peel; and the one on the Left has effectually driven away 6 persons who were offering bullfinches for old coats, and razors for old hats.

"Your Committee is likewise happy to state, that the livery of the former beadle, who was sent away for whistling, fits the present beadle extremely well, and so has saved the subscribers the expense of a new livery. The hat, however, was a little too large; but this has been remedied by inserting rounds of brown paper under the lining sufficient to reduce it to the size of the smaller beadle's head.

"Your Committee regrets that Patent-Safeties, advertising-carts, organs, and omnibuses, are still allowed to circulate in Regent Street; but arrangements have been made for a copy of the 'Handbook of Etiquette' to be presented to every omnibus conductor, and hopes are entertained they may be induced in time to take 'Stolberg's Voice Lozenges,' to improve their tone in shouting for passengers.

"Your Committee has viewed with horror the number of long beards and untrimmed mustachios allowed with impunity to promenade the Quadrant; but a petition will be presented to Parliament next session for the appointment of four barbers at each end of the Quadrant. These means, your Committee has reason to hope, will be sufficient to scare away all foreigners from Regent Street.

"That as soon as the fine weather begins, the wood-pavement will be beeswaxed every morning, and in the summer the streets will be regularly watered with rose-water. The pavements, too, will be chalked with beautiful illuminated patterns by the first artists from Munich, and the gutters sprinkled twice a-day with FARINA'S *Eau-de-Cologne*.

"That the policemen have received strict orders to wear white kid gloves and polished leather boots, and to speak nothing but French.

"That every dog in warm weather is to be tested by the pump before he is allowed to come down Regent Street, always excepting such beautiful little dogs as may be in ladies' carriages.

"That the crossings are for the future to be laid down with India matting, and the crossing-sweepers to be put immediately into livery.

"That no smoking is to be allowed, excepting the finest Principes, and no butcher's meat, or vegetables, to be carried to any of the residents in the street till after dusk.

"That the common people should be warned that it is necessary to dress in their Sunday clothes, and to be very particular in their gait and demeanour, when walking down Regent Street.

"That advertisements be inserted in the morning papers, that all cotton umbrellas, bundles, clogs, penny piemen, and persons without gloves, will henceforth be rigidly excluded.

"That this Report be printed on white satin, and a copy of it in gold letters be sent immediately to every member of the aristocracy."

MEDICINE FOR THE MILLION.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM being one of those who refuse us cheap food, has nevertheless consented to give us cheap physic. His new medical bill is calculated to put a pill into every man's mouth, and bring the black dose home to the humblest hearth in England.

SIR JAMES has no doubt heard much about the physical necessities of the people, and having some notion of some poet having said something about "medicine for thy grief," the Home Secretary has been seized with the *heureuse idée* that the poor may be dosed into a better condition, and that the tone of society will of course become healthier by the process.

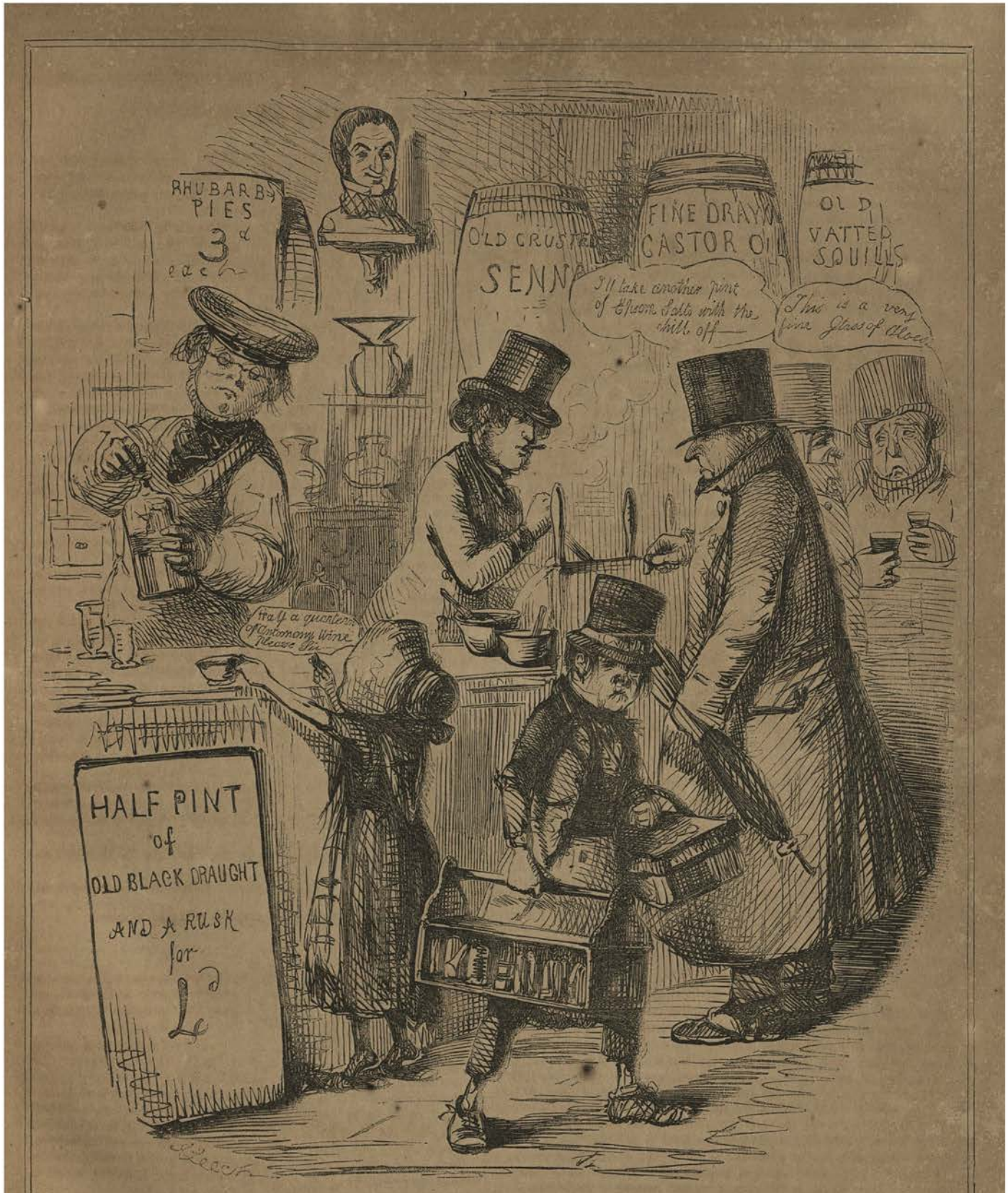
Perhaps SIR JAMES GRAHAM indulges the expectation that as the poor have been in the habit of rushing for comfort to the bottle, they will continue to do so when the druggist, instead of the distiller, has been engaged in filling it. The Home Secretary hopes probably that the gin-palaces will be converted into medicine marts, and that where we now see brass plates, inscribed "bottle entrance," we shall find notices indicating the "bolus department;" instead of placards announcing "a fresh cask always on tap," does SIR JAMES believe that he will see bills indicating "Best XX black dose always on draught;" or "the only house in London for the celebrated fever mixture at twopence a quartern." Over the doors of some it might perhaps be written, "Established to supply the public with the celebrated castor oil, kept in ice, in order to ensure its being constantly 'cold drawn;'" and "a sandwich and a glass of salts" might be as common as the "fourpenny arrangement" which now tempts the public appetite in all parts of the metropolis.

The time may probably come when poverty, instead of taking to ardent spirits, may take to medicine as a cure for sorrow. The Chinese take to opium, and why should not any other drug become as fascinating as the one alluded to? "A glass of hot bark for one penny" would be perhaps a very attractive luxury on a cold winter's night, particularly as bark is said to be strengthening, and "fine old senna in pints" might perhaps be kept for more genteel customers.

Such is the effect that may be perhaps anticipated from SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S Bill; that is, if anything comes from it at all, which is somewhat more than dubious.

Practice Makes Perfect.

THE Speaker of the House of Commons is already in training for the opening of the Session. He sits in his easy-chair every evening for several hours after dinner, doing nothing but nodding occasionally to the opposite sides of the room. On certain evenings the housemaid moves an adjournment at an earlier hour, by turning down the rug and raking out the fire. The Speaker has nicknamed her "BROTHERTON."



THE MEDICAL MAN, AS HE WILL BE, UNDER SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S BILL.

PHYSIC "TO BE DRUNK ON THE PREMISES."

LAY OF THE SPORTING LANDLORD.

When I was sent to college,
'Twas in famous Oxfordshire;
Where I learnt Greek and Latin
For nearly four long year,
Till I came to my acres,
The truth you soon shall hear;
Oh! 'tis all my aim to preserve my game
At all seasons of the year.

As I and my head-keeper
Were going of our rounds,
We pounced upon a countryman,
And lurcher, on my grounds;
"Hallo," said we, "you vagabond,
What business have you here?"
Oh! 'tis all my aim to preserve my game
At all seasons of the year.

A hare, and brace of pheasants
Upon the rogue we found;
We had him to the magistrate,
Who fined him twenty pound:
He could not pay the fine, my boys,
For it was so severe;
Oh! tis all my aim to preserve my game
At all seasons of the year.

Then he began to whimper,
And tell a piteous tale
About his wife and family;
But we pack'd him off to gaol.
We pack'd him off to gaol, my boys,
Of mercy we 'd not hear;
Oh! 'tis all my aim to preserve my game
At all seasons of the year.

Three months he lay in prison,
And, after that, was tried;
Then six months of hard labour
He underwent beside:
His wife went to the workhouse,
And all his children dear;
Oh! 'tis all my aim to preserve my game
At all seasons of the year.

Now here 's unto the Game Laws;
Long may they be in force!
And here 's to every magistrate
Who gives the Law its course:
A dungeon to each poacher,
That dwells both far and near.
Oh! 'tis all my aim to preserve my game
At all seasons of the year.

PUNCH IN THE EAST.

FROM OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

On board the P. & O. Company's Ship,
"Burrumpooter," off Alexandria.

Fat Contributor, indeed! I lay down my pen, and smiling in bitter scorn as I write the sarcastic title—I remember it was that which I assumed when my peregrinations began.—It is now an absurd misnomer.

I forget whence I wrote to you last. We were but three weeks from England, I think—off Cadiz, or Malta, perhaps—I was full of my recollections of Dolores—full in other ways, too. I have travelled in the East since then. I have seen the gardens of Bujukdere and the kiosks of the Seraglio: I have seen the sun sinking behind Morea's hills, and rising over the red waves of the Nile. I have travelled like Benjamin D'Israeli, Ulysses, Monckton Milnes, and the eminent sages of all times. I am not the fat being I was, (and proudly styled myself,) when I left my dear, dear Pall Mall. You recollect my Nugee dress-coat, with the brass buttons and Canary silk lining, that the Author of the "Spirit of the Age" used to envy? I never confessed it—but I was in agonies when I wore that coat. I was girthed in (inwardly) so tight, that I thought every day after the third *entrée* apoplexy would ensue—and had my name and address written most legibly in the breast flap, so that I might be carried home in case I was found speechless in the street on my return from dinner. A smiling face often hides an aching heart; I promise you mine did in that coat, and not my heart only, but other regions. There is a skeleton in every house—and mine—no—I was n't exactly a skeleton in that garment, but suffered secret torments in it, to which, as I take it, those of the Inquisition were trifles.

I put it on t'other day to dine with Bucksheesh Pasha at Grand Cairo—I could have buttoned the breast over to the two buttons behind. My dear Sir—I looked like a perfect Guy. I am wasted away—a fading flower—I don't weigh above sixteen and a half now. Eastern Travel has done it—and all my fat friends may read this and consider it. It is something at least to know. Byron (one of *us*) took vinegar and starved himself to get down the disagreeable plenitude. Vinegar?—nonsense!—try Eastern travel. I am bound to say, however, that it don't answer in all cases. Waddilove, for instance, with whom I have been making the journey, has bulged out in the sun like a pumpkin, and at dinner you see his coat and waistcoat buttons spirt violently off his garments—no longer able to bear the confinement there. One of them hit Colonel Sourcillon plump on the nose, on which the Frenchman * * But to return to my own case. A man always speaks most naturally and truly of that which occurs to himself.

I attribute the diminution in my size not to my want of appetite, which has been uniformly good. Pale ale is to be found universally throughout Turkey, Syria, Greece, and Egypt, and after a couple of foaming bottles of Bass, a man could eat a crocodile (we had some at Bucksheesh Pasha's fattened in the tanks of his country villa of El Muddee, on the Nile, but tough—very fishy and tough)—the appetite, I say, I have found to be generally good in these regions—and attribute the corporeal diminution solely to want of sleep.

I give you my word of honour as a gentleman, *that for seven weeks I have never slept a single wink.* It is my belief that nobody does in the East. You get to do without it perfectly. It may be said of these countries, they are so hospitable, you are never alone. You have always friends to come and pass the night with you, and keep you alive with their cheerful innocent gambols. At Constantinople, at Athens, Malta, Cairo, Gibraltar, it is all the same. Your watchful friends persist in paying you attention. The frisky and agile flea, the slow but steady-purposed bug—the fairy musquito, with his mellow-sounding horn, rush to welcome the stranger to their shores—and never leave him during his stay. At first, and before you are used to the manners of the country, the attention is rather annoying. Here, for instance, is my miniature.—

F.C. ON GOING TO BED AT GIBRALTAR.

F.C. ON GETTING UP THE NEXT MORNING.

You will see that one of my eyes was shut up temporarily, and I drew the picture by the sole light of the other.

Man is a creature of habit. I did not at first like giving up my sleep. I had been used to it in England. I occasionally repined as my friends persisted in calling my attention to them, grew sulky and peevish, wished myself in bed in London—nay, in the worst bed in the most frequented old, mouldy, musty, wooden-galleried coach inn in Aldgate or Holborn. I recollect a night at the Bull, in poor dear old Mrs. Nelson's time—well, well, it is nothing to the East. What a country would this be for Tiffin, and what a noble field for his labours!

Though I am used to it now, I can't say but it is probable that when I get back to England I shall return to my old habits. Here, on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's magnificent steam-ship, *Burrumpooter*, I thought of trying whether I could sleep any more. I had got the sweetest little cabin in the world; the berths rather small and tight for a man of still considerable proportions—but everything as neat, sweet, fresh and elegant as the most fastidious amateur of the night-cap might desire. I hugged the idea of having the little palace all to myself. I placed a neat white night-gown and my favourite pink silk cap, on the top berth ready. The sea was as clear as glass—the breeze came cool and refreshing through the port-hole—the towers of Alexandria faded away as our ship sailed westward. My Egyptian friends were left behind. It would soon be sunset. I longed for that calm hour, and meanwhile went to enjoy myself at dinner with a hundred and forty passengers from Suez,

who laughed and joked, drank Champagne and the exhilarating Hodgson, and brought the latest news from Dumdum Futtyghur.

I happened to sit next at table to the French gentleman before mentioned, COLONEL SOURCILLON, in the service of the RAJAH OF LAHORE, returning to Europe on leave of absence. The Colonel is six feet high—of a grim and yellow physiognomy, with a red ribbon at his button-hole, of course, and large black mustachios, curling up to his eyes—to one eye that is—the other was put out in mortal combat, which has likewise left a furious purple gash down one cheek, a respectable but terrible sight.

"Vous regardez ma cicatrice," said the Colonel, perceiving that I eyed him with interest. "Je l'ai reçue en Espagne, Monsieur, à la bataille de Vittoria, que nous avons gagnée sur vous. J'ai tué de ma main le grrredin de Feldmaréchal Anglais qui m'a donné cette noble blessure. Elle n'est pas la seule, Monsieur. Je possède encore soixante-quatorze cicatrices sur le corps. Mais j'ai fait sonner partout le grrrand nom de la Frrance. Vous êtes militaire, Monsieur? Non?—Passez-moi le poivre-rouge, s'il vous plait."

The Colonel emptied the cayenne pepper cruet over his fish, and directed his conversation entirely to me. He told me that ours was a perfidious nation, that he esteemed some individuals, but detested the country, which he hoped to see *écrrrasé un jour*. He said I spoke French with remarkable purity; that on board all our steamers there was an infamous conspiracy to insult every person bearing the name of Frenchman; that he would call out the Captain directly they came ashore; that he could not even get a cabin; had I one? On my affirmative reply, he said I was a person of such amiable manners, and so unlike my countrymen, that he would share my cabin with me—and instantly shouted to the steward to put his trunks into number 202.

What could I do? When I went on deck to smoke a cigar, the Colonel retired, pretending a *petite santé*, suffering a horrible *mal de mer*, and dreadful shooting pains in thirty-seven of his wounds. What, I say, could I do? I had not the cabin to myself. He had a right to sleep there—at any rate, I had the best berth, and if he did not snore, my rest would not be disturbed.

But ah! my dear friends—when I thought I would go down and sleep—the first sleep after seven weeks—fancy what I saw—he was asleep in my berth.

His sword, gun, and pistol-cases, blocked up the other sleeping-place; his bags, trunks, pipes, cloaks, and portmanteaus, every corner of the little room.

"QUI VA LA?" roared the monster, with a terrific oath, as I entered the cabin. "Ah! c'est vous, Monsieur, pourquoi diable faites-vous tant de bruit? J'ai une petite santé; laissez moi dormir en paix."

I went upon deck. I shan't sleep till I get back to England again. I paid my passage all the way home: but I stopped, and am in quarantine at Malta. I could n't make the voyage with that Frenchman. I have no money; send me some, and relieve the miseries of him who was once

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

Registration of Seamen.

FROM the 1st of January, the Merchant Seamen's Act came into operation, and we understand that the first person who applied to be registered under it, was MR. T. P. COOKE, the most popular British Tar that this country has produced since the immortal NELSON. At the time of registration certain questions are put to the seaman, all of which MR. T. P. COOKE answered in the most satisfactory manner. On being asked what engagements he had been in, he replied that he was in several engagements at the Surrey, from which he had carried off a large amount of prize-money. As to the actions in which he had taken a part, he stated that he was at the dancing of the double hornpipe in the Baltic Ocean, and distinguished himself at the taking of his own Benefit, when he fought three pirates with a sword in each hand, a bayonet in his mouth, and a pistol peeping from his pocket.

We understand that the lessee of the Surrey will be expected to make a return of all the seamen engaged in any nautical melodrama that may henceforth be brought out, and a statement must be made of the capacity in which each has served, whether as Admiral, common sailor, or one of the nautical ballet, which every theatrical vessel carries with her on her voyage. By this arrangement there will always be a corps of dramatic mariners ready to do their country's bidding at a moment's notice, and an addition of even six supernumeraries to the British Bulwarks is "always something."

The Education of Husbands.

ow suggestive is the new year of bills; and bills of house-keeping. It is fearful to reflect how many persons rush into matrimony, totally unprepared for the awful change that awaits them. A man may take a wife at twenty-one, before he knows the difference between a chip and a Leghorn! We would no more grant a marriage licence to anybody simply because he is of age, than a licence, on that ground only, to practise as an Apothecary. Husbands ought to be educated. We should like to have the following questions put to young and inexperienced "Persons about to Marry:"—

Are you aware, Sir, of the price of coals and candles?
Do you know which is more economical, the aitch-bone, or the round?
How far, young man, will a leg of mutton go in a small family?
How much dearer, now, is silver than Britannia?
Please to give the average price of a four-poster.

Declare, if you can, rash youth, the sum, per annum, that chemisettes, pelerines, cardinals, bonnets, veils, caps, ribbons, flowers, gloves, cuffs, and collars, would probably come to in the lump.

If unable to answer these inquiries, we would say to him, "Go back to school."

He that would be a husband should also undergo a training, physical and moral. He should be further examined thus:—

Can you read or write amid the yells of a nursery?
Can you wait any given time for breakfast?
Can you maintain your serenity during a washing-day?
Can you cut your old friends?
Can you stand being contradicted in the face of all reason?
Can you keep your temper when you are not listened to?
Can you do what you are told without being told why?
In a word, young Sir, have you the patience of JOB?

If you can lay your hand upon your heart and answer "Yes," take your license and marry—not else.

A "WARM, WOOLLEN PRISON DRESS."

JOHN MATTHEWS was recently discharged from Brinkworth Gaol, Wiltshire; he having been committed there for two months for desertion of his wife and children. That is, the man went to Wales, to obtain work, leaving his wife and children in the workhouse. He was unsuccessful in his attempt to be employed—no shirking idler, be it remembered—he returned to the workhouse, and was sent to gaol. In this way, in some places in merry England, does Justice play the grim mountebank! The man was discharged in the late bitter cold weather.

"He was most miserably clad, having exchanged his *warm, woollen prison dress* for his own clothes—mere rags; the upper garments consisting of an old waistcoat and a thin slop. He was also suffering from a diseased heart, a complaint of long standing!"

The end is soon told. He had no money; he took shelter in a hovel near the road, where there happened to be some straw.

"Here, according to his own account, he remained from the *Wednesday evening till the Monday morning*, during a most intense frost, and having nothing to eat except the remaining portion of the loaf which was given him on leaving the prison."

On the Wednesday afternoon the man was conveyed to the Malmesbury Union, his feet being so badly frost-bitten, that the surgeon declared he *must lose them!* The man died on the Saturday. His wife, on the inquest, said that he "had always been kind towards her and the child, *was a sober man*, and brought his earnings home, when able to work." The jury returned the following verdict:—

"That deceased died from the inclemency of the weather, and the jury are of opinion, that disease of the heart, *and sudden exposure to cold on leaving the prison with insufficient clothing*, rendered him peculiarly susceptible of its effects."

And thus it is proved to a bold peasantry, a country's pride, that it is better to endure, with all its ignominy, "a warm, woollen *prison dress*," than to seek, by the honest employment of their energies, the comfortable clothing of a free labourer. In the one case he is well-fed, and well-clothed; in the other, he is starved, and dies with gangrened legs, the victim of "bitter weather."

LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE POLITICIANS.

In Words of One Syllable.

LESSON I.

THERE was once a very Bad Boy, and his name was PEEL. He would go and Slide on the Scale, though he had been told it was a Bad Thing to do, but he would not mind what was Said to him. Some Big Boys tried to trip him up, and I am sure that he will fall some day, if he will be a Bad Boy and still Slide on the Scale. He has been told that if he does not Mind he will be sure to fall in, but he says he does not care, for he knows some Whig Boys who will be glad to help to get him out. PEEL is a Rude Boy. You ought not to do the same as he Does.

In Words of One Syllable.

LESSON II.

MIKE GIBBS was a Strange Boy. He could not do a Sum, or at least he would not, when he Was Bid. MIKE said he was fond of his Books, and he would not Give up his Books or let them be Seen. What an Odd Freak on the part of MIKE GIBBS!

In Words of One and Two Syllables.

LESSON III.

MAS-TER HAR-RY BROUGH-AM was ve-ry fond of throw-ing stones and let-ting off squibs, and would not mind his *Punch*. He would of-ten be ve-ry Cru-el to o-ther Boys, and he did run af-ter MAS-TER CAMP-BELL for the Pur-pose of Beat-ing

him. He would ask MAS-TER LYND-HURST to help him to Wor-ry poor MAS-TER CAMP-BELL. But HAR-RY BROUGH-AM was a Cle-ver Boy, though he was al-ways in Dis-grace for his Tricks. He would try ve-ry hard to take the place of o-ther Boys, but he was so Gid-dy, he could not Keep what he Got. He had a quar-rel with MAS-TER MEL-BOURNE, in which he came off the worst, and he was made to stand up like a dunce on a form, though he said ve-ry rude-ly if it had been a Bench he would have been Quite Con-tent, for to get put up-on the Bench was all he want-ed. Was not HAR-RY BROUGH-AM a ve-ry Naugh-ty Boy?

LESSON IV.

LIT-TLE JAMES GRA-HAM was a Sly Fel-low. He would pre-tend to Mind his Let-ters, but he would be all the while Look-ing o-ver the Let-ters that did not Be-long to him. One day he was Caught out, and was well Whip-ped. This serv-ed him Right, and if he does the same thing A-gain we will help to Whip him, as he de-serves.

SPINNING BETIMES.

THE Manchester papers agree in stating "that for some days past there has been a much better demand for yarn." This looks as if SIR ROBERT PEEL had already begun the QUEEN'S speech.

INNOCENCE.

GENTLEMAN.—Seed a little dog, ma'rm? no ma'rm. This here's the honly dog I 've seed to-day, and he don't answer to the name of *Fido*.

A NEW REPEAL MOVEMENT.

WE understand that an agitation is about to be organised for a total Repeal of the union between Great Britain and Little Britain. It will be urged, that Little Britain ought not to be bound by laws that it has not made; and the argument will be enforced by showing, that everything home-made is generally considered the best—home-made bread and home-brewed beer being cited as specimens. The main object of the Little Britain Repeal agitation will, however, be identical with that of Mr. O'CONNELL, namely, to establish a rent for the benefit of a few Little Britain patriots. Sound sentiments on the subject of little British enthusiasm beating in little British bosoms, have been already cut and dried, so that they will be ready for delivery on the first day of meeting, the particulars of which will be duly announced.

THE POST-OFFICE HORSES.

IT is with much pain that we call public attention to the miserable stud of highly-spavined hacks, by which the Post-Office branch of the business of the nation is conducted. The Camden Town mail, with all its important letters, is daily drawn to its destination by an unhappy roarer, to which the guard is obliged to use the whip in order to effect that persuasion which is requisite to urge the animal onwards so as to arrive at the local post-office by the time contracted for with the Government. It is ignoble to see an officer in the royal livery putting his leg over the dashing iron of the Mail to stir up the energies of the horse by a well-directed kick, but such we regret to say is a scene of too common occurrence.

We know it may be said, that the commerce of Camden Town does not require the same punctuality with regard to the delivery of letters as might be necessary in other localities. We are aware that the exports from Camden Town consist ordinarily of Sally-Lunn Tea-Cakes; but nevertheless the mail service should either be abandoned altogether, as far as the Camdentonians are concerned, or else it should be properly and punctually provided for.

The cattle running, or rather hobbling, between St. Martin's-le-Grand and the Mother Red Cap, are fitter subjects for the pound than the post. We trust our notice will have the desired effect, and that the Camden Town mail will not be suffered to remain in its present state—for now a-days!—"The very dogs bark at it as it halts by 'em." If a second-hand omnibus horse or two were taken on, the mail would be rendered punctual, commerce might revive, and the soft intercourse might be wafted between London and Camden Town at regular intervals.

ANTIGONE AT THE GARDEN.

The Shade of SOPHOCLES *to Punch sends greeting:—*

I NEED not tell thee that my *eidolon* was at Covent Garden Theatre on Thursday, to witness the first appearance on an English stage of my favourite tragedy, *Antigone*. EURIPIDES advised me to go to the rehearsals, and PLUTO very generously offered me a pass for the week. But I refrained. I am sorry for it. ARISTOPHANES has described me in his "Frogs," as a good-natured personage, whether in the upper or lower world; and I may say, without too much self-complacency, that I can stand as much as most men, and have seen my plays murdered in some of the provincial Greek cities, with great equanimity. But I was not prepared for that dreadful chorus! Instead of my stately twelve, in their magnificent Dionysiac robes, I beheld a mob of some thirty, swathed in unseemly garments that an Athenian tapster would have disdained to wear! Instead of the sweeping semicircle of my orchestra, with the broad-based altar in its centre, I saw a wretched strip of planking, with a tiny erection unfit to support a cross-way HERMES!

Then their motions and their voices! Where was the measured march, the rhythmical parados, the severe and musical chaunt? But the audience hissed *them*; not me, nor the music neither—I could have made something of MENDELSSOHN, in Athens. Worse than all, this miserable troop was still further degraded by the introduction of certain dancing girls. Till then I had raged—from that moment I blushed. How I found my way back to Hades, I know not. EURIPIDES, who takes in the English Journals, has been quizzing me ever since; and I have had a quarrel with PERSEPHONE on the subject. Use your influence, which ARISTOPHANES tells us is great, to bring about some reformation of that unhappy chorus. For the rest, the maiden who played *Antigone* has my thanks and blessing. More than once I was reminded of some masterpiece of POLYGNOTUS' pencil. Nor is the actor who played *Creon* to be despised; but I cannot forget that chorus!

Yours,

SOPHOCLES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the half of a five pound note for Mrs. Reston.

NOTICE.—On and after Monday next, the 13th instant, the Office for the Publication of PUNCH will be at **No. 92, Fleet Street,** *where for the future all works connected with PUNCH will be published, and to which address all communications should be sent.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London; and published by Joseph Smith, Publisher, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1845.

PANIC AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE memory of the oldest inhabitant, Windsor Castle has always been considered a sort of sanctuary, within whose precincts human cognovits could wander, in defiance of LEVY and all his tribe. A few days ago, however, the inmates of the Castle were alarmed by the appearance of a dirty little man on St. George's Terrace, with a dirtier little man following at a short distance after him. Presently a piece of the most painful pantomime was witnessed by the man on watch at the Round Tower, who communicated by signs with the sentinel on the ramparts. The pantomime alluded to was nearly as follows:—The first dirty little man retired behind a buttress, while the second dirtier little man crouched at the back of a sentry-box. Presently a gentleman issued from a door of one of the buildings connected with the Castle, and was suddenly popped upon by first dirty little man, who held up two pieces of paper and beckoned to second dirty little man, when all three appeared engaged in a violent altercation. The gentleman struck the earth violently with his stick and walked hastily off; when both dirty little men laid their hands upon his shoulders and conducted him towards the town of Windsor. Nothing could exceed the consternation created at the Castle by this remarkable scene. Visions of dishonoured bills and outstanding judgments whirled in rapid confusion through many a bewildered brain, when the dreadful truth became obvious that the precincts of the Castle were no longer respected by the emissaries of the sheriff.

PUNCH IN THE EAST.

FROM OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

II.—ON THE PROSPECTS OF PUNCH IN THE EAST.

To the Editor of Punch (Confidential).

MY DEAR SIR,

IN my last letter (which was intended for the public eye), I was too much affected by the recollection of what I may be permitted to call the

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS,

to allow me for the moment to commit to paper that useful information, in the imparting of which your Journal—*our* Journal—the world's Journal—yields to none, and which the British public will naturally expect from all who contribute to your columns. I address myself therefore privately to you, so that you may deal with the facts I may communicate as you shall think best for the general welfare.

What I wish to point out especially to your notice is, the astonishing progress of *Punch* in the East. Moving according to your orders in strict incognito, it has been a source of wonder and delight to me to hear how often the name of the noble Miscellany was in the mouths of British men. At Gibraltar its jokes passed among the midshipmen, merchants, Jews, &c., assembled at the hotel table, (and quite unconscious how sweetly their words sounded on the ear of a silent guest at the board), as current, ay much more current, than the coin of the realm. At Malta, the first greeting between CAPTAIN TAGUS and some other Captain in anchor-buttons, who came to hail him when we entered harbour, related to *Punch*. "What 's the news?" exclaimed the other Captain. "Here 's *Punch*," was the immediate reply of TAGUS, handing it out—and the other Captain's face was suffused with instant smiles as his enraptured eye glanced over some of the beauteous designs of LEECH. At Athens, MR. SMITH, second-cousin of the respected Vice-Consul, who came to our inn, said to me mysteriously, "I'm told we've got *Punch* on board." I took him aside, and pointed him out (in confidence) MR. WADDILOVE, the stupidest man of all our party, as the author in question.

Somewhat to my annoyance (for I was compelled to maintain my privacy), MR. W. was asked to a splendid dinner in consequence—a dinner which ought by rights to have fallen to my share. It was a consolation to me however to think, as I ate my solitary repast at one of the dearest and worst inns I ever entered, that though *I* might be overlooked, *Punch* was respected in the land of SOCRATES and PERICLES.

At the Piræus we took on board four young gentlemen from Oxford, who had been visiting the scenes consecrated to them by the delightful associations of the Little Go; and as they paced the deck and looked at the lambent stars that twinkled on the bay once thronged with the galleys of THEMISTOCLES,—what, sir, do you think was the song they chanted in chorus? Was it a lay of burning SAPPHO? Was it a thrilling ode of ALCÆUS? No; it was—

> "Had I an ass averse to speed,
> Deem ye I'd strike him? no, indeed," &c.

which you had immortalised, I recollect, in your Vol. 6! (Donkeys, it must be premised, are most numerous and flourishing in Attica, commonly

ALBANIAN ON HIS CHARGER.

bestridden by the modern Greeks, and no doubt extensively popular among the ancients—unless human nature has very much changed since their time.) Thus we find that *Punch* is respected at Oxford as well as in Athens, and I trust at Cambridge, likewise.

As we sailed through the blue Bosphorus at midnight, the Health of *Punch* was enthusiastically drunk in the delicious beverage which shares his respectable name; and the ghosts of HERO and LEANDER must have been startled at hearing songs appropriate to the toast, and very different from those with which I have no doubt they amused each other in times so affectingly described in LEMPRIERE'S delightful Dictionary. I did not see the Golden Horn at Constantinople, nor hear it blown, probably on account of the fog; but this I can declare, that *Punch* was on the table at Miestre's Hotel, Pera, the spirited proprietor of which little knew that one of its humblest contributors ate his pilaff. Pilaff, by the way, is very good: kabobs are also excellent; my friend, MECHMET EFFENDI, who keeps the kabob shop, close by the Rope-bazaar in Constantinople, sells as good as any in town. At the Armenian shops, too, you get a sort of raisin wine at two piastres a bottle, over which a man can spend an agreeable half hour. I did not hear what the SULTAN ABDUL MEDJID thinks of *Punch*, but of wine he is said to be uncommonly fond.

At Alexandria, there lay the picture of the dear and venerable old face, on the table of the British hotel; and the 140 passengers from Burrumtollah, Chowringhee, &c., (now on their way to England per *Burrumpooter*) rushed upon it—it was the July number, with my paper, which you may remember made such a sensation—even more eagerly than on pale ale. I made cautious inquiries amongst them (never breaking the incognito) regarding the influence of *Punch* in our vast Indian territories. They say that from Cape Comorin to the Sutlege, and from the Sutlege to the borders of Thibet, nothing is talked of but *Punch*. DOST MAHOMMED never misses a single number; and the Tharawaddie knows the figure of LORD BROUGHAM and his Scotch trowsers, as well as that of his favourite vizier. *Punch*, my informant states, has rendered his Lordship so popular throughout our Eastern possessions, that were he to be sent out to India as Governor, the whole army and people would shout with joyful recognition. I throw out this for the consideration of Government at home.

I asked BUCKSHEESH PASHA (with whom I had the honour of dining at Cairo) what his august Master thought of *Punch*. And AT THE PYRAMIDS—

but of these in another letter. You have here enough to show you how kingly the diadem, boundless the sway, of *Punch* is in the East. By it we are enabled to counterbalance the influence of the French in Egypt; by it we are enabled to spread civilisation over the vast Indian Continent, to soothe the irritated feelings of the Sikhs, and keep the Burmese in good humour. By means of *Punch*, it has been our privilege to expose the designs of Russia more effectually than URQUHART ever did, and to this SIR STRATFORD CANNING can testify. A proud and noble post is that which you, Sir, hold over the Intellect of the World; a tremendous power you exercise! May you ever wield it wisely and gently as now! "Subjectis parcere superbos debellare," be your motto! I forget whether I mentioned in my last that I was without funds in quarantine at Fort Manuel, Malta, and shall anxiously expect the favour of a communication from you—*Poste Restante*—at that town.

With assurances of the highest consideration,
Believe me to be, Sir,
Your most faithful Servant and Correspondent,

The F— CONTRIBUTOR.

P.S.—We touched at Smyrna, where I purchased a *real Smyrna sponge*, which trifle I hope your lady will accept for her toilet; some *real Turkey rhubarb* for your dear children; and a friend going to Syria has promised to procure for me *some real Jerusalem artichokes*, which I hope to see flourishing in your garden at ———.

[This letter was addressed "strictly private and confidential" to us: but at a moment when all men's minds are turned towards the East, and every information regarding "the cradle of civilisation" is anxiously looked for, we have deemed it our duty to submit our Correspondent's letter to *the public*. The news which it contains are so important and startling—our correspondent's views of Eastern affairs so novel and remarkable—that they *must* make an impression in Europe. We beg the *Observer*, the *Times*, &c., to have the goodness to acknowledge their authority, if they avail themselves of our facts. And for *us*, it cannot but be a matter of pride and gratification to think—on the testimony of a correspondent who has never deceived us yet—that our efforts for the good of mankind are appreciated by such vast and various portions of the human race, and that our sphere of usefulness is so prodigiously on the increase. Were it not that dinner has been announced, (and consequently is getting cold,) we would add more. For the present, let us content ourselves by stating that the intelligence conveyed to us is most welcome as it is most surprising, the occasion of heartfelt joy, and we hope of deep future meditation.]

PLAYERS IN PALACES.

PEOPLE know that the French, as a nation, admire and patronize fine actors; and yet, from some strange perversity, there is a large party in France who can see nothing to value in LOUIS-PHILIPPE. This is wrong. With the very highest opinion of the genius of French players, it is our conviction that the finest actor in France sits, or rather *holds, on* the throne of that country. A short story in the *Algérie* supplies another illustration of this truth. Our readers are probably aware that several Arab chiefs came over to France, really to grace the triumph of GENERAL BUGEAUD,—ostensibly to receive the blessings of French civilisation. A few days since, these Arabs were introduced to the KING and royal family. The *Algérie*, with delicious gravity, gives the following account of the comedy, in which LOUIS-PHILIPPE was the principal actor. His first speech ran as follows:—

"I am happy to see you round me, *you who have fought under the eyes of my children.*"

And thereby obtained a portion of my parental love!—

"*I thank God for having chosen France* amongst all other nations to replace in Algeria the ancient rulers of the Arab population."

This is the old thanksgiving with which conquerors have, for ages, blasphemed Heaven. They invade a country; shed torrents of blood; burn and pillage; enact every atrocity that can sink men to devils, and then, with the tint of carnage on their hands and plunder in their pockets,—thank God for having chosen them to do the work of fiends!

"I will endeavour to render the bonds of my rule light. I am desirous that you should regard us as friends sent to you *by Providence* RATHER than as conquerors."

A somewhat difficult task this, for the Arabs to regard murder, fire, and robbery, as the inconveniences brought upon them by Providence,—and in NO way whatever attributable to the restless rapacity, the love of mountebank glory, demonstrated by the French nation! "Regard us as friends," says the KING, "rather than as conquerors." Imagine a DICK TURPIN, after he had eased a traveller of his watch and purse, and had, moreover, levelled him in a ditch with the butt-end of his pistol—imagine the highwayman coolly observing to the prostrate sufferer, "Regard me as a friend *sent to you by Providence* rather than as a conqueror!"

The royal comedian continues:—

"I will maintain your customs *and your religion; I will repair your mosques*, and re-establish your schools."

Wherefore, then, should Providence have sent French bayonets to Algeria, if only to support the Mahometan faith? As—according to LOUIS-PHILIPPE—Heaven has "chosen France" to rule in Algeria, can it be only to give a new strength to Islamism? Will the KING OF THE FRENCH make a better Mussulman than the EMPEROR OF MOROCCO? Well,—we cannot answer.

To this, however, the principal Arab chief replied, saying:—

"Since we were to be conquered, *we are proud to have the French for our masters*, and to BELONG to so powerful and generous a nation."

The same delicacy of sentiment has been expressed, in anticipation, by GEORGE COLMAN:—

"Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
If skinned by MOLLY DUMPLING'S hand!"

Since we were to be flayed—says the comic Chief, for a fine comedian he must be—what a proud thing for Algeria, that France had the skinning of her!

"The words that have dropped from the greatest throne in Europe will *fall on the heads of our brethren of Algeria like a refreshing shower.*"

This is as it should be; though we fear, let the shower be as refreshing as it may, it will hardly remedy the mischief, hardly cure the agony, inflicted by former showers from the same regal elevation—we mean the showers of bullets!

At the dinner, we learn that the KING "served the Arabs *with his own hand.*" Just as, in Algeria, the French army served Arab men, women, and children *with their own hands;* only, unfortunately, they had muskets or sabres in them.

And this, up to the present time, is the last comedy, farce, or burlesque—whatever the philosophy of the reader may deem it—enacted at the Tuileries.

BENEVOLENCE OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

IT has always given us peculiar delight to chronicle the beneficent doings of his Grace of MARLBOROUGH. With what pleasure, then, do we extract the following touching paragraph:—

"HIGH FEEDING FOR THE POOR.—We hear that the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH has this week directed 200 head of deer to be shot and distributed amongst the poor of Woodstock and the neighbourhood.—*Banbury Guardian.*"

Believing that his Grace had some strong reason for this benevolence towards the poor—though is it not somewhat dangerous to accustom the palates of the "lower orders" to deer's flesh?—we inquired into the matter, and shall next week be able to lay before our readers further interesting particulars. How, if it should turn out that his Grace not only gave up 200 head of deer, but also enriched the gift with at least 1000 pots of currant jelly? Strange is the eccentricity of some folks' benevolence; therefore, let the reader expect a strange narrative.

The State of Punch's Revenue.

CONTEMPORANEOUS with the official Returns of the last year's Public revenue, *Punch* has been looking into his own, which is highly satisfactory. Without going into figures, we may announce a steady increase in the consumption of jokes; which leads to the gratifying inference that persons who have hitherto been utterly destitute of fun, have been able to enjoy the luxury. The reserved fund (of humour) which *Punch* has at command is promising for the year that has just commenced; and on making up our books at the end of the twelvemonth, we trust the returns will be as satisfactory as usual.

PEEL'S BLAZE OF TRIUMPH!

WE understand that PEEL is so proud of his management, that he purposes having a few posting-bills struck off, and hiring one of the advertising carts to enable him to proclaim his "immense success" in the puffing style, so fashionable among theatrical lessees and advertising tailors. The following "catch-lines" are respectfully recommended to the Premier, by one who has had considerable experience in the mural literature—or wall-writing—of his country:—

"CONTINUED OVERFLOWS OF THE PUBLIC COFFERS."

"Reduction of Prices."

"*Roars of laughter at the New Farce, called Whig Opposition.*"

"EVERY ACT SUCCESSFUL."

"IN REHEARSAL, A NEW BURLESQUE, CALLED THE ROYAL SPEECH."

POST-OFFICE DROLLERIES.

"Reasons to Believe."

WE are sure of it,—there is something peculiar in the air of St. Martin's-le-Grand. We are convinced that, however sober and rational a man may be before his appointment to the Post-office, that—influenced by the *genius loci*—he instantly afterwards becomes a kind of government wag; that is, a wit whose waggeries are anything but laughable to the country at large. Within these few days, "W. L. MABERLY, Secretary," has issued "by command," a Post-office Order, evidently intended as a kind of rival to *Punch's Almanack*, but which—and how can *we* have any egotism in the matter?—we consider to be a hopeless failure as a work of humour. However, not to condemn MABERLY by a naked *ipse dixit*, we quote from the production, addressed to all "post-masters, sub-post-masters, and letter-receivers," and says—

"Should any letter or packet be tendered at your office, which you may ascertain to contain, or which *you have every reason to believe* contains any of the following articles, viz., any glass or glass bottle, any *razor, scissors, knife, fork*, or other *sharp instrument*; any *leeches, game, fish, flesh*, fruit, vegetables, or other perishable substance; any bladder or other vessel containing liquid; or any article, matter, or thing whatsoever which might, by pressure or otherwise, be rendered injurious either to the officers of the Post-office, or to the contents of the mail-bags, you will refuse to receive such letter or packet."

"Every reason to believe!" Now when we know how very differently men use their reason—by what various and opposite ways they jump to a belief—we must immediately conclude that the whole correspondence of the country is, from the 1st inst., placed at the caprice of the smaller officers of the post. For instance, nothing that will *cut*, is to be allowed to pass through the post. Hence, the post-master may see in a particular letter—or have every reason to "believe" that he sees in it—an epistle, *a cut*, from a rich relation to a poor man, refusing the loan of five pounds. Or he sees an application of a tailor to his debtor for immediate payment. "This," says the post-master, "smacks of the *scissors*—is a very *sharp instrument*, and must, on no account, be forwarded."

Again, an attorney's clerk offers a dozen lawyer's letters. "I can't take them," says the functionary, "for no *leeches* are allowed to pass."

"Flesh," too, is forbidden to be received. Hence, an imaginative post-master may refuse, or keep back, all love-letters; contending that however small they may appear, they contain nothing but gammon.

"Fish" is also denied. Who, then, by means of the post, shall henceforth send a sprat that he may catch a herring!

What was more common than for the "tenderly and eternally-devoted" to continually exchange their hearts (wrapped up like the hearts of sheep), in paper? Now, if the postmaster has "reason to believe" in such contents, there is an end to the transmission, seeing that all bleeding hearts, "by pressure or otherwise" may be rendered injurious to the "contents of the mail-bags!"

We trust that the country will be found perfectly alive to the subject.

THE FOUNTAINS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

SOME sensation was caused, a day or two back, in the immediate neighbourhood of Charing Cross, by a rumour that the fountains in Trafalgar Square had commenced playing. We instantly despatched a reporter to the spot, who experienced the greatest civility from the policeman on duty; and, under the guidance of that local authority, he proceeded to inspect the two basins. On arriving at the spot, it was clear that some water had got into the reservoirs, but no one seemed to be aware how it had got there. The liquid was exceedingly muddy, flat, and unsatisfactory. There was no appearance of the fountains having played; and on inquiry of the oldest loiterer—the person who had been idling longest near the spot—no information could be obtained. Our reporter, having thanked the policeman, retired shortly afterwards.

THE PAUPER'S SONG.

HOUSELESS, famish'd, desp'rate man,
A ragged wretch am I!
And how, and when, and where I can,
I feed, and lodge, and lie.
And I must to the Workhouse go,
If better may not be;
Ay, *If*, indeed! The Workhouse? No!——
The Gaol,—the Gaol for me.

There, shall I get the larger crust,
The warmer house-room there;
And choose a Prison since I must,
I'll choose it for its fare.
The Dog will snatch the biggest bone,
So much the wiser he:
Call me a Dog;—the name I'll own:——
The Gaol,—the Gaol for me.

What, masters, am I not a Hound!
Have I a soul like you?——
You 'd treat me better, I'll be bound,
If ye believed it true.
The Pauper than the very Thief
You use in worse degree;
Keep to yourselves, then, your relief:——
The Gaol,—the Gaol for me.

The Felon's dress is soft to feel
As that which shames the Poor;
The Convict eats as good a meal,
But gets a little more.
Pauper and Thief are much the same,
For aught that I can see:
Well then; what matter for the name?——
The Gaol,—the Gaol for me.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

FROM Cannes intelligence has arrived of the hunting exploits of LORD BROUGHAM and his copartner, MR. LEADER, in the forest of *La Croix de Gardy*, which has been jointly purchased by these two notables. LORD BROUGHAM has for the last few years been addicted to hunting of a certain description; and his fruitless chase of the great seal will long be remembered in politico-sporting annals.

In order to keep up the ardour of pursuit, and prepare him for running after his prey during the ensuing Session of Parliament, his Lordship has been actively engaged in the sports of the forest. His Lordship turned out several badgers; to one of whom he gave the name of CAMPBELL, so that he might feel more energy in hunting it, and a greater delight in running it to death, which was accomplished in masterly style, after a run of a couple of hours. We find moreover from the report, that "he drove four foxes to their earths, and killed them," a fact which proves that fellow-feeling is forgotten in the ardour of the chase. Two wild-boars also fell victims on the same occasion. Could it have been jealousy that induced our own great bore to exterminate two of the class which he is at the head of? We understand that LEADER, who loves a joke—and perhaps there is no joke he likes so well as the very rich joke of his being called the representative of Westminster—directed the attention of his noble ally to our recent portrait of "The Greatest Bore in England," and recommended that BROUGHAM should himself turn out to be hunted, *pour encourager les autres*.

In the evening there was a ball, at which his Lordship is understood to have danced an entirely new Polka, while his friend LEADER introduced a variety of steps terminating in a Truandaise as danced before the electors of Westminster, introducing the celebrated *chassez*, following the *croisez* which he had been long practising.

GREAT RUNNING MATCH.

WE understand that the LORD MAYOR has backed his favourite hobby-horse *Account*, got by *Churchwarden* out of *Walbrook*, to run longer than anything else that can be brought against it. The LORD MAYOR objects to weighing, for he thinks no one ought to be called upon for his balance.

ARCHITECTURAL SHABBINESS.

THE British Museum, when completed, will have a grand façade in front, and a mean brick building at the sides and back. It has been compared to a person with a limited wardrobe, who, to hide a scarcity of linen, puts on a handsome "dickey."

THE AGRICULTURAL QUESTION SETTLED.

Prime Minister.—"I 'm very sorry, my good man, but I can do nothing for you."

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE II.

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN AT A TAVERN WITH A FRIEND.

Poor me! Ha! I'm sure I don't know who 'd be a poor woman! I don't know who 'd tie themselves up to a man, if they knew only half they 'd have to bear. A wife must stay at home, and be a drudge, whilst a man can go anywhere. It's enough for a wife to sit like CINDERELLA by the ashes, whilst her husband can go drinking and singing at a tavern. You never sing? How do I know you never sing? It's very well for you to say so; but if I could hear you, I dare say you're among the worst of 'em.

"And now, I suppose, it will be the tavern every night. If you think I'm going to sit up for you, MR. CAUDLE, you're very much mistaken. No: and I'm not going to get out of my warm bed to let you in, either. No: nor SUSAN shan't sit up for you. No: nor you shan't have a latch-key. I'm not going to sleep with the door upon the latch, to be murdered before the morning.

"Faugh! Pah! Whewgh! That filthy tobacco smoke! It's enough to kill any decent woman. You know I hate tobacco, and yet you will do it. You don't smoke yourself! What of that? If you go among people who *do* smoke, you're just as bad, or worse. You might as well smoke—indeed, better. Better smoke yourself than come home with other people's smoke in your hair.

"I never knew any good come to a man who went to a tavern. Nice companions he picks up there! Yes; people who make it a boast to treat their wives like slaves, and ruin their families. There's that wretch, PRETTYMAN. See what he's come to. He doesn't now get home till two in the morning; and then in what a state! He begins quarrelling with the door-mat, that his poor wife may be afraid to speak to him. A mean wretch! But don't you think I'll be like MRS. PRETTYMAN. No; I would n't put up with it from the best man that ever trod. You'll not make me afraid to speak to you, however you may swear at the door-mat. No, MR. CAUDLE, that you won't.

"You don't intend to stay out till two in the morning? How do you know what you'll do when you get among such people? Men can't answer for themselves when they get boozing one with another. They never think of their poor wives, who are grieving and wearing themselves out at home. A nice headache you'll have to-morrow morning—or rather *this* morning; for it must be past twelve. You won't have a headache! It's very well for you to say so, but I know you will; and then you may nurse yourself for me. Ha! that filthy tobacco again! No: I shall not go to sleep like a good soul! How's people to go to sleep when they 're suffocated?

"Yes, MR. CAUDLE, you'll be nice and ill in the morning! But don't you think I'm going to let you have your breakfast in bed, like MRS. PRETTYMAN. I'll not be such a fool. No; nor I won't have discredit brought upon the house by sending for soda-water early, for all the neighbourhood to say, 'CAUDLE was drunk last night!' No: I've some regard for the dear children, if you havn't. No: nor you shan't have broth for dinner. Not a neck of mutton crosses my threshold, I can tell you.

"You won't want soda, and you won't want broth! All the better. You wouldn't get 'em if you did, I can assure you.———Dear, dear, dear! That filthy tobacco! I'm sure it 's enough to make me as bad as you are. Talking about getting divorced,—I'm sure tobacco ought to be good grounds. How little does a woman think when she marries, that she gives herself up to be poisoned! You men contrive to have it all of your own side, you do. Now if I was to go and leave you and the children, a pretty noise there 'd be! You, however, can go and smoke no end of pipes———You didn't smoke! It's all the same, MR. CAUDLE, if you go among smoking people. Folks are known by their company. You 'd better smoke yourself, than bring me home the pipes of all the world.

"Yes, I see how it will be. Now you 've once gone to a tavern, you 'll always be going. You 'll be coming home tipsy every night; and tumbling down and breaking your leg, and putting out your shoulder; and bringing all sorts of disgrace and expense upon us. And then you 'll be getting into a street fight—oh! I know your temper too well to doubt it, MR. CAUDLE—and be knocking down some of the police. And then I know what will follow. It *must* follow. Yes, you 'll be sent for a month or six weeks to the treadmill. Pretty thing that, for a respectable tradesman, MR. CAUDLE, to be put upon the treadmill with all sorts of thieves and vagabonds, and—there, again, that horrible tobacco!—and riff-raff of every kind. I should like to know how your children are to hold up their heads, after their father has been upon the treadmill!———No; I *won't* go to sleep. And I 'm not talking of what 's impossible. I know it will all happen—every bit of it. If it wasn't for the dear children, you might be ruined and I wouldn't so much as speak about it, but—oh, dear, dear! at least you might go where they smoke *good* tobacco—but I can't forget that I 'm their mother. At least, they shall have *one* parent.

"Taverns! Never did a man go to a tavern who didn't die a beggar. And how your pot-companions will laugh at you when they see your name in the *Gazette!* For it *must* happen. Your business is sure to fall off; for what respectable people will buy toys for their children of a drunkard? You 're not a drunkard! No: but you will be—it 's all the same.

"You 've begun by staying out till midnight. By-and-by 'twill be all night. But don't you think, MR. CAUDLE, you shall ever have a key. I know you. Yes; you 'd do exactly like that PRETTYMAN, and what did he do, only last Wednesday? Why, he let himself in about four in the morning, and brought home with him his pot-companion, LEANLY. His dear wife woke at six, and saw PRETTYMAN'S dirty boots at her bed-side. And where was the wretch, her husband? Why, he was drinking down stairs—swilling. Yes; worse than a midnight robber, he 'd taken the keys out of his dear wife's pockets—ha! what that poor creature has to bear!—and had got at the brandy. A pretty thing for a wife to wake at six in the morning, and instead of her husband to see his dirty boots!

"But I 'll not be made your victim, MR. CAUDLE, not I. You shall never get at my keys, for they shall lie under my pillow—under my own head, MR. CAUDLE.

"You 'll be ruined, but if I can help it, you shall ruin nobody but yourself.

"Oh! that hor—hor—hor—i—ble tob—ac———co!"

IMPORTANT TO BARRISTERS.

AMONG the cheap furniture projects, is a tempting offer to supply everything necessary for a Barrister's chambers for five pounds. We have made a rough calculation in our minds of the *meubles;* and the following, we should say, is about the estimate that the advertisers form of

EVERYTHING NECESSARY FOR A BARRISTER'S CHAMBERS.

	£	s.	d.
A mahogany chair, stuffed with hay, for the learned Barrister	0	10	0
A japan chair, for the learned Barrister's clerk	0	3	0
A table to hold a plate and a mug, for the learned Barrister	0	8	0
A foot-and-a-half wide by five-feet-six long French bedstead	0	13	0
A hay mattress for ditto	0	5	0
A superior feather-bed, warranted best damaged quills	1	5	0
Two blankets in one	0	7	0
A superior brown quilt	0	3	0
Six yards of calico, to fold into a pair of sheets	0	5	0
A yard of matting for the learned Barrister's sitting-room	0	4	0
A pint tea-kettle	0	0	6
A wig-box, the wig to be hired when wanted	0	4	0
Two yards of black stuff, to hang up to look like a gown	0	3	0
A pair of endorsed dummies, as briefs	0	1	0
A blue bag and white stock	0	2	0
A fender and one fire-iron	0	4	0
A coal-scoop	0	1	6
A set of backs of old books, labelled "Reports"	0	6	0
Sundries	0	0	6
	£5	0	0

ANTIGONE ANALYSED.

A MODEST young gentleman, *bâton* in hand,
Walks up to the stool in the midst of the Band;
Apparently awed by the numbers around,
He looks at the ceiling and then at the ground.

His collar turned down his pretensions assert,
For Genius ever is known by the shirt.
A Symphony solemn is slowly gone through,
The instruments making a blunder or two,
Which causes the youth with the collar turned down
To crush an unfortunate Flute with a frown,
Or make at the Drum some exceeding wry faces,
As if the *grosse caisse* was the grossest of cases.

The curtain ascends, and discovers a view
To classic authority perfectly true;
A stage—whose five different door-ways bespeak
That the scenic arrangement is thoroughly Greek.
Two ladies now enter—*Antigone*'s one,
And when the applause at her entrance is done,
She gracefully turns to *Ismene*—the other,
And says she 's determined to bury her brother.
In *that* there would nothing particular be,
Except that it 's death by a certain decree.
As a tragedy lady is likely to view it—
The deed being dangerous, prompts her to do it.

Ismene 's her sister, and tries to dissuade her;
Though her sister, she 'll neither assist her nor aid her.
Antigone says to her plan she 'll adhere,
And the ladies through opposite doors disappear.
A feeling of classical rapture comes o'er us,
Which is smash'd when there enters a queer-looking Chorus,
With sheets on their shoulders and rouge on their cheeks;
Though Greek in their guise, they are sad guys of Greeks.
Their fleshings, which ought to fit close to their shapes,
Are clumsily fasten'd with ill-conceal'd tapes;
And if the theatrical text be relied on,
The skins of the Greeks were most carelessly tied on.
A chorus they sing—which is rather a long one—
But still in a musical point 'tis a strong one.
We don't very often hear anything finer
Than the beautiful change from the major to minor.

Unable to make head or tail of their shout,
We learn by the book what they 're singing about.
They sing of a fight 'twixt a brother and brother,
In which one killed the one, and the other the other;
At which we ejaculate mentally, "That 's
Exactly the case of Kilkenny's famed cats."
Nor e'en to the end does the simile fail,
For nothing remains of them now but their tale.
The Chorus, expecting that *Creon* will enter,
With energy point to the door in the centre.
They say that he 's summoned of sages a host
By *Herald!* But why not by *Times* or by *Post?*
Of the summons they 're hoping to get at the cause,
When *Creon* walks in to a round of applause:
To the nobles assembled he tells his decree,
That poor *Polynices* unburied shall be.
They nothing reply, though they p'rhaps think it hard;
When all of a sudden there enters a Guard—
He 's full of alarm, and his toga and tights
Conduce to his looking the queerest of frights.
(*King Creon* was surely uncommonly needy,
If we judge by his guards, who are awfully seedy.)
The sentinel states, though he 's watched night and day,
The body by somebody 's taken away;
The *King* in a truly monarchical fashion
Soon works himself into a towering passion,

And swears, if the culprit 's not found in a trice,
That in killing the Guard he won't be o'er-nice;
A volley of threats at the fellow he fires,
And having exhausted his fury, retires.
The nobles, suspected of having a share
In this job, that has much of a black job the air,
In asserting their innocence take a wide scope,
By singing an Essay on Man, *à la* POPE.
King Creon comes in when the Chorus is done,
And hears that *Antigone's* self is the one
Who buried her brother. The deed she avows,
And then there ensues the most awful of rows!
Her sister *Ismene* is sent for, who cries
That *she* will die *too* if *Antigone* dies:
An assertion that 's much more heroic than wise!

Alas! her sincerity soon will be proved,
For both are in custody straightway removed.

A little philosophy then is bestowed
In the shape of a long argumentative ode,
The burden of which is the truth now confess'd,
That of policies honesty 's always the best.
Now *Hæmon* approaches, and tries to assuage
Old *Creon's*, his father's or governor's rage;
But *Creon* to yield to entreaty declines,
And *Hæmon* gives out some extremely strong lines:
He says, "There 's no state where but one man commands;"
At which there 's a general clapping of hands.
If Russia comes over to England again,
P'rhaps Albert the force of the line will explain—
Though e'en if he did he would do so in vain.
The *King* doth *Antigone's* presence command,
Telling *Hæmon* he 'll kill her directly off hand;
But *Hæmon*, who 's not the most passive of sons,
Away in disgust from the governor runs.
The Chorus, their sense of his conduct to prove,
Begin a long strophe to Eros or Love.
Antigone enters, her fate to deplore:
The Chorus, who seem'd to have pity before,
Perceiving that hers is a desperate case,
Begin quite to chaff the poor girl to her face.
They talk of the glory of dying in youth;
No doubt 'tis a great philosophical truth,
But nevertheless 'tis extremely unpleasant
To *Antigone's* ears at a time like the present.
She says that she looks now for pity in vain,
And when she goes off, we don't see her again.
A matter we 've very good cause to regret,
For ne'er was a character better play'd yet
Than that of *Antigone*, (though 'tis a hard 'un,)
Each night by Miss Vandenhoff at Covent Garden.
While *Creon* is taking it wondrously cool,
Sitting down on a throne which looks more like a stool,
A Seer comes in—though we 're puzzled to find
That, though he 's a Seer, he 's thoroughly blind;
There 's no understanding howe'er it can be,
That if he is blind this old Seer can see:
However, a course he commences to take,
Which proves that though blind he is quite wide awake.
The conduct of *Creon* he boldly denounces,
For *Antigone's* treatment the monarch he trounces;
And having abused, to his utmost desires,
The blind Seer (*lucus è non lucendo*) retires.
Then *Creon* begins to relent, but too late—
He cannot reverse poor *Antigone's* fate;
He goes to release her—and then on the scene
Eurydice comes—the disconsolate Queen:
She hears both at once (what a terrible *coup!*)
Of the death of her son and *Antigone* too.
She hurries away with a furious run,
When *Creon* walks in with the corpse of his son;
He makes it the subject of numerous speeches,
And each one a bit of philosophy teaches.
The Chorus, who 've praised him and flattered before,
When they see that he 's down, praise and flatter no more:
The circumstance really a library speaks
In proof that the earliest humbugs were Greeks.
He 's getting exceedingly sick of his life,
When to add to his sorrow the corpse of his wife
Is shown through an opening made at the back
Of the stage, and his mind is of course on the rack:
He goes from the scene with a heart-rending cry,
As everyone fancies, to languish and die.
But no! there is heard a vociferous shout,
And presently *Creon* comes smilingly out.
With gentle *Antigone* holding his hand
Together they bowing and curtseying stand.
Then *Hæmon* appears, not to bow, but to speak,
Announcing *Antigone* three times a-week.
"No, no!" is the cry of applause and delight,
"Not three times a-week—every night, every night."

COLLEGE OF GENERAL PRACTITIONERS.

A scheme, it appears, has been set on foot for the establishment of a "College of General Practitioners." Now, since diseases, very generally, are either imaginary, or such as would get well of themselves if let alone, one highly important branch of General Practice is the treatment of cases which do not require it. The General Practitioner, though not a Consulting Physician, must consult his own interest. *Verb. sat. sap.*; but if the College Examiners are not saps, they may take a hint from *Punch*. Teachers must first be taught; and here, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, is a little

Appropriate Examination Paper: with Answers.

Q. What should be the medical treatment of a common cold, which, in fact, requires only white-wine-whey and a footpan.

A. Pulv: Antim: grains five, to be taken at bed-time; and *Mistura Feb:* three table-spoonfuls every three hours, with *Emplast: Picis* to the region of the chest.

Q. If you asked a patient to put out his tongue, and found it perfectly clean, what would you do?

A. Shake my head, and say, "Ah!" or "Hum!"

Q. What is the meaning of "Hum," Sir?

A. It means, "*I* see what is the matter with you."

Q. How would you look on feeling a pulse which proved natural and regular?

A. Very serious; and I would pretend to be calculating.

Q. A lady, slightly indisposed, asks whether you don't think her very ill—Your answer?

A. I should say that she would have been so if she hadn't sent for me in time.

Q. Suppose a patient, in perfect health, demands what you think of his case?

A. I should tell him, very mysteriously, that he ought to take care of himself.

Q. An anxious mother, Sir, sends for you to see her darling child—What would you first do?

A. Begin by admiring it.

Q. How long, in a given case, would you send in medicine?

A. As long as the patient believed himself ill.

Q. That belief being erroneous, what would you send, pray?

A. I think, *Tinct: Card: Comp:* with either *Aqua Menthæ Pip:* or *Mist: Camph:*

Q. Be so good, Sir, as to translate the word "Iter."

A. Five shillings.

AN ALDERMAN MISSING.

Dear Mr. Punch,

I have for some years got a good deal of my wisdom from Sir Peter Laurie. I never cared much about your abuse of him, though you 've been at it a long time—not I. No: I went to Sir Peter for my knowledge of life and all that, just as regularly as I 'd go to a pump for a drink. Well, what 's become of Sir Peter of late? I hear nothing of him. I know he has "put down" suicide and so forth,—but can it be possible that anybody has "put" *him* "down?"

Yours,
Geo.

Punch on Chess.

The following question has been sent to us, no doubt by mistake. "If you have a check, what ought you to do with your pawn?" Though it is somewhat out of our way, we will give the best answer we can to this question. If you have a check, and the amount is sufficient, release your pawn at once. Our correspondent, however, had better apply to some respectable pawnbroker.

THE PEACE SOCIETY.

We understand that the attention of this excellent Society has lately been directed to a subject closely connected with the cause of peace, which is threatened by a regularly organised band of Italian adventurers. They seem to threaten us with all the horrors of the Battle of Prague, which caused the groans of the dying to be heard in every drawing-room, and there was not a seminary for young ladies into which the roaring of the cannon did not penetrate. A somewhat similar affliction now comes upon us in the very streets of the metropolis, below the very windows of our houses; and the Peace Society will act properly in preserving as far as possible the public tranquillity. We understand that negotiations with this view are being carried on between the Peace Society and the Chief

THE DISTURBER OF THE PEACE OF PRIVATE FAMILIES.

of the Italians, with the view of ensuring peace to private families, and putting an end to the Polka war which is being waged through the medium of mere instruments in the hands of others. It is customary with the Italian desperadoes to commence hostilities in quiet localities, and particularly in front of those houses which have the appearance of being devoted to peaceful occupations. The list of victims would, if published, present a frightful catalogue of killed and wounded; that is to say, of business projects regularly knocked on the head, and nerves painfully attacked by the dreadful discord of those organs of dissension which we have alluded to.

The Kensington Twelfth Cake Show.

The loyal town of Kensington put forth all its powers of festivity on Twelfth-night, and though the attendance at the pastry-cooks' windows was not numerous, the Cake show was on the whole creditable to the internal resources of that favourite suburb.

We particularly noticed the following:—

Mr. Coutts, High Street. Four Twelfth Cakes with a chalk tulip show, each cake having an image in the shape of a tulip stuck on to the top of it.

Mr. Sparrow, High Street. One half of a very magnificent cake, sugared at the top and sides, but without images; and another entire cake of smaller dimensions, with a little figure of the Queen in wax standing in the centre.

Mr. Nichols. A profusion of small cakes, with a cluster of buns picked out with carraway comfits on a rich ground of sugar. Also, a tasteful display of tea-cakes piled up round a chalk bust of Shakespeare, and the words "Tell me where is fancy bred" made out with rolls in a Sally-Lunn scroll-work.

SPORTING.—A CARD.

We understand that, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Thornborough, cards, of which we subjoin a correct copy, have been (or will be) issued, in great numbers:—

"Sir — — presents his compliments to the peasantry of the neighbourhood, and feeling that the enormous abundance of hares, at present on his estate, is calculated very seriously to increase the game nuisance—begs to inform the said peasantry that he shall take it as a particular favour at their hand, if they will (for their own consumption or profit) shoot, knock down, wire, or otherwise destroy all hares upon his land, to the end that the property of the farmer may be respected, and that a fruitful source of evil be abolished. Sir — — further contemplates (for the complete abatement of the nuisance) offering a certain sum, of not more than three-halfpence, for every head of game so destroyed."

It is reported that the Duke of Buckingham was so much struck with the above composition, that his Grace will speedily issue a reprint of the same to all his tenants.

HOMAGE TO THE PHEASANTS.

It must be gratifying to all lovers of game, and therefore true patriots—seeing how very intimately the venerable institutions of the country are connected with the rigorous conservation of pheasants, hares, and partridges,—to learn that the magistrates of Hampshire—of that county, made immortal by its hogs—have determined to enlarge the present jails, or to build new ones; in order to accommodate the increasing number of poachers every day committed for trial. There is a benighted place in the East—we know not whether the fact has ever reached the trembling ears of Exeter Hall—where hospitals are raised for the preservation, and in honour of, the filthiest vermin. Now, England, who yearns to send her bibles to all such darkened places, does not erect temples to the glorification of loathsome insects: oh no! she is civilised, actively humanizing: she is the wonder and the envy of surrounding nations, and therefore she builds prisons for the preservation of nothing less than hares, partridges, and pheasants!

COURT CIRCULAR.—PLEASING FACT.

An Author (not a Nobleman, but a plebeian author, a mere writer of books) dined last week at the Royal table, Windsor Castle! We are happy to state, for the progress of literature in certain quarters, that up to the present time, no silver fork or spoon has been found missing!

WASH-HOUSES IN MEXICO.

According to the American papers, the town of Yabu, in Mexico, has been visited by a monster waterspout. It first looked into the parish school, where a half-holiday was given to the boys in honour of its visit. It afterwards dropt in to dinner at the Mansion House, where, after taking pot-luck with the Lord Mayor, and cracking several bottles of wine, it left the party to finish their dessert under umbrellas. It was followed through the town by all the authorities, including the turncock. The waterspout ran through the principal buildings of Yabu in a very short time, and left the town rather precipitately through a plughole. We understand agents have been sent out to offer this waterspout an engagement on its own terms to play for a short time at the Fountains in Trafalgar Square.

Naval Intelligence.

The Putney steamer, having nineteen-twentieths of her complement of passengers still to make up, put back with loss of time and at a sacrifice of the wages of the crew and captain. The *Moonlight*, with the flag of Messrs. Catearns and Fry, was lying-to for the winter off Lambeth. There was a rumour afloat all along the shore, that the crew of the *Daisy* had been paid off. On inquiry, it turned out that they had been threatened with being paid off by the captain of a coal-barge, whose craft was nearly swamped in the swell of the steamer.

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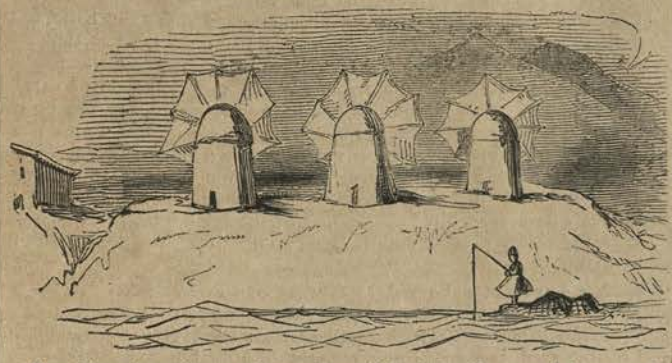
PUNCH IN THE EAST.

FROM OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

III. ATHENS.



THE above is a picture of some beautiful windmills near Athens, not I believe depicted by any other artist, and which I daresay some people will admire because they are Athenian windmills. The world is made so.

I was not a brilliant boy at school—the only prize I ever remember to have got was in a kind of lottery in which I was obliged to subscribe with seventeen other competitors—and of which the prize was a flogging. That I won. But I don't think I carried off any other. Possibly from laziness, or if you please from incapacity, but I certainly was rather inclined to be of the side of the dunces—SIR WALTER SCOTT, it will be recollected, was of the same species. Many young plants sprouted up round about both of us, I daresay, with astonishing rapidity—but they have gone to seed ere this, or were never worth the cultivation. Great genius is of slower growth.

I always had my doubts about the classics. When I saw a brute of a schoolmaster, whose mind was as coarse-grained as any ploughboy's in Christendom; whose manners were those of the most insufferable of Heaven's creatures, the English snob trying to turn gentleman; whose lips, when they were not mouthing Greek or grammar, were yelling out the most brutal abuse of poor little cowering gentlemen standing before him: when I saw this kind of man (and the instructors of our youth are selected very frequently indeed out of this favoured class) and heard him roar out praises, and pump himself up into enthusiasm for, certain Greek poetry,—I say I had my doubts about the genuineness of the article. A man may well thump you or call you names because you won't learn—but I never could take to the proffered delicacy; the fingers that offered it were so dirty. Fancy the brutality of a man who began a Greek grammar with "τυπτω, I thrash!" We were all made to begin it in that way.

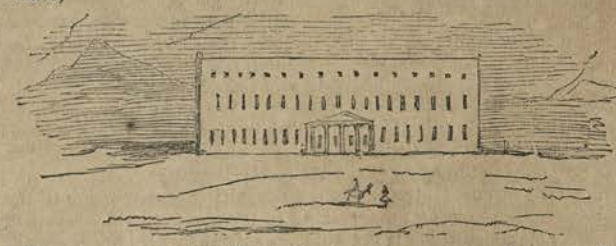
When then I came to Athens, and saw that it was a humbug, I hailed the fact with a sort of gloomy joy. I stood in the Royal Square and cursed the country which has made thousands of little boys miserable. They have blue stripes on the new Greek flag; I thought bitterly of my own. I wished that my schoolmaster had been in the place, that we might have fought there for the right; and that I might have immolated him as a sacrifice to the manes of little boys flogged into premature Hades, or pining away and sickening under the destiny of that infernal Greek grammar. I have often thought that those little cherubs who are carved on tombstones and are represented as possessing a head and wings only, are designed to console little children—usher and beadle-belaboured—and say "there is no flogging where we are." From their conformation, it is impossible. Woe to the man who has harshly treated one of them!

Of the ancient buildings in this beggarly town it is not my business to speak. Between ourselves it must be acknowledged that there was some merit in the Heathens who constructed them. But of the Temple of Jupiter, of which some columns still remain, I declare with confidence that not one of them is taller than our own glorious Monument on Fish-Street-Hill, which I heartily wish to see again, whereas upon the columns of Jupiter I never more desire to set eyes. On the Acropolis and its temples and towers I shall also touch briefly. The frieze of the Parthenon is well-known in England, the famous *chevaux de frieze* being carried off by LORD ELGIN, and now in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The Erectheum is another building, which I suppose has taken its name from the genteel club in London at a corner of St. James's Square. It is likewise called the Temple of Minerva Polias—a capital name for a club in London certainly; fancy gentlemen writing on their cards "MR. JONES, Temple-of-Minerva-Polias Club."—Our country is surely the most classical of islands.

As for the architecture of that temple, if it be not entirely stolen from St. Pancras Church, New Road, or *vice versâ*, I am a Dutchman. "The Tower of the Winds" may be seen any day at Edinburgh—and the Lantern of Demosthenes is at this very minute perched on the top of the church in Regent Street, within a hundred yards of the lantern of MR. DRUMMOND. Only in London you have them all in much better preservation—the noses of the New Road Caryatides are not broken as those of their sisters here. The temple of the Scotch winds I am pleased to say I have never seen, but I have no doubt it is worthy of the Modern Athens—and as for the Choragic temple of Lysicrates, erroneously called Demosthenes' Lantern—from Waterloo Place you can see it well: whereas here it is a ruin in the midst of a huddle of dirty huts, whence you try in vain to get a good view of it.

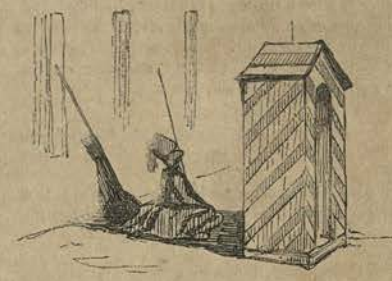
When I say of the temple of Theseus, (quoting MURRAY'S Guide-book) that "it is a peripteral hexastyle with a pronaos, a posticum and two columns between the antæ," the commonest capacity may perfectly imagine the place. Fancy it upon an irregular ground of copper-coloured herbage, with black goats feeding on it, and the sound of perpetual donkeys braying round about. Fancy to the south-east the purple rocks and towers of the Acropolis meeting the eye — to the south-east the hilly islands and the blue Ægean. Fancy the cobalt sky above, and the temple itself (built of Pentelic marble) of the exact colour and mouldiness of a ripe Stilton cheese, and you have the view before you as well as if you had been there.

As for the modern buildings—here is a beautiful design of the Royal Palace,



built in the style of High-Dutch-Greek, and resembling Newgate whitewashed and standing on a sort of mangy desert.

The KING'S German guards (Σπιτζβουβοι) have left him perforce; he is now attended by petticoated Albanians, and I saw one of the palace sentries, as the sun was shining on his sentry-box, wisely couched *behind* it.



The Chambers were about to sit when we arrived. The Deputies were thronging to the capital. One of them had come as a third class passenger of an English steamer, took a first class place, and threatened to blow out the brains of the steward, who remonstrated with him on the irregularity. It is quite needless to say that he kept his place—and as the honourable deputy could not read, of course he could not be expected to understand the regulations imposed by the avaricious proprietors of the boat in question. Happy is the country to have such makers of laws, and to enjoy the liberty consequent upon the representative system!

Besides OTHO'S palace in the great square, there is another house and an hotel; a fountain is going to be erected, and roads even are to be made. At present the KING drives up and down over the mangy plain beforementioned, and the grand officers of state go up to the palace on donkeys.

As for the Hotel Royal—the Folkstone Hotel might take a lesson from it—they charge five shillings sterling (the coin of the country is the gamma, lambda, and delta, which I never could calculate) for a bed in a double-bedded room; and our poor young friend SCRATCHLEY, with whom I was travelling, was compelled to leave his and sit for safety on a chair, on a table in the middle of the room.

As for me—but I will not relate my own paltry sufferings. The post goes out in half an hour, and I had thought ere its departure to have described to you Constantinople and my interview with the Sultan there—his splendid offers—the PRINCESS BADROULBADOUR, the order of the Nisham, the Pashalic with three tails—and my firm but indignant rejection. I had thought to describe Cairo—interview with MEHEMET ALI—proposals of that Prince—splendid feast at the house of my dear friend BUCKSHEESH PASHA, dancing-girls and magicians after dinner, and their extraordinary disclosures! But I should fill volumes at this rate; and I can't, like MR. JAMES, write a volume between breakfast and luncheon.

I have only time rapidly to jot down my great ADVENTURE AT THE PYRAMIDS—and *Punch's* enthronization there.

THE CROWN DIAMONDS.

the dispute, which is now pending between our own Queen VICTORIA and the KING OF HANOVER, as to certain Jewels set in the Crown, we know nothing; but we mean to say Her Majesty is very right in trying to retain possession of them. Right is certainly right; and if ERNEST is entitled to the jewels, let him have them by all means, for the KING is rather short of that moral jewellery which is figuratively said to include gems more costly than any which adorn the regal diadem. We should, however, be sorry to see the English Crown pulled to pieces by the abstraction of a diamond here and there, a process which would certainly be quite contrary to the spirit of the Act of Uniformity.

His Hanoverian Majesty, though despairing of succession to the Crown of England, seems determined to try and get hold of some of the nicest pickings which it presents, an attempt which we hope will be frustrated by a decision in favour of our own Sovereign. We understand that the following correspondence took place on the subject before the suit was instituted :—

"MADAM, "*Hanover.*

"My client, the KING OF HANOVER, has directed me to apply to you for the restoration of some crown jewels, belonging to him, which I am advised are in your possession.

"I trust that by sending the property at your earliest convenience, together with five shillings for this application,

"You will oblige,
"Your very obedient Servant,
"VON SCHELE."

Her Majesty very properly put the matter into the hands of her attorney, who sent the following reply to the above communication :—

"MEINHEER,

"My client, the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, has consulted me on the subject of a claim made upon Her Majesty by the KING OF HANOVER.

"I shall certainly advise a defence to the action, and I will undertake to appear, on your sending process to,

"Meinheer,
"Your very obedient Servant,
"WILLIAM FOLLETT."

The result was a writ, to which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL entered an appearance; but the action was subsequently discontinued, each party paying his own costs; and the KING OF HANOVER has since filed a bill in Chancery, under the advice of his Counsel, SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

THE "GREAT BRITAIN" STEAM-SHIP.

THIS vessel, so long a prisoner in the Bristol Dock, has been running about in a state of high-pressure ecstacy at its newly-acquired liberty. A few days ago there was a public dinner on board, when the chairman of the proprietors presided at the window-ledge of the chief cabin, his legs resting on the dining-table, and supported by several of the proprietors and their friends, who were lashed along the larboard and starboard sides of the vessel. The speeches were extremely animated, and CAPTAIN HOSKEN was presented with a speaking-trumpet made of various metals, warranted to make more noise than anything that had ever yet been manufactured. The Captain tried it, and stunned several of the ladies on the spot with his fearful howlings. It is intended to convey the words of command; but when the Captain cried, "Ease her," the effect was truly awful: the sound partook slightly of the thunderbolt, with a dash of the gong, and a slight tinge of the whirlwind

THE GLORIES OF SPORTING.

WE have, it seems, long dwelt in the darkness of error touching the use and influence of manly field sports. When we have seen man —"the paragon of animals"—arrayed for coursing or hare-shooting, we have, in our very criminal ignorance, thought that the excitement of the sport was its delight; that the sportsman cared but little for a miserable hare—a poor timid wretch, of little value—but that he took the field for the exercise that it gave him. That he was made buoyant and hilarious by the fresh air and the influence of rural objects; that the mere killing of the hare was, somehow, the only alloy of the pleasure, screaming, as it sometimes will, like a stricken child. We have heard butter-hearted people declaim against field-sports *in toto*, for the wanton cruelty they inflicted; and then have we heard some fine old English gentleman denounce the milk-sops, vehemently declaring that the dignity of the aristocracy, and consequently the safety of the country, was bound up with the raptures of the field.

Well, we are not ashamed to confess our error—we have been mistaken. We plead guilty to ignorance. We have been wrong—and the aforesaid old English gentleman has been very wrong, too; and having read the subjoined account of Royal hare-shooting, we think the reader will not only be very obstinate, but very disloyal, if, whatever may have been his previous opinion, he does not concede that the rapture of sporting consists in nothing but the slaughter of the animal. The sky, the fresh field, the glittering dew—all the inspiring objects of beautiful nature—are as nothing to the blood of the creature killed.

We quote the following from the *Times*' account of the Royal visit to Stowe. PRINCE ALBERT, his host the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, PEEL, and other magnates, full of the pleasure of sport, went forth, at half-past ten, armed for slaughter :—

"The preserves, (we are told) had been rigidly kept this season for the amusement of his Royal Highness, should he, as was fully expected, honour Stowe with his presence. Beaters to the number of about 50, under the command of *an experienced hand*, were made to enter at the extreme end of a thick cover, while the shooting party were stationed in positions from which the game might most conveniently be destroyed *as they were driven forth into the open space of the park*. Out-scouts were appointed to drive back the hares which issued forth before the sportsmen took up their positions. It was barely possible to place his Royal Highness in the *most* favourable position, although he seemed to have the most *fortunate* one. So plentiful was the game, that abundant opportunities for displaying his skill were afforded to every gentleman of the party. Immediately that the beaters received the word of command they marched forward, *keeping so close together, side by side, that their sticks might have touched*. A regular "running fire" instantly commenced *upon the devoted hares*. Out they rushed from every quarter—so many—that it was often impossible to "stop" more than one out of half-a-dozen. The ground immediately in front of the shooters became *strewn with dead and dying*; within a semicircle of about 60 yards from his Royal Highness, the havoc was evidently greatest. *The gun was no sooner to his shoulder than the animal was dead*. In other cases wounded hares *vainly endeavoured to limp away*, but every provision had been made to avoid *the infliction of prolonged torture*. Keepers were in readiness to follow up and kill such as were maimed."

This brief sporting paragraph "stirs the blood like a trumpet." We endeavour to place ourselves in the situation of the Royal marksman of mortal aim—of him whose "gun was no sooner to his shoulder than the animal was dead." We endeavour to participate in the swell of triumph that must animate his manly bosom, as "within a semicircle of about fifty yards" from him, he beholds the havoc caused by his unerring gun. TELL shooting the apple from his boy's head is a noble object to contemplate—but TELL sinks to the value of the pippin he shot at, in comparison with the mighty shooter of Stowe!

From the above, all men—unless they are disloyal "misbegotten knaves,"—must henceforth concede that the highest pleasure of sporting consists in mere killing; and this allowed, we think, unless poulterers and butchers are dull indeed towards their own interests, they will immediately profit by it. For instance, a poulterer, who has heretofore killed his own live-stock, may, at so much a head, expose his turkeys, geese, and fowls to "the unerring aim" of sportsmen, in some convenient yard appointed for the purpose. Butchers, too, may save considerably in journeymen's wages. For whereas, MR. GIBLETT, the royal butcher, now pays plebeians to kill his mutton, veal, and beef,—he may reasonably ask a certain price of any true sporting gentleman for cutting a sheep's throat—bleeding a calf—or, with a massive pole-axe, knocking down an ox!

We had almost forgotten to record, that the prowess of PRINCE ALBERT indicated itself by the slaughter of 114 hares, 29 pheasants, "and the only snipe killed."

We must further not omit to state that, on his Royal Highness's return to the mansion, the band greeted him with the appropriate air of "See the Conquering Hero comes!"

POST OFFICE PROHIBITIONS.

We understand that a curious case is likely to come before the Authorities, arising out of the recent prohibitions against certain articles being sent through the Post-office. A postmaster in a large manufacturing town refused to receive an envelope containing a pair of scissors, on the ground of the article being something that would cut. Upon this, the individual tendering the scissors deliberately disjointed the two halves, and enclosing them in separate envelopes, like the two halves of a bank-note, offered them to the postmaster, who still declined having anything to do with them. It being quite clear that one half of a pair of scissors will not cut without the other half, it will be contended, therefore, that the joints of the scissors could not have been refused separately, on the plea of their being things that would cut; if the matter goes before the Judges there will be two very nice points—namely, the two points of the two halves of the litigated article.

Considerable confusion has been created at the various Post-offices, and as the receivers are told not to take in any "perishable substance," we really begin to fear that no publication except *Punch*—which is admitted on all hands to be imperishable—will be suffered to pass into the news-bags.

We confess some new system was necessary, for it was extremely inconvenient to the Postman to have to deliver occasionally a sucking-pig, with his head and tail protruding from either end of the envelope. We understand that when anything could go, by simply putting enough

Queen's heads on it to cover its weight, a Montgolfier balloon, fully inflated, was tendered at St. Martin's-le-Grand, directed to one of the Colonies, with postage stamps, to the extent of eightpence, fastened on to it. There is, however, a medium; and the idea of prohibiting all kinds of fruit seems to us especially severe, for a husband sending his wife a ten-pound note may have it objected to on the ground of its being the "fruit" of his industry.

Notes of the Royal Visit to Stowe.

These progresses are now so frequent—not but what we like to see it—that there would be a want of novelty in a description of one of them. There are, however, a few notes which we have jotted down while accompanying Her Majesty to Stowe—for be it understood that, though not exactly one of the suite, we are always about the person of Royalty.

On arriving at Euston-square, Her Majesty declined taking any refreshment, but Major-General Wemyss had a bottle of soda-water for the good of the house, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bouverie partook of a portion of a pork-pie, for the whole of which he most handsomely paid, though he did not finish it. Wemyss and Bouverie were popped up into a sort of rumble at the back of the state-carriage, which was occupied exclusively by Prince Albert and Her Majesty. There was a sort of communication between the two compartments, so that if Major-General Wemyss was called upon for a *bon mot*, he thrust one in through the little window, and was observed to set the royal carriage and the engine in a roar several times in the course of the journey.

There was, of course, a great deal of enthusiasm all along the line, but as the train went at a tremendous rate, the enthusiasm had a very funny effect on those who formed a portion of the royal *cortège*. A cluster of loyalty cocked on the top of a bridge had not time to get out more than the syllable Hur—, being the first instalment of a loyal and affectionate Hur-rah, before the objects of the enthusiasm had quite disappeared under the arch and gone completely out of hearing. From the same cause, Her Majesty's acknowledgments were partially lost, and while the first half of a bow was bestowed on a knot of her loyal subjects, the residue of the salutation was lost on some of the machinery for signals, or a stray sentry-box.

At the Wolverton station some of the Bucks Yeomanry, under Major Lucas, were drawn up on the platform, and elicited some of his usual pleasantries from Major-General Wemyss, who began what is technically termed "chaffing" them. He alluded to them as the Yeomanry Bucks, and exclaimed "Bucks have at ye all," while he asked Major Lucas if he was any relation to the celebrated *Lucus à non lucendo*. Of course this was all done in an easy, quiet, gentlemanly *sotto voce* way from the rumble—none of it reaching the ears of Royalty. After leaving the railroad, the *cortège* proceeded through the town of Stony Stratford, when Wemyss (whose name rather appropriately happens to be pronounced Whims) began a few puns on the pavement, saying that if wood should be introduced, the town would lose all claim to its ancient title of Stony. At Wicken, there was a triumphal arch—though what there is triumphant about a lot of faded evergreens, twined round with common twine, we never could discover. This was adorned with the words Alfred, Wicken, Albert. "Well, I'm sure," cried Major-General Wemyss, almost convulsing Lieut.-Colonel Bouverie, who was at his side, "Well, I'm sure, this is pretty sort of respect! they might have given her Majesty her full name instead of that vulgar abbreviation which we have sometimes heard in London; they might have said Alfred, Victoria, and Albert, but 'Alfred *Wick-an*(d) Albert,' is going rather too far—in the direction of freedom. This is what they call Civil Liberty, I suppose. More of the liberty than the civility, I take it—eh, Bouverie?"

At Buckingham, everything assumed a gay appearance; and we are told by the ordinary reporters, that even the town gaol, which frowns upon the passenger, had relaxed something of its wonted severity. What right the town gaol has to frown at every quietly-disposed person who passes it, we don't know. On this occasion its smile must have been as sycophantic as its frown is impertinent.

The old pantomimic piece of nonsense, of offering the mace, was gone through as usual, but Her Majesty's reply seems to have been rather more curt than customary on these occasions. We don't wonder at it, for we happen to know that Her Majesty has been heard to exclaim very frequently to Prince Albert, just before entering a town,—"Now we shall have that horrid Mayor, I suppose, with his great awkward mace. We shall be dashed to pieces some day by the horses taking fright at it. Horses don't understand these things. By-the-bye, it would be a good plan to have a mace and a stuffed mayor kept in the stables, and hung up over the mangers to accustom the animals, gradually, to them; for I'm quite sure that they always shy at the city maces and Mayor whenever they come up to the side of the carriage." Her Majesty's answer, on the occasion of the Buckingham mace being offered to her, was simply a wave of the hand, accompanied by the words, "Mr. Mayor, I beg you will keep it;" which everybody knows is equivalent to, "There, that will do, my good man, take that great ugly thing away as fast as possible."

On arriving at Stowe, Her Majesty, who had seen five hundred labourers in clean smock-frocks, drawn up in front of the garden-entrance, expressed a wish to see them re-arranged into a sort of *tableau*, mixing up a few of the Yeomanry with them, so that the five hundred smock-frocks would be thrown up, as the artists term it, by the uniforms. The effect was extremely grand, and the five hundred smock-frocks floating in the breeze, contrasted well with the soldiers' coats; the white huckaback of the one coming out into high relief against the coarse, stout drugget of the other. Each of the labourers had a crown from his Grace for attending in his place to help to form the pretence of agricultural happiness. We understand the groupings were arranged by a gentleman who is in the habit of inventing the *tableaux* for the Grecian Statues. Among the most effective we noticed "The Duke of Buckingham's labourers defying the League;" a group suggested by the idea of "Ajax defying the Lightning."

OUR ALLEGIANCE.

A good deal of conversation has arisen on the subject of our removal within the City, and it is asked in several quarters whether we shall pay our allegiance to Gibbs. We beg to say once for all, that we respect the City sovereignty, and to him who is, *de facto*, the Cockney King we are prepared to render the homage that is due to him. We feel that we owe Gibbs something, and we trust we know how to pay him off.

DESIGNS FOR A MEDAL TO COMMEMORATE THE EXPULSION OF SHAKSPEARE FROM ENGLAND AND HIS RECEPTION IN FRANCE.

THE Medal (of which the above are the designs) is to be struck by command of HIS MAJESTY the KING OF THE FRENCH. It is thought, in well-informed circles, that SHAKSPEARE's trip to the Continent will be the means of restoring him to the boards of the Royal Theatres, as he may now be considered an importation from the French stage, and consequently has a customary right to be received in an English Theatre.

GUIDE TO THE WORKHOUSE.

(TO YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES.)

YOU are supposed to begin housekeeping with a decent competence, which, with industry and frugality, will enable you to live comfortably, and put something by. Never, therefore, dream of saving, except of saving yourselves trouble. Be sure to rise very late; you will thus have the less time to spend in minding your affairs. Also, wives particularly, be as long as you can in dressing of a morning; whereby you will pleasantly get over two or even three hours, which might have been devoted to domestic drudgery. On no account do anything for yourselves that servants can do for you; and, therefore, do not be content with one servant. Bear constantly in mind the maxims following:—It is impossible for a lady to darn stockings. She can by no means make a shirt for her husband, or a dress for herself. She must never be seen in the kitchen. As to looking after her linen, helping to make beds, or cook, the very thought of such exertions ought to kill her. You should have two dinners daily; one for your servants at two, and another for yourselves at seven, until you are blessed with a family, and then you should have three. Hot dishes every day are indispensable; never, for economy's sake, put up with a cold dinner. Have fires in every room in the house. Strictly follow the fashions; you should not wear out an old dress, if ever so good. Use towels, handkerchiefs, and the like, without the least regard to your washing bill. In the matter of perfumes, gloves, and stationery, consult nothing whatever but your senses—common-sense excepted. As regards eating and drinking, have the best of everything. Give plenty of parties; and if you doubt whether you ought to keep a carriage or not, give yourselves the benefit of the doubt, and keep one. The extreme of luxury in furniture is too obviously advisable to be dwelt upon; and you will feel the advantage of it when your things come to be sold off. Indulge yourselves, generally, in every wish; and never put up with the least inconvenience to avoid the greatest expense. Do not bridle your respective wishes, or sacrifice anything, except each other's fortune, for each other; whenever you want what you cannot have, get into an ill-humour—and show it. Accustom yourselves to call every, the smallest, act of self-denial "horrid," "shocking," "miserable," "dreadful," "intolerable;" shut your ears against advice, and let your sole considerations be your own will and pleasure, and the world's opinion. Having five hundred a-year, live at the rate of a thousand, and plunge without scruple headlong into debt. You will find these directions an infallible "Guide to the Workhouse."

NOBLE POULTERERS.

GAME FOR THE MILLION.

WE have received the following letter from a Duke who preserves his game for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. We think we ought to charge it as an advertisement; but as we give it free insertion, we trust that the Stamp Office will also view it with an eye of tenderness:—

"*Mr. Punch*,—I address you—as through you I can most readily get at the world at large. I beg to offer to the middling and working classes a prime assortment of Game, at the following low charges; having resolved—although a Peer of the Realm—to compete with any Poulterer, whoever he may be, in the moderate price of my articles.

A Prime Hare	2*s.* 6*d.*
A Pheasant	3 0
Partridges (the brace)	2 3

"These charges will, I trust, be received as an overwhelming evidence of my desire to meet the distresses of the poor, and to bring game down to the lowest capacity of pocket. I am honestly enabled to put in the above articles at the prices affixed,—as the animals cost me scarcely anything for keep,—they being principally fed upon the wheat, oats, and barley of my tenant-farmers.

"I remain your obedient servant,

"NORMANBLOOD.

"P.S.—The highest price given for hare-skins."

NOBLE POULTERERS;

Or, "Licensed to Sell Game."

CHARITABLE VENISON.

KNOWN is the fact to every cabman, that hay has for some time borne a rising price. It is not likely, then, that a man of the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S intelligence should be ignorant of the circumstance. Certainly not. No man more alive to the turn of the markets than his respected Grace. No man who has a finer sense of the value of all saleable things. For instance, as we have recorded in a former Number, does not his Grace know that the exhibition of his gardens by tickets, to "a party," is well worth half-a-crown,—and does he not turn the honest half-crown accordingly? His Grace is a fine economist; and, whereas MICHAEL CASSIO or MICHAEL GIBBS (both "arithmeticians") know how many bites go to the consumption of one cherry,—so, we are sure of it, does his Grace know how many wisps of hay are required to feed one deer through the dreary winter.

A paragraph has gone the whole round of the press, delighting the hearts of the benevolent. This paragraph—informed with the soul of true Old English hospitality—spoke eloquently of MARLBOROUGH'S doings. He had ordered 200 head of deer to be slaughtered, and their delicious sapid carcases to be given to the poor! (He, however, did *not* distribute the 1000 pots of currant jelly, as we were led to believe in our last.) Happy paupers of Woodstock! There *shall* be venison dinners—deer's-flesh *shall* be savoury in the mouth. All England felt a suffusion of delight at this news of the Duke's benevolence. The heart of the nation throbbed with gladness—and the blood circulated more warmly down to the very toes of the Land's End.

"Who prompted this charity—how was this goodness compassed?" were the cries of men who *knew* his Grace. We have had private information; "private and confidential;" but the story forwarded to us reflects such lustre on the House of Marlborough—does so indicate his Grace's title—(he loves it better than his coronet)—to the "poor man's friend,"—that we owe it to the dignity of human nature to disclose all that has been told us. The world ought to know the goodness that "blushes unseen" in the bowers of Woodstock.

Some few days ago, the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, walking in his Park, and meditating—as patriots and philanthropists meditate—on the condition of his fellow-creatures, the poor, was startled to find himself in the midst of about 2000 deer, his own property. On other occasions, the deer, *knowing* his Grace, always showed their sagacity, and got out of his way as soon as possible. At the time we speak of, it was not so. The deer stood and looked at the DUKE, as they would have looked at any other man. The truth is, very few of them had strength sufficient to move their legs. Could they have written down their feelings, they would have copied the mendicants of London pavement, and every deer have put down in legible words—"I am starving: hunger is a sharp thorn. Fodder is very scarce, and we have no hay."

The Duke, having correctly counted every rib in a doe that stood, with weeping eyes, nearest him—was touched, like *Jaques*, and like *Jaques*, became deeply contemplative. He thought of the condition of the deer, and then, so errant is the human mind—and then he thought of the price of hay. And so perplexed, he wandered on.

The days of faëry are *not* gone. No; for as MARLBOROUGH entered a glade, a strange creature of female presence suddenly stood before him. She wore a robe of white; but not so succinctly as to hide a foul, dirty weed that draggled beneath it. She held in her hand a mask, featured with the loveliness of Charity. And this mask covered a face figured and lined like a Ready-reckoner. The Duke, seeing, as he thought, Charity so very near him, naturally enough started. Whereupon, the hag exclaimed, breathing through the mask of Charity—"Hay is dear; very dear. The does will perish in a week. They are skeleton shadows now. Therefore, kill 200 head of them, and give their bones to the poor."

We have no more to say. All England has read the paragraph which showed his Grace's obedience to the dictates of Charity.

STRANGE IGNORANCE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A MORNING paper mentioned the other day the "Political Crisis" at Paris under the head of "Foreign Intelligence." Our contemporary must have a strange notion of what is considered News from France!

BLARNEY AT BRIGHTON.

IT is absolutely necessary for genius now and then to relax. HOMER could not always be writing catalogues of the ships, and GEORGE ROBINS cannot always be concocting catalogues of Strawberry Hill. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, or, in other words, it is sweet to play the fool at a watering-place. GEORGE ROBINS is playing the fool at Brighton, and is disporting himself in small paragraphs about himself, just to keep his hand in preparatory to those grander flights which during the selling season will no doubt add interest to the dead walls, and impart vigour to the advertising columns of the newspapers.

It appears, from a Brighton paper, that MONS. and MADAME MICHAU, the teachers of dancing, gave a grand Polka Ball at the Old Ship Rooms, on Tuesday evening. MISS WESTON danced a shawl-dance, and Miss somebody else executed a *pas seul* with a worsted comforter. Another couple "swept the ball-room" in the Polka, which ought on this occasion to be called the "pas de brooms," in consideration of the ball-room having been swept by the "twenty interesting couples" who joined in it.

The best of the report is, however, to come. We give an extract:—

"Among the company who attended on this occasion, animated by more interesting feelings than those of mere lookers-on, like ourselves, were MR. GEORGE ROBINS, with his little *troupe* of *enfants chéris*, and who distinguished themselves highly in the Polka and the quadrilles. They were indeed a little feature in the evening's entertainment."

A little further on we fancy we trace the parental touch. Surely none but a father's hand, and that the master-hand of GEORGE ROBINS, could have penned the following:—

"But a greater treat *in petto* was reserved, in the person of MISS ELIZA ROBINS, a little darling not yet six years old, who danced a fancy dance (the Cracovienne), *toute seule*, in a most captivating manner. She looked a real little TAGLIONI—or, perhaps, it may be better taste to say it was in the real MICHAU style. She danced with uncommon spirit, and looked a little fairy to the very life. On making her curtsey (which she did most elegantly), the applause throughout the crowded room was unanimous. She was the *great* (or, to speak by the book) the *little* lion of the evening."

With a little typographical display, such as throwing up the

REAL LITTLE TAGLIONI,

into Egyptian, and putting the "LITTLE FAIRY" into "small caps.," the whole statement might appear side by side with those flights of genius which will send down GEORGE ROBINS to posterity, with a posting-bill in his hand. If ever his memory should be honoured by a column, it will be a column of advertisements.

Sonnet

BY THE UNSENTIMENTAL POET.

I NEVER lie beside a purling spring,
Watching the silver bubbles as they float,
In reveries wrapp'd—and all that sort of thing—
And may be coming home with a sore throat:
I never, cover'd with an old pea-coat,
At midnight to the paly moon did spout,
While she who bare me knew not I was out;
From other source my inspiration sought.
When on the bounty of a friend I 'm thrown,
Champagne, old port, hock, claret, noyeau, are
My spring Castalian, my inspiring star;
And when upon resources of my own,
A glass of brandy and a decent weed
Are all the inspiration that I need.

THE NEW VICE-CHANCELLORS' COURTS.

SOME curiosity has been excited by the erection of two booths at the entrance of Westminster Hall, on part of the ground formerly occupied by the cab-stand in Palace Yard. The booths are of the Richardsonian architecture, but combine in some degree the solidity of an equestrian circus with the lightness of a stall for the sale of gingerbread-nuts. There are square compartments near the top, which are apparently left vacant for the insertion of the names of the proprietors. We have ascertained that the booths are intended to serve as Courts for Vice-Chancellors KNIGHT BRUCE and WIGRAM. If a caravan is drawn against the front of the booths, the ushers of the court may promenade and invite the public to step up, something after the following fashion:—

"Aye, Aye! You are now in time" (*rapping a gigantic portrait of the Vice-Chancellor with his cane*), "Alive! Alive! Walk up, here! Walk up, and see the wonderful Vice-Chancellor, who has travelled into more courts than any other curiosity before or since. Aye, Aye! Walk up, Walk up! There 's no imposition here. He will balance himself on the top of a box, with a chair on the top of that, and will hold the scales of Justice steadily all the while, without letting them swerve from one side to the other. Aye, Aye! Inquire the character! Suitors coming out!"

CATCHING A TARTAR.

OINVILLE! poor JOINVILLE! The last batch of despatches to MACKAU show him in a position at once painful and ludicrous. He has got possession of the island of Mogador. He can't keep it, and is afraid to give it up and bolt without leave. So we have watched a hungry man with a potato—too hot to hold, too precious to drop—flinging it from hand to hand, with a face oddly divided between pain and wistfulness.

Very modestly says the Prince, "at Mogador events have taken place which appear to have modified our position;" the English of which turns out to be, that "the occupation of the island in winter is impossible." "Please, sir, may I give it up?" "Certainly," says the minister, "especially as you can't keep it." "In that case," replies the Prince, "we 'll give it up at once—and if we want it afterwards, we can retake it in the Spring, and give the Moors the trouble and expense of keeping it in the meantime." This is the most original method of conquest we have yet heard of. It may be compared to the old plan of pawning your cloak before going to the theatre, and taking it out after the performance, paying the legal interest of a halfpenny instead of sixpence to the boxkeeper. Well, DE JOINVILLE determines on ceding the island. BEN ABOU, Caid of Tangier, comes on board the *Suffren*, and the Prince has the impudence (we beg his pardon for the word,) to tell him, that "a great nation like France can afford to be generous after victory!" And while the garrison are evacuating Mogador, with more hurry than dignity, in a style that looks marvellously like running away, the Prince gravely assures the Minister of Marine, "that all which remains from our disagreement is a salutary fear of our name, and of the force of French arms!"

We remember a caricature (a French one, too,) of a fight, in which the man who is down, his adversary's boot on his neck, says half-choked, "*Eh bien, je te pardonne, et que cela finisse!*" GAVARNI must have had a prophetic anticipation of the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE'S evacuation of Mogador.

THE CITY TURNPIKE.

IT is not, perhaps, generally known that there is a toll-taker at Temple Bar, who rushes out upon every cart or waggon, and demands a toll—a proceeding that is mainly the cause of that obstruction which creates so much confusion at the entrance of the City. We should really sympathize with REBECCA if she were to come down upon this civic imposition, and put an end to a vexatious system, which, for the sake of a few halfpence being poured into the civic coffers, creates a stoppage every minute, by which commerce is checked in its current towards the east, the stream of law rolling from Chancery Lane to the Temple is cut off in its tide, and the social intercourse between western refinement and eastern barbarism is impeded. Besides the evils alluded to, we must not forget the fearful struggles to evade the toll, the awful scuffles between the toll-taker and his victim, with the desperate clinging of the former to the bridle of the latter's horse. All these incidents may be seen every day occurring at the end of Chancery Lane; and now that we have taken up our own quarters within the City's gates, we feel that we owe it to our fellow-citizens to agitate for the abolition of the obnoxious 'pike.

Rumoured Law Changes.

IT is whispered in Westminster Hall that the usher of the Exchequer retires at the end of the present term, and will be succeeded by one of the junior clerks in an office at the west end of the town. The usher will carry with him into private life the respect of all who value his worth, and the clerk will enter on his ushership with the best wishes of all his own immediate friends. The late usher has enjoyed the confidence of the bench and the bar for some years, and his retirement will leave a gap in the form on which he usually sits, which his successor will, we trust, be able to fill.

COLONEL MABERLY'S STUD.

LETTERS in Algiers are carried from town to town by mules. From the length of time letters are frequently detained in England, we are inclined to believe the same means of transport has been in practice for years at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

A DIVINE UPON DRIPPING.

SATIRISTS, and such loose, bitter speakers have at times accused churchmen of a somewhat unseemly affection for the fat of the land; and the REV. JOHN RAWES, of Clifton, has of late a little justified such accusations, by his extraordinary attention to dripping. He seems to have bent all the energies of his divine mind to the consideration of his grease-pot. He has doubtless read in the "Arabian Nights," that SOLOMON confined some of the mightiest spirits in brazen kettles, and, therefore, thought it not beneath his wisdom to haunt his own kitchen, keeping a vigilant eye on his pans. Like the Israelites of old, his heart was—despite of itself—ever busy with the flesh-pots. Now it happened, that on the 26th of Dec. last, the Rev. gentleman discovered in his kitchen "two pounds of dripping" wrapped up, and furtively put away by his cook SOPHIA EDWARDS, whom he caused to be indicted before the Bristol jury, for the wicked felony. He had engaged the woman with an "eight or ten years' character," he knew not which. Had character been dripping, he, doubtless, could have told. We subjoin, from the *Bristol Mercury*, a few extracts from the trial. The man, purloined of his dripping, is under examination:—

"MR. STONE. Do your clerical duties take you pretty frequently into the kitchen? WITNESS. *No, but my domestic ones do.*

"MR. STONE. The pantry, now—Do you visit that pretty often? WITNESS. No, not often, except I have reason to suspect that anything is amiss there. I do not know whether the dripping is that of mutton, beef, or pork; I cannot say where it came from; I swear it was mine, because it was on my premises; there can be no other dripping on my premises but mine.

"The Court said there was evidently a difficulty in swearing to the dripping; and the case might as well be stopped at once."

The woman was acquitted. We sympathise with the REV. JOHN RAWES. We think he has been hardly used. He has evidently made dripping his most anxious study—the absorbing subject of his life—and it was to pay great disrespect to his peculiar learning, not to take his oath upon the matter. We are certain that he was as sure of his own dripping as of his own blood, both we have no doubt, being equally dear to him. After all, when there is often such a scramble for fat things, who can wonder at JOHN RAWES' clerical love for mere dripping?

We know not which College claims the maternity of the Rev. plaintiff: but doubtless he was reared at Brazenose, seeing that he so boldly showed it in Court. His College, too, may have been ungrateful to his merits: nevertheless, he has grasped an honour despite of it: for henceforth, he may in the teeth of envy, add D.D. to his name, and go down to an admiring posterity, as JOHN RAWES, *Doctor of Dripping*.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FEAT ON RECORD.

ON Thursday last, the HONOURABLE SYDNEY FITZROY DE LUSHINGTON, a chief *employé* in one of Her Majesty's offices at Somerset-house, undertook for a wager to read two of MR. G. P. R. JAMES'S novels, sing a comic song, poke the fire once every quarter of an hour, play a game at cribbage every second half-hour, read all the morning papers, answer ten invitations, eat a pound of sponge-cake, peel three oranges, curl his hair, and dress himself for dinner, between the office hours of 10 and 4. A number of bets were dependent on this arduous undertaking in all the Government Offices. The wager, however, was gloriously won within the time prescribed, and forty-five minutes to spare. The Honourable Gentleman, far from being punished, did not look in the least fatigued. There was a very large attendance of gentlemen in the office, waiting with breathless impatience for the issue of the wager, but we regret to say they did not express themselves very well pleased when directed to "call again to-morrow." A number of I O U's changed hands on the occasion.

Legal Intelligence.

MR. BRIEFLESS and MR. WIGGINS, both of the Common Law bar, have entered into an arrangement by which it is impossible that they can clash in their professional pursuits. MR. BRIEFLESS will in future confine his sittings, both in and after Term, to the back row of the Queen's Bench; while MR. WIGGINS will devote his professional energies to the last seat but one in the Court of Exchequer. The Bail Court is to be considered neutral ground; but it is understood that MR. BRIEFLESS will sit on the right hand corner, while MR. WIGGINS will keep exclusively to the left. What course will be taken, should both the learned gentlemen be retained in the same suit, it is quite impossible to say.

THE CLASSIC DRAMA.

MR. PUNCH,

Sir,—Emboldened by the "triumphant and genuine" success of *Antigone* at Covent Garden, I venture to submit an outline of a Tragedy, moulded on the *Eumenides* of ÆSCHYLUS, with a hope that your influence may procure admission for it at one of our national Theatres.

I remain, with profound respect, yours,
ÆSCHYLUS REDIVIVUS.

"THE CREDITORS;"

A Tragedy, on the Greek Model.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD BROUGHAM.
JONES, a barrister with a bad practice (of not paying his way).
A CLERK.
A JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURTS.
Chorus of Creditors.

SKETCH OF THE ACTION.

PROLOGUE.

[*The Scene represents A Clerk's Room in Churchyard Court, Inner-Temple.*—THE CLERK, *after a prayer for the payment of his arrears of salary, narrates* JONES'S *prospects, and hearing a knocking at the outer door, looks through the letter-slit. He then*

returns, and in great agitation describes the horrid appearance of the Creditors outside.

[*The Interior of* JONES'S *Sitting-room is exhibited.* JONES *is seen surrounded by angry Creditors.* BROUGHAM *standing beside him, encourages him to resist their demands and to fly for protection to his "Act Abolishing Arrest on Final Process for Debts not exceeding £20." (Exit* JONES.) *The chief Creditor suddenly raises a cry, which is taken up by the Chorus in pairs. Thus—*

CHIEF CREDITOR. Seize!
CHORUS 1 & 2. Seize!
—— 3 & 4. Seize!

And so on through the body. They then range themselves to the right and left of the chief Creditor, and sing the following ode:—

CHORUS OF WINE AND CIGAR MERCHANTS.

He drank our wine, he smoked our weeds,
Vengeance for his acts and deeds!
The wine poured down his friends' dry throttles,
In insult he sent back the bottles!
And, like the weeds that he bespoke,
His promises expired in smoke.

CHORUS OF UPHOLSTERERS.

Those chairs we sold him in the lot—
Easy chairs, too easy got.
We sold the chairs, he sold the sellers,
We always suffer from these fellers!
For papering he with paper paid,
Turning the tables on our trade;
We 've sworn to throw, ten times a-day,
His I O U's (Ai! ai!) away!

FULL CHORUS.

Alas! the sponging-house no more
For doos like him does ope its door.
'Tis bitterness that prompts the pun,
But present "do" makes future "dun."

[BROUGHAM *then abuses the Creditors, and announces his determination to protect* JONES. *The Chorus declare their determination of bringing an action.*

[*The Scene is shifted from* JONES'S *Chambers to the Court. An interval must be supposed to have elapsed.* JONES *claims the protection of the Court, and the Chorus arrive, conducted by their leader.*

[JONES *declares his reliance on* BROUGHAM'S *Act. The Chorus defy* BROUGHAM, *and sing a song of cursing.*

Oh, CAMPBELL, BROUGHAM!
Could not your restless wits find room
To work, without encroaching on our rights?
Once we could doom
The debtor to a Carey-street strong-room;
But ye have marred for aye those dear delights;
SELBY and THOMPSON, raise the strain,
And curse them twice, and once again!

[*The* JUDGE *appears, and takes his seat on the Bench. The Jury is sworn, and the Trial commences. During its progress the Chorus express their agitation in several Odes.* JONES'S *debts are proved to be all under 20l., and the Creditors are told to take execution against the Debtor's property. At last matters are settled, by an offer from* JONES *to pay his debts by instalments of his professional profits, according to the law. The Chorus express their hopes of a final settlement, and move off in a Grand Procession, escorted by the Usher of the Court.*

THE PETTED PAUPER.

A PARAGRAPH has appeared in the papers giving the particulars of a will made by a pauper in St. Martin's parish, who some time ago came in for 300*l.*, and who, having been allowed to live in the workhouse by paying the dividends, left the money to the parochial officers. We can imagine how the monied pauper must have been petted when it was known to the authorities that he was the subject of "expectations." He left 10*l.* to the chairman of the Board of Guardians, who had doubtless earned the legacy by courteous offers of pinches of snuff to the testator; and as the Guardians were left a pound a-piece all round, it is probable they used to have him in occasionally for a bit of friendly gossip on board-days. The master of the workhouse also came in for 10*l.*, the result, no doubt, of a liberal ladling out of the peas in the parochial soup to the opulent inmate; and as the matron got 10*l.* also, it is probable that she now and then made the pauper a comfortable cup of tea. The doctor is constituted residuary legatee: a circumstance which would warrant us in asking for a return of all the medical orders for port wine, and other luxuries, given in favour of the testator, from and after the time of its being known to the parochial authorities that he was a fundholder.

A HEAVY ARTICLE.

AN Iron Steamboat was weighed at Camden, New Jersey, and its number of tons accurately obtained. The weight used on the occasion—(one was sufficient)—was PRESIDENT TYLER'S last Message.

HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE.

THE neighbourhood of Camden Town was thrown into a state of frightful excitement, by a report that the Government express, carrying the whole of the correspondence of the afternoon delivery, had met with a most alarming accident.

It was rumoured that something had happened similar to what has occurred in the Alps during the severest weather, when the wolves have been known to come down into the neighbouring villages, and carry off the cattle from sheer sharp-settishness.

Our Reporter, on repairing to the vicinity, ascertained that an individual, wearing the livery of Her Majesty's Post Office, had passed through the High-street with a pack of hounds yelping savagely at his heels; and as many of the dogs were unknown in the neighbourhood, it was conjectured that the number must have been accumulating all the way from St. Martin's-le-Grand, where the man on horseback is supposed to have started from. It seems that the horse on which the officer was mounted had reached that state of equestrian destitution, that the hounds had already marked it for their own. They could hardly be blamed for precipitancy, or charged with an unfeeling degree of haste, for the horse (to paraphrase a line in *Virginius*,) had been reduced so low, that

"Nothing liv'd 'twixt it and dog's-meat."

After considerable difficulty the dogs were beaten off; and the rider having been released from his perilous position, the horse was received with open arms by its proprietor.

We ought, however, to remonstrate against the practice of supplying the Postal department of the country with horses whose appearance justifies expectations among itinerant dogs, which it would be dreadful to see realised. An animal, with one leg in the cat's-meat barrow, and tottering on the verge of the knacker's yard, is not the sort of brute that ought to bear the weight of that system of correspondence which is the keystone of our commercial greatness.

THE "JEWISH MIND."

ADVERTISEMENTS have appeared in the papers soliciting subscriptions for "The Strangers' Friend Society;" we believe, a very benevolent and valuable body. However, one of their advertisements is headed with a text from Scripture; of which text it is said—

"The hardest, most magnetic-astringent Jewish mind must dissolve, and fall prostrate before it."

What a "magnetic-astringent mind" is, we know not. We doubt, too, if it be defined by LOCKE, or BROWN, or any other metaphysician. We can, however, gather thus much from the context, that the directors, or whoever they may be, of the Strangers' Friend Society, whilst they seek charity, have an odd notion of that heavenly virtue. It would appear that they conceive charity to consist in pounds, shillings, and pence; and that the best and most orthodox way of opening the pockets of the faithful is to tickle a pet prejudice against the Jews. Even "the hardest, most magnetic-astringent Jewish mind must dissolve," say the Strangers' Friend Society; "and therefore, Christians, how can *you* help melting?" Let us suggest to this Society that there *is* a sort of charity that is not tangible in a banker's account; and that if it be their mission to pour balm into the wounds of the unfortunate, they can fulfil that healing goodness none the worse for not spirting their gall at any portion of the great family of man.

A BURNING SHAME.

THE lights along the Hampstead Road still persist in turning day into night, and burning for several hours after P.M. They look very rakish from having been up all night, and certainly to our eyes have a most sickly appearance, as if every lamp had been a little more or less elevated. The question resolves itself into this: Is naptha during the day better than gas during the night? This double consumption, too, seems very much like burning the candle at both ends; and if DIOGENES were to visit St. Pancras, he would certainly imagine the parish had cribbed this idea of noonday illumination from him as a sort of highway-advertisement for "an honest man." If this be really the case, let us hope there is naptha enough in England to supply the parish with the means of testing this curious experiment. Once ascertained, only consider what an invaluable guide it will be to all parishes in the election of their Churchwardens and Select Vestries!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the half of a five pound note for Mrs. Reston.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London; and published by them, at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1845.

THE RIGHTS OF GAME.

THE HON. GRANTLEY, FITZHARDINGE BERKELEY, M.P., has published a somewhat fattish pamphlet on what to him are little less than the sacred rights of game. No Mumbo Jumbo priest could show a fiercer enthusiasm for his Ape with the Golden Tooth than is exhibited by BERKELEY for the idols of his preserves.

But ere we proceed, let us first assure the reader that as yet we have never snared hares or poached partridges. That whatever may be our social delinquencies, we have never yet received sentence in the felon's dock for transgression of the Game Laws. It is most needful that we assert our innocence, lest our motives for penning this brief essay should be misunderstood. For listen to MR. BERKELEY: he asks—

"What, then, *is* the state of circumstances that *does in real truth* foster and increase the crime of poaching, and tend to the demoralization of the lower orders?"—p. 21.

And he answers :—

"*Not* the large and well-protected head of game, as has so often been stated *by anonymous writers in the daily papers*, MOST OF WHOM, IF NOT ALL, HAVE, IN ALL PROBABILITY, SUFFERED FROM PUNISHMENT RIGHTLY INFLICTED BY THE LAWS, THEY ARE, FOR THAT REASON, SO SEDULOUS TO CONDEMN!"—p. 21.

The secret is now opened to the world. Unkind MR. BERKELEY! Before, it was only known to a select few that the Editor of the *Times* had, at an early period of his life, been sentenced to six months at the treadmill for midnight poaching, which "punishment rightly inflicted" has rankled in his mind, and caused him sedulously to condemn the laws by which he has suffered. *We* were also aware that the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* had more than once been a tenant of Aylesbury gaol for having been taken in the fact, bagging a pheasant. *We* knew this: and could therefore trace his vehement condemnation of the Game Laws to the true cause—but society was ignorant of the fact. However, the shame of both editors is now made manifest to the world, that will henceforth treat their diatribes against the Game Laws with the attention they deserve, seeing they are merely the offspring of guilty minds: that it is not the editor, who in his judicial capacity condemns the laws, but the late convict who is writing with the recollection of its infliction. What a terrible black cat has MR. BERKELEY here let out of the bag!

We have started with the above extracts that the reader may at once acknowledge the spirit of truth, the just reasoning, that vivifies the whole pamphlet.

MR. BERKELEY has a remedy—a certain remedy for the increase of poaching, and by consequence, the demoralization of the "lower orders." The treatment is very simple. Powder and lead; nothing more. If gentlemen would combine, and rigidly preserve; if they would only recruit a sort of game regiment, the enemy must be beaten by pure force of numbers. Bloodshed of course would follow; but what is the blood of a peasant to the blood of a pheasant? We are overstocked with labourers; whilst for the lovers of *battues* it is hardly possible that there should be too large a head of game.

Hear MR. BERKELEY :—

"I am here again forced, as it were, into the consideration of the good or harm occasioned by large heads of well-protected game, and small lots of unprotected game on neglected lands. Closely adjoining to the village of Carleton, whence these poachers came, and adjoining or within my manor, there were some unprotected fields, the property of EARL DE GREY and others, and of the parson of the parish, *abandoned to the evil propensities of every vagabond who chose to carry a gun. these fields became a nursery for poachers.* On these lands there were only a few scattered heads of game, and there *was no enforcement of the law for their protection.* An occasional hare, partridge, or rabbit, with a wild duck or snipe, as the fields adjoined the river Ouse, were all that offered to the poacher's gun.

"It was on these *neglected lands* that the man who kept the public-house, where the poachers were in the habit of meeting, first inbibed a love for shooting. It was here, too, that the hitherto honest labourer learned, after his hour of toil, to congregate with bad characters, and to watch at flight-time, or by moonlight, for ducks, with a gun in his hand."

Thus, EARL DE GREY and others are guilty of countenancing a sort of preparatory school for poaching—whereas their duty to the society of sportsmen at large should compel them to enlist a band of resolute gamekeepers, arming them to the teeth against the common enemy.

We are mightily taken with this notion of MR. BERKELEY'S, and volunteer our weak service to aid in its effect. What if the game force partook somewhat of a military character? It would give an importance to the brave defenders of the preserves which at present they lack. For instance, why should not noblemen have their Pheasant Sharp-Shooters, their Partridge Infantry, and Hare Light Horse? If clad in significant uniforms, with the death's-head and cross-bones in all their caps, they would be a daily and hourly terror to the surrounding peasantry.

MR. BERKELEY is a man for strong measures. He doubtless believes the gallows to be one of our noblest institutions, and very affectingly regrets its comparative disuse. "For *blood*," he says, "there should be blood; and if not because blood *has been shed*, blood should follow *blood that blood may cease to flow*." It is his conviction that "forgery has increased to a frightful extent" since the hangman has ceased to punish the iniquity. There *may* have been more trials for forgery since the repeal of the capital punishment; but this proves, not an increase of the crime, but that men do not now scruple to prosecute the offender, as it is well known they did when the offence was expiated by death. With a tender yearning for JACK KETCH, our pamphleteer asks—

"Has the reluctance to visit murder with that unflinching severity *so honestly and religiously* demanded at the hands of man, lessened its perpetration? No."

Well, there have been very recently several executions for murder; and, immediately following them, an increase of the crime of homicide. "But," MR. BERKELEY would say, with his peculiar logic, "that is because you do not hang a greater number." To him the gallows is the true oak of the British constitution.

However, the great game preservers ought to commemorate their sense of MR. BERKELEY'S several achievements, of which he is his own modest historian. Something in the way of a piece of plate—say a bludgeon in silver—ought to reward his heroism; he having on several occasions acted as amateur constable.

"How fine a TOWNSHEND is in BERKELEY lost!"

We subjoin his own narrative of the "happy deeds that gilds his humble name :"—

"I have, *by myself*, in four different instances, encountered the several odds of *two to one, three to one, and four to one*, neglecting, too, to call out on any phantom for assistance, and, on every occasion, with the most complete success. I never spake till I had struck, and then every body else but two ran away, simply because they did not know how many more there were behind me to play at the same rough game."

On another occasion, a gamekeeper having been shot in a night scuffle—

"*At my request* I was sworn in special constable, and the warrant placed in my hands for execution."

The hero, BERKELEY, comes upon a man stealing acorns :—

"We were alike unarmed, and a mere personal encounter with fists was the consequence. It ended in my securing the man and sack. The thief, however, an excavator, *having received some punishment*, and as he looked unhappy, *I forgave him his fault upon the spot.*"

True magnanimity, the natural fruit of true courage! Also at Harrold and at Beacon our hero had "personally to establish a character for determination of purpose, and *aptness of hand.*" This, however, he doubtless easily accomplished by applying his favourite panacea, a "punch on the head." Mark our magistrate's eloquence on its sovereign remedy :—

"Now, to speak in homely downright old English phrase, there is nothing which banishes an inclination to commit murder, *or to be dangerous, from a brutal mind, half so much as a simple, well-directed 'punch on the head.'*"

Here are acts and sentiments that loudly call for some enduring mark of appreciation from the game aristocracy. The Humane Society awards medals in gold and silver to people who merely save the lives of their fellow-creatures! And shall a BERKELEY go unrewarded, ready as he is at all times and places, in defence of the sacredness of game, to act as a special constable, and dispense to a brave peasantry a "punch on the head?" Let him have a bludgeon, silver-gilt, by all means.

This pamphlet will do much good. It speaks out. There is nothing mealy-mouthed in it. We see the system in all its rampant arrogance, and hear in every word its hollow, heartless selfishness. From beginning to end it is a mixture of swagger, bullying, and sophistry.

A perfect "School for Scandal."

THE French Academy has voted 10,000 francs for the best Comedy that has been performed at Paris during the last ten years. Five years more, and LOUIS-PHILIPPE would have been sure of the prize for his *chef d'œuvre* of a comedy, that was so admirably got up under his management just after the Revolution of July, and played with such immense success, under the title of "LA CHARTE DE 1830."

ANGLING FOR LADIES.

MR. PUNCH, I will not say that my motive for thus addressing you is purely disinterested, because, although I am a single man at present, I do not know what I may come to one of these days. At present I am wedded, alas! only to my profession; a circumstance which I mention because it has induced me to have my name on my door, or rather, between you and me, on my landlady's. A little humbug, you know, Sir, is necessary in these times. My brass-plate—brass is a great thing—has procured me, I assure you, credit for many things; among others for being a husband. The other day, a letter was left at my lodgings for *Mrs.* PETER JOHNSON. I broke open the envelope addressed to that imaginary being. It contained a circular from a furrier's at the West End. You will think, perhaps, there was not much in that. Sir, there was a great deal in it; much to complain of. There were four woodcuts in it, elaborately executed, with the superscriptions following. "The Polka Pelisse;" "The Marquise Pélérine and Muff;" "The Czarina;" and "The Spanish Mantilla." Under each there were some five lines of letter-press, severally commending "this graceful and luxurious habit;" this "magnificent fur suit;" "superb dress," and "wonderfully improved modification of the Spanish cardinal." This insidious appeal to female vanity, being addressed to a creature of the furrier's brain, was of course harmless as far as I was concerned; but suppose, Sir, that I had been married? I might have been teased out of my life for some of this finery, or my wife might have quietly gone and ordered it on what is vulgarly termed "tick." I want to know what right furriers or any other persons have to angle in this way for ladies? It is exactly like whipping with artificial flies for trout. The baits which they expose in those lady-traps, their shops, are quite mischievous enough. Persons about to marry of course expect domestic bliss; but how are they to obtain it if designing individuals are to go about putting Polka Pelisses, and what not, into their wives' heads? I call them downright promoters of unreasonable desires, fomenters of discontent, and disturbers of connubial felicity. In the hope that by inserting the above, or something better, you will put the wedded Public on their guard against these and such like machinations,

I remain, Sir, yours indignantly,
PETER JOHNSON, M.R.C.S.

Talacre Coal.

IN a recent case before one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts, a question arose, whether the Talacre Coal Company was a trading concern, which it was decided to be, because stones had been got from the quarries, and sold for the purposes of paving. The individuals who used to purchase their coals of the Talacre Company, must have had nice cheerful fires, with a lump of stone on their domestic hearths, and a scuttle of flints at hand, to replenish the grate when requisite.

CRUEL EXERTION.

THE cream-coloured horses of the royal stud have been practising every day for the last week with several pieces of ordnance placed inside the state carriage, so that they may be strong enough by the 4th of Feb. to carry to Parliament the QUEEN'S Speech.

COMFORTS OF THE POOR.

THE *Northern Whig* has the report of a meeting held

"For contributing to the *comforts*, and ameliorating the condition, of the working and poorer classes of Belfast."

Several gentlemen gave their several notions of comfort and an ameliorated condition. A MR. DAVISON thought that nothing would tend more to the comfort of the poor, than that they should be nicely buried. He was of opinion "that a public cemetery was most required."

NOW MR. GRIMSHAW

"Advocated some large piece of ground being taken, and ornamented, for the sole purpose of public walks and pleasure grounds."

He thought, (and he had reason in his thinking,) that it would be better that the living poor should rather enjoy pleasure grounds, than that the dead poor should sleep with roses and mignonette over them.

COUNSELLOR GIBSON

"Was of opinion that a Mechanics' Institute was, after all, the most desirable thing to establish, in which lectures would be given, on subjects calculated to advance the intellectual improvement of the working classes."

MR. JOHN MULHOLLAND was an advocate for "fresh water baths, and fountains for the poor to wash their clothes at."

Other gentlemen mightily preferred the erection of a weigh-bridge in "the neighbourhood of the coal-vessels!"

Ultimately a Committee was appointed to consider the feasibility of the various projects; so whether the Poor of Belfast are to be prettily buried—to have pretty walks—to hear lectures—have cheap bathing—or, greatest good of all, are to have a weighing-machine for their coals, "to contribute to their comforts and ameliorate their condition,"—lies at present in the breasts of the wizards of Belfast!

PUNCH, THE PUBLIC PRESS, AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

F THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S reply to "A Gentleman of the Press," who asked permission to be present at Strathfieldsaye during the QUEEN'S visit, a copy has already appeared in the *Times*; but we are enabled to give (exclusively) the letter which elicited the very characteristic communication alluded to.

The following is a copy of the missive in question:—

"MY LORD DUKE,—

"As your Grace is about to entertain the QUEEN, I am sure you will be happy to let me have the means of entertaining the readers of the paper I have the honour of representing. I am certain that your Grace would not wish to check the gratification of the appetite that exists among the public for the sort of food which I am anxious to supply; and as a large appetite is considered a symptom of health, there must be something particularly wholesome in the avidity with which the accounts of the movements of Royalty are devoured by the readers of newspapers. I am desirous, by the kind co-operation of your Grace, to render my report of the visit to Strathfieldsaye particularly minute and copious. It will be my aim to let a loyal people know the names of all the dishes partaken of by their QUEEN during her stay; and perhaps I may furnish to one of the illustrated journals a correct design of the soup-plate used by HER MAJESTY, with a steel cut of her dinner-knife, and a drawing on wood of the identical table on which the banquet was served. I trust that your Grace will so far estimate the dignity of literature as to send me a free admission to the kitchen, with a tasting order—such as may be had for the Docks—and I shall thus be enabled to lay before the public a correct analysis of the various dishes prepared for the royal table, and a statistical account of the degrees in which they were partaken of by HER MAJESTY. By the way, if it were not giving your Grace too

much trouble, would you oblige me by stating the exact colour of the flowers in the whiskers of the Ladies-in-Waiting on the day of HER MAJESTY'S arrival? Of course, your Grace is aware that whiskers are the little things made of muslin or lace that ladies wear in the inside of their bonnets. This is an important point, for the female readers of the paper for which I report invariably dress as nearly as possible to the descriptions I give of the costume of HER MAJESTY'S Court. Waiting (at the door) the favour of your Grace's reply,

"I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke,
"Your Grace's obedient humble servant,
"PETER PARAGRAPH."

The Duke's reply in the negative was printed in the *Times* of Tuesday; but by the same post the following communication was despatched from Strathfieldsaye to the *Punch* Office:—

"*Strathfieldsaye.*

"FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON presents his compliments to *Mr. P—nch*, and begs to say, that what he wrote to the public press had no reference to him.

"FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON will always (as heretofore) be most happy to see *Mr. P—nch* in a friendly way, either at Strathfieldsaye, Apsley-house, or Walmer Castle.

"FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, wishing that no mistake should arise to preclude him from the pleasure of seeing *Mr. P—nch* on the present occasion, begs to add, that he has been honoured by HER MAJESTY'S distinct commands to invite *Mr. P—nch* specially to meet the QUEEN at Strathfieldsaye."

In pursuance of this note, *Mr. Punch*, of course, went, but as he was at Strathfieldsaye in the character of a private friend, he makes no public use of the information he gained during his visit.

THE KENSINGTON THIEVES.

AT a meeting of the principal thieves in the vicinity of Kensington, a discussion arose on the loss the fraternity must sustain by the introduction of gas on the road they had been in the habit of frequenting. It was, however, suggested in the course of the proceedings that the new arrangement would not materially injure the trade, as a field was still open to them on the other side of Hammersmith Gate, where the road was still unlighted, and to which point it was unanimously resolved to emigrate. We have no doubt that a report of some of the proceedings consequent on this determination will soon be found in the newspapers.

THE GAIETIES OF THE SEASON.

JUDGING from the window-blinds of a first-floor in Wellington-street, a grand ball was given there on Tuesday last. If it be true that passing, as well as coming, events cast their shadows before, the most popular dance of the evening was the Polka, for the shadows, who were all dressed in black, kept jumping up and down the brown holland with a vigour that is quite foreign to the staid Quadrille, and not recognised by the sober Lancers. The Shadows did not separate till daylight.

GEORGE ROBINS AT HOME.

E don't know whether business has been slack lately with MISTER GEORGE ROBINS—the CICERO of the sale-room—but instead of giving the rein to his imagination in describing the property he is employed to sell for other people, he has lately indulged in a little of the poetry of puffing in favour of a house he has got of his own. The following paragraph is such a very rampant specimen of the auctioneer's accustomed style, that we are inclined to believe it is designed as a sort of advertisement to his customers that he is still unrivalled in the line he has chalked out for himself—much in the same way as DAY AND MARTIN chalked out their path on the dead walls of the United Kingdom:—

"The DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S Marine Villa, at Kemp Town, is modelled precisely upon the same principles, and is exactly the same size, as the one immediately *en face*, that has just been completed by MR. GEORGE ROBINS. The advantage, which, in fairness, seems to have been awarded to the latter, is the character and taste that has been devoted to the interior; the expense in arriving at this result must have greatly exceeded the Noble Duke's, and the stained glass with which the portico has, this week, been adorned, has *given to it an impulse* that should be seen to be well appreciated. The stable department has arrived at completion in spite of frost and cold, and MR. ROBINS has added four exceedingly comfortable chambers over each set of his stables, to keep the male department of the establishment away from the family. This is an advantage also that cannot be claimed by the Noble Duke, while it aids materially the family convenience, as the abode is certainly not too large."

The paragraph opens well with the name of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, and though the drop down to that of MR. GEORGE ROBINS is rather startling, the auctioneer is artfully alleged to have outstripped the Duke in "taste"—a matter in which his Grace's superiority has long been proverbial. By whom the palm of taste has been awarded in fairness to MR. GEORGE ROBINS we are not informed; but having taken it for granted that it is so, the writer of the paragraph ventures boldly to smash the Duke's stained glass, as being very inferior to the stained glass of the auction-room orator. The idea of the stained glass having given "an impulse to the portico" is so purely ROBINSIAN, and smacks so thoroughly of the catalogue, that there is no mistaking its origin. Nobody but GEORGE ROBINS could conceive the idea of porticoes being subject to impulses, and of stained glass being the agents by which an impulse may be communicated. We always thought glass was a non-conductor, but it seems that when it is stained it has the power of electrifying a door-way. Truly such an effect as a portico under the influence of an impulse from some stained glass "should be seen to be well appreciated."

PLAISANTERIE DE CARNAVAL.

THE French and English papers contain a grave account of a practical joke acted by LOUIS-PHILIPPE and his minister, in such a jocose way as proves them to be first-rate *farceurs*. When the Arab chiefs went to take leave of His Majesty, he distributed presents to them; but when he came to the KALIFA OF CONSTANTINA, he said to him, "smilingly," (so says the account,) "As to you, ALI, I shall give you NOTHING"—Whereupon, MARSHAL SOULT, suiting the ministerial action to the royal *jeu d'esprit*, presented to the poor Arab the *Cross of the Legion of Honour*. We hope the forty "Immortals" of the French Academy, in the next supplement they publish to their Dictionary, will avail themselves of their royal master's new definition of the word "Nothing." Here it is for them:—

"RIEN—Un mot qui exprime litéralement, selon un bon mot de SA MAJESTÉ LOUIS-PHILIPPE, la valeur d'une Croix de La Légion d'Honneur."

One Hundred Hares a Minute!

MIGHT we recommend to PRINCE ALBERT, instead of firing with a common double-barrelled gun, to have made for him a portable "Perkins' Steam Gun?" The advantage would be immense, for with one shot he could kill ten times the amount of hares and pheasants it now takes him a good hour to dispatch. Only think, a whole preserve might be winged by one pull of the piston!

MORE TOM THUMBS.

In consequence of the success which has attended the representation of Napoleon by Tom Thumb, we understand that it is the intention of several small men to attempt the personification of the great ones that have preceded them. This plan of embodying greatness in littleness has already been tried, to a certain extent, in the following instances. The Prince de Joinville has aped Nelson with much pertinacity, though he scarcely comes higher than the knee of his great prototype; and Brougham has made Bacon his model, though his only resemblance to Bacon has been in the streaky character of his politics, and his tendency to gammon. Peel has endeavoured to pit himself against Pitt, but has unfortunately succeeded to a very limited extent; and Moon has been rehearsing Mæcenas, forgetting that Mæcenas did not patronise art by keeping a shop for the sale of its productions.

A Ballad made for the Delectation of all True Sportsmen.

Prince Albert is a sportsman bold,
And eager for the chase,
Out with the hounds, like Gilpin oft
He seems to ride a race.

And oft in Windsor's courtly Park
He loves to ply the gun,
Where hares so well-bred are, that they
Up to his muzzle run.

Now when Her Gracious Majesty
To Stowe a visit paid,
(The newspapers contain a list
Of all the cavalcade,)

Scarce had the Royal pair arrived
At Buckingham's proud seat,
The Prince began in sportsman's style
The noble Duke to greet.

"What shooting have you here, proud Duke?"
"Shooting, Great Prince," he cried,
"Not vainly in my choice preserves
I feel a housewife's pride.

"One cover Guernsey Hill o'erlooks,
Which more than all I prize,
As thick as thieves on Saffron Hill
Game in that cover lies.

"And should your Royal Highness deign
To shoot to-morrow there,
We 'll have a *battue* which would make
The oldest sportsman stare."

"Agreed," the Prince cried; "even now
I would I could begin
To knock the game like ninepins down,
And sporting laurels win."

Scarce had the earliest ray of morn
On Stowe begun to break,
A housemaid at the Royal door
Tapped thrice the Prince to wake.

A sporting suit his Highness donn'd,
On murderous thoughts intent
He sallies forth, his every look
Betrays the sporting gent.

With him went Buckingham, and he
Marquis of Chandos hight,
Arcades ambo: that is, both
Of Farmers the delight.

Nor far behind, the portly form
Of Robert Peel was seen,
His mind, less sporting than his coat,
Is far away I ween.

Lord Jersey followed, then some more
Whose names ill suit my rhymes:
I 'll leave them out—you 'll find them all
At full length in the *Times*.

Five times ten keepers armed with sticks
Entered in close array,
And beat the cover, where the hares
Like lords in waiting lay.

Once and again Prince Albert shot,
Once and again shot he;
The hare, that erst on four legs ran,
Now limped away on three.

Each keeper raised his stick and struck
The hare upon the head;
The Prince he shot, the keepers knocked,
Until each hare was dead.

Dulce et decorum est, say some,
Pro patriâ mori,
And 'tis a fine thing for a hare
By princely hand to die.

'Twas this perhaps the game inspired
To court their Prince's aim,
They died to give Prince Albert sport,
And therefore they died game.

Ah! ne'er I ween had Guernsey Hill
So dire a slaughter seen,
The field with dead and dying strewed
Showed what the sport had been.

How many fell, the *Court Gazette*
Better than I may say,
Hares that escaped will live to tell
Their children of that day!

Now sportsmen all, from this *battue*
An useful lesson take,
Hares beaten close together far
The finest shooting make.

What if some cockney, whose dull breast
Ne'er felt a sportsman's joy,
Cry, "Save us from those landlords who
Preserve but to destroy!"

Long live the Game Laws, though with ills
Some people say they 're fraught,
Long live the laws by which our Prince
Enjoyed such glorious sport!

And long may He live thus to get
An appetite for lunch,
And of his feats a full account
Send to the next week's Punch.

SPORT! OR, A BATTUE MADE EASY.

PUNCH IN THE EAST.

BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

IV.—PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS.

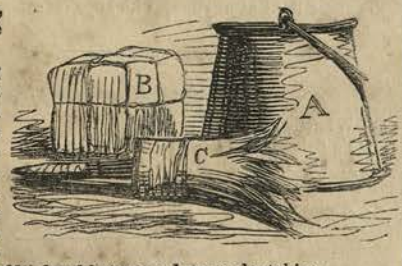
THE 19th day of October, 1844 (the seventh day of the month Hudj-mudj, and the 1229th year of the Mohammedan Hejira, corresponding with the 16,769th anniversary of the 48th incarnation of Veeshnoo), is a day that ought hereafter to be considered eternally famous in the climes of the East and West. I forget what was the day of GENERAL BONAPARTE'S battle of the Pyramids; I think it was in the month Quintidi of the year Nivose of the French Republic, and he told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down upon them from the summit of those buildings—a statement which I very much doubt. But I say THE 19TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1844, is the most important era in the modern world's history. It unites the modern with the ancient civilisation; it couples the brethren of WATT and COBDEN with the dusky family of PHARAOH and SESOSTRIS; it fuses HERODOTUS with THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY; it intertwines the piston of the blond Anglo-Saxon steam-engine with the Needle of the Abyssinian CLEOPATRA; it weds the tunnel of the subaqueous BRUNEL with the mystic edifice of CHEOPS. Strange play of wayward fancy! Ascending the Pyramid, I could not but think of Waterloo Bridge in my dear native London—a building as vast and as magnificent, as beautiful, as useless, and as lonely. Forty centuries have not as yet passed over the latter structure, 'tis true; scarcely an equal number of hackney-coaches have crossed it. But I doubt whether the individuals who contributed to raise it are likely to receive a better dividend for their capital than the swarthy share-holders in the Pyramid speculation, whose dust has long since been trampled over by countless generations of their sons.

If I use in the above sentence the longest words I can find, it is because the occasion is great and demands the finest phrases the dictionary can supply; it is because I have not read TOM MACAULAY in vain; it is because I wish to show I am a dab in history, as the above dates will testify; it is because I have seen the Reverend MR. MILMAN preach in a black gown at Saint Margaret's, whereas at the Coronation he wore a gold cope. The 19th of October was *Punch's Coronation*; I officiated at the august ceremony. To be brief—as illiterate readers may not understand a syllable of the above piece of ornamental eloquence—ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER, 1844, I PASTED THE GREAT PLACARD OF PUNCH ON THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish, I have not lived in vain.

If the forty centuries *are* on the summit of the Pyramids, as BONAPARTE remarks, all I can say is, *I* did not see them. But *Punch* has really been there; this I swear. One placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic?). One I placed under a great stone on the summit; one I waved in air, as my Arabs raised a mighty cheer round the peaceful victorious banner; and I flung it towards the sky, which the Pyramid almost touches, and left it to its fate, to mount into the azure vault and take its place among the constellations; to light on the eternal Desert, and mingle with its golden sands; or to flutter and drop into the purple waters of the neighbouring Nile, to swell its fructifying inundations, and mingle with the rich vivifying influence which shoots into the tall palm-trees on its banks, and generates the waving corn.

I wonder were there any signs or omens in London when that event occurred? Did an earthquake take place? Did Stocks or the Barometer preternaturally rise or fall? It matters little. Let it suffice that the thing has been done, and forms an event in History by the side of those other facts to which these prodigious monuments bear testimony. Now to narrate briefly the circumstances of the day.

On Thursday, October 17, I caused my dragoman to purchase in the Frank bazaar at Grand Cairo the following articles, which will be placed in the Museum on my return.



A is a tin pot holding about a pint, and to contain B, a packet of flour (which of course is not visible, as it is tied up in brown paper), and C, a pig-skin brush of the sort commonly used in Europe—the whole costing about 5 piastres, or one shilling sterling. They were all the implements needful for this tremendous undertaking.

Horses of the Mosaic Arab breed, I mean those animals called Jerusalem ponies by some in England, by others denominated donkeys, are the common means of transport employed by the subjects of MEHEMET ALI. My excellent friend BUCKSHEESH PASHA would have mounted me either on his favourite horse, or his best dromedary. But I declined those proffers—if I fall, I like better to fall from a short distance than a high one.—I have tried tumbling in both ways, and recommend the latter as by far the pleasantest and safest. I chose the Mosaic Arab then—one for the dragoman, one for the requisites of refreshment, and two for myself—not that I proposed to ride two at once, but a person of a certain dimension had best have a couple of animals in case of accident.

I left Cairo on the afternoon of October 18, never hinting to a single person the mighty purpose of my journey. The waters were out, and we had to cross them thrice—twice in track-boats, once on the shoulders of abominable Arabs,

who take a pleasure in slipping and in making believe to plunge you in the stream. When in the midst of it, the brutes stop and demand money of you—you are alarmed, the savages may drop you if you do not give—you promise that you will do so. The half-naked ruffians who conduct you up the Pyramid, when they have got you panting to the most steep, dangerous, and lonely stone, make the same demand, pointing downwards while they beg, as if they would fling you in that direction on refusal. As soon as you have breath, you promise more money—it is the best way—you are a fool if you give it when you come down.

The journey I find briefly set down in my pocket-book as thus:—Cairo-Gardens—Mosquitoes—Women dressed in blue—Children dressed in nothing—Old Cairo—Nile, dirty water, ferry-boat—Town—Palm-trees, ferry-boat, canal, palm-trees, town—Rice-fields—Maize-fields—Fellows on dromedaries—Donkey down—Over his head—Pick up pieces—More palm-trees—More rice-fields—Water-courses—Howling Arabs—Donkey tumble down again—Inundations—Herons or cranes—Broken bridges—Sands—Pyramids.—If a man cannot make a landscape out of *that* he has no imagination. Let him paint the skies very blue—the sands very yellow—the plains very flat and green—the dromedaries and palm-trees very tall—the women very brown, some with veils, some with nose-rings, some tattooed, and none with stays—and the picture is complete. You may shut your eyes and fancy yourself there. It is the pleasantest way, *entre nous*.

The Crusade against the Apple Women.

IT will have been seen by the papers that the extermination of the Strand apple-women has been resolved upon, and the result is, that they are being driven "up the country" by the police, something in the same style as the red men were hurried into the far west by the American emigrants. Sergeant Z., accompanied by his staff, marched down from the heights of Southampton-street, and surprised a file of basketiers, who fled with a loss of twenty-four Ribstone pippins, and six nonpareils. Three Seville oranges also fell in the affray, and were picked up by some loiterers, who having got them into quarters, cruelly made away with them. On the side of the police there was a loss of a button from the coat and twenty minutes—being the time occupied in the achievement.

PRESENT OF FRUIT TO THE LORD MAYOR.

THE Fruiterers' Company presented a large quantity of fruit to the LORD MAYOR, consisting chiefly of apples. One of the deputation neatly observed, that the fruit was intended to furnish an abundance of apple-sauce for the goose of which his Lordship had partaken so plentifully on Lord Mayor's Day. The LORD MAYOR smiled, and the deputation bowed and retired.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE III.

MR. CAUDLE JOINS A CLUB,—"THE SKYLARKS."

"I'm sure a poor woman had better be in her grave than married! That is, if she can't be married to a decent man! No: I don't care if you are tired, I *shan't* let you go to sleep. No, and I won't say what I have to say in the morning; I'll say it now. It's all very well for you to come home at what time you like—it's now half-past twelve—and expect I'm to hold my tongue, and let you go to sleep. What next, I wonder? A woman had better be sold for a slave at once.

"And so you've gone and joined a club! The Skylarks, indeed! A pretty skylark you'll make of yourself! But I won't stay and be ruined by you. No: I'm determined of that. I'll go and take the dear children, and you may get who you like to keep your house. That is, as long as you have a house to keep—and that won't be long, I know.

"How any decent man can go and spend his nights in a tavern!—oh, yes, MR. CAUDLE; I dare say you *do* go for rational conversation. I should like to know how many of you would care for what you call rational conversation, if you had it without your filthy brandy-and-water; yes, and your more filthy tobacco-smoke. I'm sure the last time you came home, I had the head-ache for a week. But I know who it is who's taking you to destruction. It's that brute, PRETTYMAN. He has broken his own poor wife's heart, and now he wants to—but don't you think it, MR. CAUDLE; I'll not have my peace of mind destroyed by the best man that ever trod. Oh, yes! I know you don't care so long as you can appear well to all the world,—but the world little thinks how you behave to me. It shall know it, though—that I'm determined.

"How any man can leave his own happy fireside to go and sit, and smoke, and drink, and talk with people who wouldn't one of 'em lift a finger to save him from hanging—how any man can leave his wife—and a good wife, too, though I say it—for a parcel of pot-companions—oh, it's disgraceful, MR. CAUDLE: it's unfeeling. No man who had the least love for his wife could do it.

"And I suppose this is to be the case every Saturday? But I know what I'll do. I know—it's no use, MR. CAUDLE, your calling me a good creature: I'm not such a fool as to be coaxed in that way. No; if you want to go to sleep, you should come home in Christian time, not at half-past twelve. There was a time, when you were as regular at your fireside as the kettle. That was when you were a decent man, and didn't go amongst Heaven knows who, drinking and smoking, and making what you think your jokes. I never heard any good come to a man who cared about jokes. No respectable tradesman does. But I know what I'll do: I'll scare away your Skylarks. The house serves liquor after twelve of a Saturday; and if I don't write to the magistrates, and have the license taken away, I'm not lying in this bed this night. Yes, you may call me a foolish woman; but no, MR. CAUDLE, no; it's you who are the foolish man: or worse than a foolish man; you're—a wicked one. If you were to die to-morrow—and people who go to public-houses do all they can to shorten their lives—I should like to know who would write upon your tombstone, 'A tender husband and an affectionate father.' *I*—I'd have no such falsehoods told of you, I can assure you.

"Going and spending your money, and—nonsense! don't tell me—no, if you were to ten times swear it, I wouldn't believe that you only spent eighteen-pence on a Saturday. You can't be all those hours, and only spend eighteen-pence. I know better. I'm not quite a fool, MR. CAUDLE. A great deal you could have for eighteen-pence! And all the Club married men and fathers of families. The more shame for 'em! Skylarks, indeed! They should call themselves Vultures; for they can only do as they do by robbing their innocent wives and children. Eighteen-pence a week! And if it was only that,—do you know what fifty-two eighteen-pences come to in a year? Do you ever think of that, and see the gowns I wear? I'm sure I can't, out of the house-money, buy myself a pincushion; though I've wanted one these six months. No—not so much as a ball of cotton. But what do you care so you can get your brandy-and-water? There 's the girls, too—the things they want! They 're never dressed like other people's children. But it's all the same to their father. Oh yes! So he can go with his Skylarks they may wear sackcloth for pinafores, and packthread for garters.

"You'd better not let that MR. PRETTYMAN come here, that's all; or, rather, you'd better bring him once. Yes, I should like to see him. He wouldn't forget it. A man who, I may say, lives and moves only in a spittoon. A man who has a pipe in his mouth as constant as his front teeth. A sort of tavern king, with a lot of fools, like you, to laugh at what he thinks his jokes, and give him consequence. No, MR. CAUDLE, no; it's no use your telling me to go to sleep, for I won't. Go to sleep, indeed! I'm sure it's almost time to get up. I hardly know what's the use of coming to bed at all now.

"The Skylarks, indeed! I suppose you'll be buying a 'Little Warbler,' and at your time of life, be trying to sing. The peacocks will sing next. A pretty name you'll get in the neighbourhood; and, in a very little time, a nice face you'll have. Your nose is getting redder already: and you've just one of the noses that liquor always flies to. You don't see it's red? No—I dare say not—but *I* see it; *I* see a great many things you don't. And so you'll go on. In a little time, with your brandy-and-water—don't tell me that you only take two small glasses; I know what men's two small glasses are; in a little time you'll have a face all over as if it was made of red currant jam. And I should like to know who's to endure you then? I won't, and so don't think it. Don't come to me.

"Nice habits men learn at clubs! There's JOSKINS: he was a decent creature once, and now I'm told he has more than once boxed his wife's ears. He's a Skylark, too. And I suppose, some day, you'll be trying to box *my* ears? Don't attempt it, MR. CAUDLE; I say don't attempt it. Yes—it's all very well for you to say you don't mean it,—but I only say again, don't attempt it. You'd rue it till the day of your death, MR. CAUDLE.

"Going and sitting for four hours at a tavern! What men, unless they had their wives with them, can find to talk about, I can't think. No good, of course.

"Eighteen-pence a week—and drinking brandy-and-water, enough to swim a boat! And smoking like the funnel of a steam-ship! And I can't afford myself so much as a piece of tape! *It's* brutal, MR. CAUDLE. It's ve-ve-ve—ry bru——tal."

And, says a note in the MS. by MR. CAUDLE—"Here, thank heaven! yawning, she fell asleep."

MURDER IN SPORT.

FROM the statement of MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, it seems that the killing of game, on the part of anybody but the proprietor, is nothing more nor less than murder. Could not the honourable gentleman take a rather more lenient view of the matter and make it game-slaughter? It would be rather hard to hang a poor labourer for shooting a hare, even though he committed the act with hunger prepense. MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, we presume, will maintain that shooting at game with intent to kill, whether you hit it or not, is the next thing to murder. If so, and could his views become law, what a number of cockney sportsmen would be transported merely for wasting powder and shot! We should like to know whether MR. BERKELEY considers a clerk, or a medical student, who dines off jugged hare at an eating-house, an accessory after the fact; and also, whether he looks in the same light at anybody who sups on a poached egg.

Mathematical Examination Paper.

Q. What is an eccentric angle?

A. To fish for salt herrings in soda water.

Q. If 114 D represent a member of a force, required how long will he have a constant area?

A. As long as Betty smuggles joints from the kitchen.

MORTALITY AT PARIS.

DIED, last month, at her residence in the Jardin des Plantes, the GIRAFFE. A too plentiful repast of gingerbread nuts is supposed to have hastened her death. She has left a large number of cakewomen, whom she maintained by her appetite, to deplore her loss. The GIRAFFE is to have the honour of stuffing paid to her remains, and will shortly be laid out in straw in the *Musée d'Histoire Naturelle*.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

INTRODUCTION.

ONEST NOY'S Maxims were originally written in Law French, from which they were translated into English by a gentleman who, according to a later editor, understood neither the language in which they were written nor the subjects they treated of. The reader may conceive what a jumble this individual must have made of the Maxims; but perhaps this very circumstance was the cause of the work's popularity. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is a maxim most applicable to the law, though not a law maxim; and in reading a law book, it may be laid down as a general rule that it is real good law if the ordinary reader cannot make either head or tail of it. Though many may have heard of NOY'S Maxims, few persons know anything about NOY, and we therefore proceed to give a slight biographical sketch of him.

WILLIAM NOY was born about three centuries ago, in the year 1577; "but," says his biographer, with evident regret, "of his childhood we find nothing recorded." What he expected to "find recorded" we are of course not aware, unless he thought that the short-coating of such an eminent member of the long robe was an event worthy of being chronicled.

Young NOY, when first at the bar, was remarkable for taciturnity and clownish behaviour, so that it must be presumed when he had anything to move he held his tongue, and expressed the subject of his motions in pantomime. This is the only way which we can see of combining clownishness and taciturnity in the actual practice of his profession. He had none of the smaller courtesies of life, and in fact was a perfect bear; though—bear as he was—his honesty prevented him from being guilty of huggery. NOY would never plead a cause against his conscience; but his conscience was no doubt sufficiently elastic to prevent him from making too great a sacrifice of his interest.

NOY was elected M.P. for Helston, and afterwards for St. Ives, where he was an enthusiastic patriot, till the offer of the Attorney-Generalship induced this very conscientious man—we beg pardon—lawyer, to turn completely round to the other extreme in politics. It is said that he showed his discernment by taking notice of SIR MATTHEW HALE, then a little boy; though by-the-by, the idea of SIR MATTHEW HALE ever being a little boy is almost as difficult to conceive as that of METHUSALEH being brought in as a baby in arms, after dinner, when his parents had company. NOY, who had advised the collection of ship-money, died at Tunbridge Wells, in 1634; and the players—a nice set they must have been—made his decease the subject of a "Merrie Comedie."

He had been engaged in endeavouring to digest the Statutes, in conjunction with LORD BACON and two or three more; but as they never got through the job, it is possible that poor NOY fell a victim to an attack of indigestion.

CHAPTER ONE.

LAW maxims are calculated to impart to the reader the *maximum* of law with the *minimum* of trouble; and we select NOY, because we think the law may be learnt through NOY, without an-noy-ance.

OF THEOLOGY

we are unwilling to speak, and we therefore shall merely glance at the first maxim, which says that Religion is one of the chief objects of the law; or, to adhere to the original text—

1. *Summa ratio est, quæ pro religione facit.*—If religion is one of the chief objects of the law, we regret that the law so seldom succeeds in getting its object accomplished.

2. *Dies dominicus non est juridicus.*—Sunday is no day in law. This salutary maxim is one which persons with executions out against them continually take advantage of. This humane provision of the law has been figuratively styled the lungs of the debtor, enabling him to imbibe the fresh air once a week, and to expand his chest, or, (technically speaking, to swell it) in the Park, without the fear of a bailiff. Persons are to forfeit three-and-fourpence for baiting a bull a bear, or any other animal, on a Sunday; but it has been held that any one may bait his horse without incurring a penalty.

POVERTY REWARDED.

The *Hampshire Telegraph* boasts a paragraph which we have read with a delicious thrill of the heart-strings. One ANN ABRAHAM, aged upwards of 90, has received at the West of England Agricultural Meeting, as the reward of 50 years' faithful servitude, the sum of £2—yes, forty shillings—a very handsome recompense, though certainly not at the rate of twelve-pence a year. She has, moreover, received—

"A handsome testimonial from the Society, bearing the signature of the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, and which, being framed and glazed, now forms an elegant decoration to her cottage."

ANN ABRAHAM has not touched the forty shillings. No; she has left the money "to provide for her burial, without burdening the parish." Really, there is a fine spirit of economy animating these rewarding societies. For instance, the poor man will keep out of the workhouse—will starve with a fine heroism for fifty years, so that at the end of the half century he may obtain the rewarding forty shillings. *He* obtain it? No; his corpse obtains it, for he does not touch the money, leaving it that it may save his remains from the obloquy of parish deals. By such sweet bribes (not forgetting the "handsome testimonial, framed and glazed,") the poor are not only tempted to starve through life, but to bury themselves when starving has done its worst. How must the father of hypocrisy have chuckled and rubbed his iniquitous hands, as he read the "handsome testimonial" made by pharisaical benevolence to aged penury!

O YES! O YES!

Lost, a Donkey off Westminster Common—a kicker
Whether going with saddle, cart, pannier, or pack:
Is slow in his paces, was formerly quicker—
Has a mark, very faint, of *M.P.* on his back.

Is supposed to be stolen—for, lately, a lad
With some chaff in his hat was seen trying to catch him;
The lad 's out of place—is well known, wears a plaid—
And for cunning and mischief nobody can match him.

If *stray'd*, it is hoped, before long he 'll be found
In good working condition, improved in his paces,
For his owners would like to be earning a pound
(Or, at least, hear him bray) at next Westminster Races.

(Signed) JAMES COPPOCK,
28*th January.* *Westminster Crier.*

PREPARATIONS AT BRIGHTON.

IN consequence of the contemplated arrival of the Royal Children, the Pavilion has been for the last fortnight in a state of confusion, in order to complete the necessary preparations. The Royal carpet-beater was sent for, and entrusted with the hearth-rug of the Pavilion play-room; and MR. SANDERS, the Inspector of Palaces, was sent down expressly from London to see to the lighting of the fires, the airing of the beds, and the other domestic arrangements. The Comptroller of the Congreve Lights, attended by Stick in Waiting carrying a bundle of fire-wood, proceeded up stairs; and the Steward of the Clothes-horse held a consultation with Warming-pan in Ordinary as to the airing of the sheets and blankets.

We are happy to say that the whole of the arrangements are now in a state of forwardness, and it is expected that in about a week they will be completed.

PUNCH'S SPEECH ON THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The ceremony of delivering the address on the opening of *Punch's* Parliament attracted considerable attention, it being the first time that the imposing spectacle has been gone through since the removal to the new establishment, at No. 92, Fleet Street.

Mr. Punch proceeded through the outer office, amid the enthusiastic cheers of some newsmen, who were transacting official business with the publisher; and at this point the procession was joined by the boy, who threw open the flap of the counter, and the *cortège* proceeded through it at a rapid rate into the stock-room, in the rear of the extensive range of building. *Punch* looked remarkably well, and wore all his honours, including the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael, presented to him by the parishioners of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

After having taken his seat on a barrel of oysters, which served for a throne, he delivered the following speech to the publisher and the boy, who listened to it with breathless interest, which must have suffocated them both, had not *Punch* made pauses in his harangue, to enable his auditors to inspire a little air, between the paragraphs, thus preventing the breathless attention from lasting long enough to prove fatal.

"Gentlemen,

"I have called you together for the despatch of business, and I am very glad to see you.

"I am sorry to say that my disputes with the King of the French are not yet concluded, and he still continues to violate the postage treaty by refusing to allow my articles to go, duty free, into his dominions.

"In other respects my foreign relations are satisfactory, and I have opened a communication with Egypt, which has enabled me to stick a bill on one of the Pyramids. That bill was passed by yourselves to its destination, and I hope to see my power extended to the utmost limits of the East by the measure alluded to.

"In turning to domestic affairs, I feel the most unaffected satisfaction. I am proud to say there is a continued improvement in our manufactures of jokes, and there is a healthy demand for all our articles.

"The state of the income for the past year is another subject for congratulation. There is a considerable surplus, which will be devoted to the improvement of the internal state of my own pockets.

"Measures will be laid before you at an early period, for the Reform of sundry abuses, and I shall have several schemes to propose to you, on the subject of Irish, English, Scotch, Welsh, Colonial, and Foreign politics.

"The estimates for the ensuing year have been framed (and glazed) with the strictest eye to liberality, and I am sure that you, gentlemen, will provide cheerfully for my service by placing at my disposal the till, whose immense resources are capable of reaching the very highest development."

At the conclusion of the speech, *Mr. Punch* retired amid general acclamations. The Address was moved in the stock-room by the boy, who took a rapid glance at everything about him, and wound up with a forcible panegyric on the present year's Almanack.

The Address was moved in the office by the Publisher, who confined himself to a general survey of Fleet Street through the office window.

A Difficulty Removed.

It is said that the fountains in Trafalgar-square cannot be got to play, in consequence of the difficulty in boring sufficiently for water. If this be the only impediment, we should recommend that, in order to ensure a sufficiency of boring, a request should be made to Lord Brougham, on his return to England, to lend a hand.

ALDERMANIC ARRANGEMENTS.

Complaints are being continually made that on certain occasions, when Aldermen are required to be present, they are frequently not forthcoming. At the sittings of the Central Criminal Court, for instance, two Aldermen are necessary to sit by the side of the Judge, much in the same way as the lion and unicorn are wanted as supporters to the Arms of England. It is true that the Aldermen have nothing to do with the administration of justice, or—to use a theatrical term—are not required to be practicable; and a couple of property Aldermen, or lay figures, would do just as well as the living individuals. We understand that a motion will be brought before the Court of Common Council, authorising the preparation of six Aldermen stuffed with straw, to sit as dummies on those occasions when by law their presence is required. Two will be prepared as fixtures on the bench of the Central Criminal Court, each with a newspaper in his hand, to give the thing as much as possible the air of being in strict conformity with the present arrangement. Three will be set up in the Police Committee; and the remaining one will be hung up at the Mansion House, to be taken down and used whenever and wherever he may be wanted. By this arrangement punctuality of attendance will be insured; and there will be this advantage, that the stuffed Aldermen will not interrupt the business by sneezing, coughing, and sometimes snoring, which are the only proofs of their presence which the live Aldermen are in the habit of giving.

A Shaksperian Nursery Rhyme.

Sing a song of wonder,
In these enlightened days—
A monarch and his courtiers
At one of Shakspeare's plays!

When the play was opened,
And Macready did begin,
Oh wasn't it a dainty dish
To set before a King?

The King was in an ecstacy,
And counted out his money;
Mitchell was in amazement
At anything so funny.

The Court were in the parterre,
Rigg'd out in Sunday clothes,
And Joinville in a private box,
A turning up his nose!

NEW POOR LAWS.

We understand it is the intention of Her Majesty's Ministers to introduce a bill, during the coming sessions of Parliament, to amend the New Poor Laws. It is proposed to make all the metropolitan magistrates Poor Law Commissioners, as there are more paupers relieved at the police courts than at all the bastiles in London. This alteration is expected to give great satisfaction to the poor, as they then hope to be favoured with prison diet, which is looked upon as feasting.

A Constant Reader.—*The 5l. has been forwarded to Mrs. Reston.*

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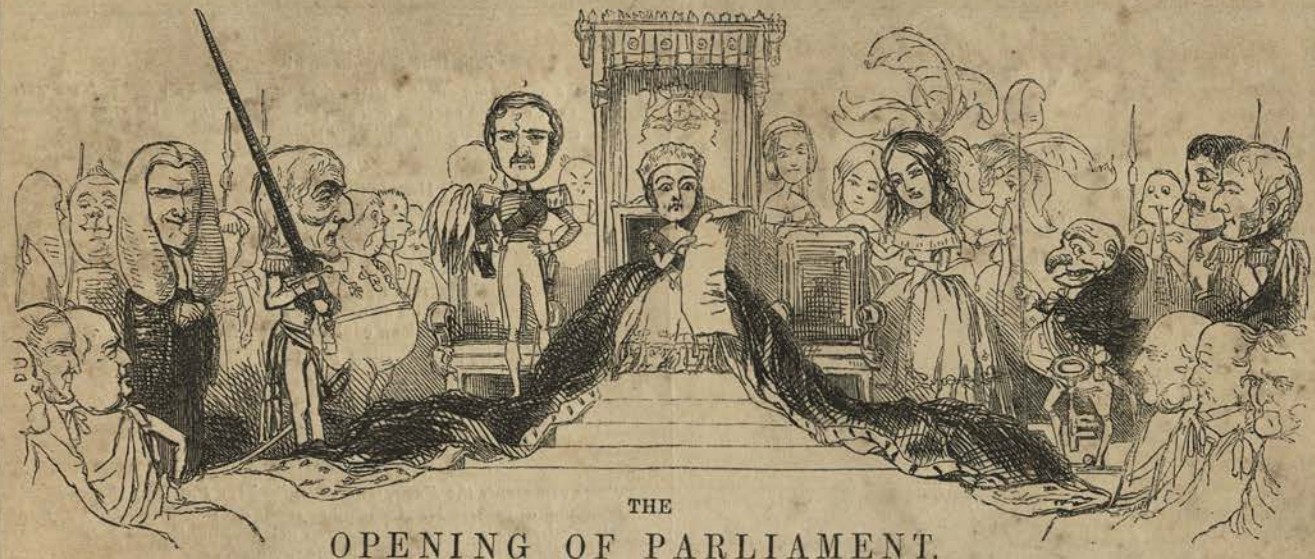


THE

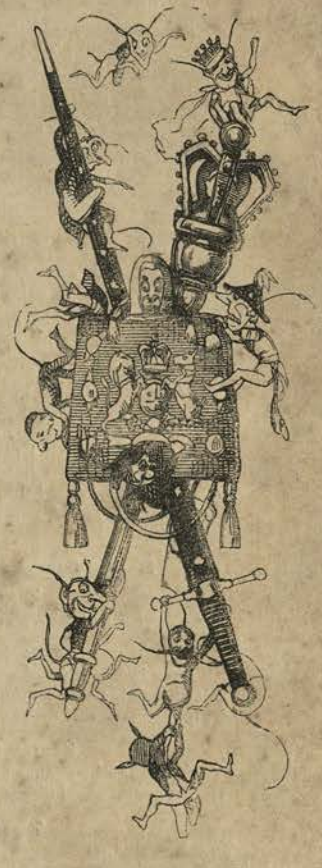
OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

A COMIC OPERA.

Prologue.

TO BE SPOKEN BY THE DOG TOBY.

ANOTHER Season we begin to-day,
And for the management what shall I say ?
I 've got a promise from director PEEL
He 'll put his shoulder to the common wheel.
But if he breaks his word—without a joke,
Into his wheel myself will put a spoke.
I cannot tell you what he means to do :
Let 's hope, my friends, 'tis neither I nor you.
If like the rest the present Session passes,
There 'll be a lot of legislative farces.
He has engaged, to entertain the Town,
The very celebrated legal Clown,
Who, by his practice in the Protean arts,
Fills such a great variety of parts.
In each department talent will be found ;
SIBTHORPE will occupy his usual ground,
And do again what he has done before,—
Keeping the House in one continued roar.
O'CONNELL will appear, whene'er he can,
In his crack part—the Obstinate Old Man.
And ELLENBOROUGH back from India pops,
With PALMERSTON once more to share the fops.
The supernumeraries muster strong :
They 're under him, who 's marshall'd them so long.
Much novelty is now in preparation,
Which it is hoped will meet your approbation ;
But what are promises compared with facts ?
Look to the Bills—ere you approve the Acts.



Act the First.

Scene I.

A dark Room in Downing Street; Peel *discovered with pen, ink, and paper before him, endeavouring to write the Royal Speech.*

Recitative.

Oh! Zamiel, if your ears my voice could reach
I 'd ask you how to write this horrid speech.

Adagio.

Humbug, bring thy fairest flowers;
Gammon, lend me all thine aid;
I 've been sitting here for hours,
Nor the smallest progress made.
Blarney, wherefore dost thou fail me?
Whither shall I turn for aid?
Ha! What busy fiends assail me?
Zamiel, come! I 'm not afraid.

[*A gong is heard, and* Zamiel *enters through the inkstand.*

Duett. Zamiel *and the* Premier.

Zamiel.

Thou hast called me—I am here now.

Peel (*aside*).

Ha! my breast is filled with fear now.
But although I shake and tremble,
I my feelings must dissemble.

Zamiel (*aside*).

Yes, although he shakes and trembles,
He his feelings still dissembles.

Together.

The Premier.	Zamiel.
Oh, how frightful,	To him 'tis frightful,
Yet how delightful;	And yet delightful;
For nothing caring,	For nothing caring,
The speech preparing.	His speech preparing.
The task is done.	My task is done.
To me what gladness,	This seeming gladness
Although as madness.	May turn to madness.
If others knew it,	If others knew it,
Perchance they 'd view it;	They dared not do it;
Yes, ten to one.	No, ten to one.

The Premier.

Yes, yes, yes,—ten to one!

Zamiel.

No, no, no,—ten to one!

Both.

Ten, ten, ten,—to one!

[*At the end of the duett,* Zamiel *disappears, and several of his agents rush on with various articles, which they throw into the inkstand, while they sing the following wild*

Chorus.

Here 's flummery,
Here 's mummery,
Stir it, stir it round,
An ounce of truth, of falsehood a pound;
Now, of chaff a pound and a quarter,
Mix it, mix it, with milk-and-water;
Drain it off as dry as a bone,
'Twill make a capital speech from the throne.

[Zamiel's *agents dance round the* Premier, *flashing flambeaux in his face. He falls senseless on the floor in the midst of them, and the room, with everything in it, sinks, discovering*

Scene II.

The Stage represents the Park, with Buckingham Palace painted on the flat, and a practicable Archway in front of it. The Stage is filled with Citizens, and some Horseguards are keeping the line by prancing with their horses over the toes of the populace.

Grand Chorus of Citizens.

She comes; she comes—
I hear the drums.

Solo. Commissioner Mayne.

She comes; she comes—
They hear the drums.

Quartett. Commissioner Mayne, *Sentinel, Policeman, and 1st Bystander.*

Commissioner Mayne *and* Sentinel.

Keep back, I charge you, within the line.

Policeman.

To make him do so the task be mine.

Commissioner Mayne.

Keep back, I charge you.

Sentinel.

Within the line!

First Bystander.

Who 'll make me do so?

Policeman (*rushing forward*).

That task be mine.

Grand laughing Chorus of Citizens.

Ha, ha, ha! he, he, he!
Ho, ho, ho! oh dear me!

Duett. Sentinel *and* Boy.

Sentinel.

Down, down I say, from yonder lamp:
How came you there, you little scamp?

Boy (*on the lamp-post*).

No harm I thought of doing;
The sight intent on viewing,
The friendly lamp I sought.

Sentinel.

Your hopes for ever blighting,
Down from the post alighting,
Descend as quick as thought.'

Together.

Yes, by { you / me } our Gracious Queen,
From that lamp must ne'er be seen;
Though to see the gorgeous sight
{ You are / I am } welcome to a—light.

[*Drums are heard at a distance, guns are fired from the Tower,* Her Majesty *drives through the Arch, the shouting of the populace reaches the highest point, and the act-drop descends while the people sing the following—*

Grand Chorus.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
Hark, the signal from the Tower!
See how every body runs,
Ah! the guns! the guns! the guns!

Act the Second.

The Stage represents the House of Lords. A practicable Throne at the back, and a figure of the LORD CHANCELLOR *painted on the flat. Several Members cut in profile and others represented by living personages.*

Chorus of Members.

AIR.—*The Chough and Crow.*

The grouse and snipe to roost are gone,
The crow sits on the tree;
And CAMPBELL fears that he alone
The mark for BROUGH'M will be.
The PREMIER eyes Young England BEN,
As if "Come on," he'd say.
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our opening day.

BROTHERTON sends us fast asleep
With true mesmeric power,
And winking eyelids faintly peep
While he talks by the hour.
Bewilder'd HUME, with shorten'd ken,
Loses his murky way.
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our opening day.

PUNCH GOING DOWN TO THE HOUSE.

No source of income own we now;
But, knocking at our door,
Th' assessor comes with dreadful row
To mulct us of our store:
He calculates with ink and pen—
A surcharge we must pay:
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
And use him as you may.

General Chorus.

Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
For 'tis our opening day.

Recitative. USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.

Now, by the sound of horses and of coaches,
I 'm certain that HER MAJESTY approaches.

(*A short pause.*)

Now, by the murmuring of voices near,
I 'm pretty sure HER MAJESTY is here.

[*All rise and the* QUEEN *enters.*—HER MAJESTY *takes her place upon the Throne.*]

(PRIME MINISTER *hands the Speech.*)

Barcarole and Chorus. PREMIER *and* MEMBERS.

In your fingers taper,
Lovely lady mine,
Take this sheet of paper,
Lovely lady mine.
Then in accents sweeter
Than honey of the bee,
Oh, act as a repeater
Of what you there will see.

Chorus.

In her fingers taper,
Lovely lady his,
She takes the sheet of paper,
Lovely lady his.

PREMIER. (*deuxième couplet*).

Humbug though you know it,
Lovely lady mine,
Prithee do not show it,
Lovely lady mine.
In judicious pauses
Let your accents fall,
Giving weight to clauses
Meaning nought at all.

Chorus.

Humbug though she knows it,
Lovely lady his,
Yet she never shows it,
Lovely lady his.

Grand Recitative and Scena. THE QUEEN.

My lords and gentlemen, again I meet ye,
With cordiality once more I greet ye;
Though I 'd not have you work your brains to dizziness,
Pray give your heads to the despatch of business.

Cantabile molto affetuoso.

My dear allies, my foreign allies,
Are acting with policy pleasant and wise;
For some of them come
To see me at home;
But this observation expressly applies
To LOUIS-PHILIPPE,
Who to Windsor's keep
Came over, despite Anti-Anglican cries.

Adagio.

Ah! the appearance of our country's coffers,
Oh! A rich theme for gratulation offers;
Our public purse we 've found the way to stock it,—
We 've got at last a surplus in our pocket;
Oh, may it never cause so much dissension
As—oh! another surplice I could mention.

Allegro.

All things wear a smile;
Commerce has been mending;
In our little Isle
All to good seems tending.
Wages on the rise;
Lots of milk and honey:
You 'll not grudge supplies,—
There 's a glut of money.

Chorus of MEMBERS.

Tooral looral, loo, &c., &c.

THE QUEEN (*deuxième couplet.*)

Poor there are, they say,
Who endure hard rubbing;
But they 've found a way
To heal it by a scrubbing.
Baths they mean to build
Soon in every quarter;
Mouths will then be filled,
If not with bread—with water.

Chorus.

Tooral looral, loo, &c., &c.

[*At the end of the Chorus there is a grand display of red fire, which makes everything look as if it were couleur de rose, and* THE CURTAIN FALLS.]

The Absent One.

No one can possibly have forgotten the immortal advertisement, addressed to two illustrious letters of the Alphabet, of his being "earnestly implored, if he would not return to his disconsolate family, to send back immediately the key of the tea-caddy." Might not a similar one be addressed to MR. LEADER, drawn up in the following style?—

MR. JOHN LEADER, you are earnestly implored, if you will not come home to your misrepresented constituents, at all events to send back the representation of the City you have taken away with you. Please address to the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds.

POISONERS. LIVING AND DEAD.—ARSENIC NOVELS.

AWELL, the Quaker, is at the present moment a very powerful rival to the makers of Newgate volumes. Folks are apt to turn from a novel, though wholly composed of French sentiment and French arsenic, to study the living animal charged with poisoning. One peep at TAWELL in Aylesbury gaol must be worth the whole history of the MARCHIONESS DE BRINVILLIERS, though disinterred, like poor M. LAFFARGE, for the sake of her arsenic. Here is the proof.

On Saturday week—we quote from the *Aylesbury News*—was the day of the county meeting; when—

"*A great many of the gentry* and magistracy of the county were here; after the meeting, many of these vulgar people attended the gaol *under the character of visiting-justices.* Having looked into a few cells, they all repaired to that in which MR. TAWELL was confined, who was made *to turn out for their inspection as if he were some wild animal.* Some of the magistrates, determined to have a good view, eyed him from top to toe *with their spy-glasses*, examining him as they would a horse they were about to purchase. The prisoner complained bitterly of this to MR. SHERIFF, who told him it could not be remedied, as these visiting-justices had a command and superintendence in the county gaol superior even to his, although he was the governor and county gaoler."

In the first place—to say nothing of the feelings of the prisoner—this practice is highly prejudicial to the interests of the Newgate novel-monger. How, for instance, is MR. BENTLEY, the publisher, to continue to sell his monthly doses of literary arsenic—or rather, of arsenicated literature—treating the gentle public as he would treat rats,—if a crowd of magistracy can take a crowd of friends and show a man suspected to be a real poisoner for nothing? Who would care to behold the tawdry, saloon-like wardrobe of a BRINVILLIERS—when they can see,—aye, gaze at through a spy-glass,—the buttonless drab coat of a TAWELL? If MR. BENTLEY have any sense of his own interest, he will appeal to the Home Office on the matter. He will represent that, as he endeavours every month to make poisoning familiar to the meanest understanding—as he sends into the bosoms of families and coffee-shops the prettiest lessons on the use of arsenic, as formerly he taught housebreaking by *Jack Sheppard*—he ought not to be thus unfairly competed with by gratuitous exhibitors. MR. BENTLEY, as a great publisher of arsenic, ought really to look to this. He has, we conceive, vested interests in the mortal drug: he drives a trade with it, like SHAKSPEARE'S *Apothecary*; though, unlike him, he sells his ratsbane in the face of open day. To be sure, SIR JAMES GRAHAM may have some latent sympathy with rats, and so snub the bookseller. Nevertheless, we advise MR. BENTLEY to make the trial.

As for the crime of murder, it is extraordinary how, with some minds, a very little time lessens its horror. A homicide is committed; and society is in a convulsion of terror at the act. A few days pass; paragraphs appear declaratory of the respectability of the accused. Every hour the mark of blood seems fading upon him, and every hour he becomes an object of increasing interest. Artists catch flying likenesses of him; something that passes for his portrait appears in some of the Sabbath papers; and when at length, condemned, he is about to suffer his last punishment,—it may almost be questioned whether the assassin may not be considered as a sort of public player—an heroic victim self-doomed—for the agreeable excitement of a most civilized nation.

Can this be doubted? We put it to the above curious magistrates and gentry, whether, having spied their fill at an accused murderer, they did not quit the gaol much more satisfied, more amused, than if they had paid their shilling at MADAME TUSSAUD'S?

Wonderful Discovery of Coin.

A PENNY, of the reign of VICTORIA, was discovered last week in the toll-box of the Waterloo Bridge. The toll-keeper is quite puzzled to explain how it could have got there, as he does not recollect ever seeing anything of the kind since he has had the exclusive possession of the Bridge. The supposition is, the penny must have been dropped into the toll-box by some charitable individual who had mistaken it for a poor-box. However, we congratulate the shareholders upon their sudden accession of property.

NEW BANK FOR STEALINGS.

IMPORTANT TO ROGUES AND VAGABONDS.

THERE is a by no means inconsiderable class of persons whose interests have, for a long time, been very grievously neglected—we allude to the disreputable portion of society. This has been partly the fault of the body in question; for it is an old-established maxim that when good men unite, characters of an opposite description should combine; whereas lamentable disunion has existed among the furtive community. It has long been a reproach to roguery that it never prospers; a fact which is owing to the improvidence which generally accompanies want of principle. Numerous examples in Church and State, as well as in the commercial world, prove that it is possible for a prudent rogue to get on as well as anybody else. Organisation is as necessary as honour among thieves; and an eminent pickpocket has accordingly suggested the propriety of establishing a Stealings Bank, to be conducted on the principle of a Savings Bank, for the accumulation of the earnings of dishonest industry, as a provision for the depredator's declining years. The direction of the Stealings Bank will be vested in a chairman, whose name, for obvious reasons, it were inexpedient to publish, as he is the greatest rogue in England. This gentleman (if we are justified in using that expression) will be assisted by an unlimited number of Vices of the lowest grade. The smallest deposits will be admissible; and plunder in kind will be regarded as an investment, and receive a fair monied equivalent; whereby it is hoped an end will be put to the extortions of marine-store dealers. The Bank will be open to yards of ribbons and bits of tape, and even to rags and bones. To sharp shop-boys having access to tills, no less than to the footpad and highwayman, this institution will be available, and will receive any amount of booty, from the smallest theft to the highest burglary, swindling, or forgery transaction. No distinction will be made between common thieves, sharpers, and pickpockets, and peculators in government or other official situations, so that to all dishonestly-disposed persons holding ministerial appointments, or berths in the Excise and Customs, the Stealings Bank holds out peculiar temptations; as also to individuals of the same description, in positions of trust, having the control of corporate or parochial affairs; magistrates' clerks, also, and officers of certain law courts, whose fees come decidedly under the head of impositions, will find an appropriate receptacle for their gains in the Stealings Bank. Open from 10 o'clock at night till 4 in the morning. Further particulars will be duly announced.

DECOY SOVEREIGNS.

WE always heard, that gifts of charity were instalments to be repaid with interest. It appears that this is literally as well as metaphysically true. At a vestry-meeting in St. Marylebone, we are told of "a gentleman who made a collection in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, and put three sovereigns into the plate he held, simply as a decoy to the congregation, and with the understanding that he was to receive two of them back!" We add, with indignation, that the officiating clergyman had the meanness to "sell" this charitable plate-holder, by putting his hand on the plate when the lender was about to take out his two sovereigns, with the remark, "What is here belongs to the charity for which it was subscribed, and you can take nothing." Now this is really hard. People are content with mock sympathy, and mock virtue, but not with mock contributions! Gold, the great realiser, must not be converted to purposes of deception; we will have real sovereigns. There is a lesson in this.

Let the lady, whose name figures on the committee of the Society for the Relief of Distressed Needlewomen, and who insists on her ball-dress being home to the minute, remember these decoy guineas at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Let YOUNG ENGLAND, while declaiming to the Manchester mechanic, and paying seven shillings a week to the labourer, think of them!

Let MR. COBDEN, while setting forth the duties of property, think of them!

Let the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS think of them!

Let PRESIDENT TYLER think of them!

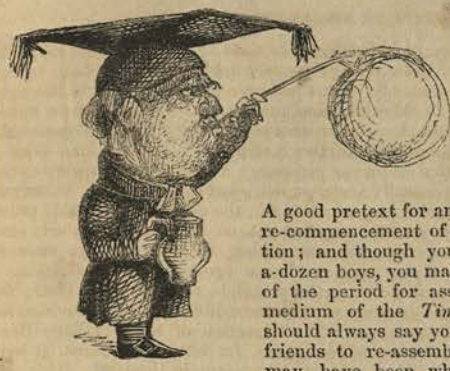
Let DANIEL O'CONNELL think of them!

Indeed, who is there that might not ponder on this lesson with interest! And we fear, that many who come forward to claim the reward of good deeds, well-trumpetted, will be surprised to find that they are only asking back their decoy sovereigns, and receive the answer of the St. George's plateholder, "You can take nothing."

AND VERY DEAR TOO!

THE title of DUC D'ISLY was offered to MARSHAL BUGEAUD, but declined by him, at first, as it involved an expense of 18,000 francs. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH says, "He wishes he had known this, as the Marshal might have had his title for one-half the amount."

HINTS TO SCHOOLMASTERS.



WARDS Christmas and Midsummer it is necessary to advertise or send round circulars, or your school will never be able to stand the competition of those semi-public establishments which are now so numerous. A good pretext for an advertisement is the re-commencement of school after the vacation; and though you may have only half-a-dozen boys, you may as well apprise them of the period for assembling, through the medium of the *Times* newspaper. You should always say you expect "your young friends to re-assemble;" for though you may have been whacking your "young friends" all through the last half-year, and have laid in two or three avenging birch brooms with a view to the next, there is something peculiarly attractive to parents in the mode of address alluded to. If you want pupils, say the number is limited—which it very likely will be—and never let there be a vacancy for more than two, for it is not likely that more than two will be sent from the same family, and each parent should be made to feel a sort of privilege in having room found for his child or children. Always make the nominal terms as low as possible, for it is easy to stick it on in extras, as the following sample of a school-bill will testify:—

J. SPOONER, Esq. Dr

To J. WHACKUM:

	£	s.	d.
To half a year's board and tuition	9	9	0
Geography, with the use of the Globes	1	1	0
Simple Mathematics, with the use of the Compasses	1	1	0
Belles Lettres and broken windows	1	1	0
Classical rhetoric and washing	2	2	0
Algebra and the use of the skittles	1	1	0
Dancing and drilling	1	1	0
Extra for the Polka	0	10	6
German master and dentist	1	1	0
Dancing master and medical attendance	1	0	0
Extras during the half year	2	2	0
Share of breakage	0	10	6
	22	0	0

This arrangement enables you to advertise your terms as eighteen guineas per annum, while you in fact make them upwards of four-and-forty.

As it is desirable to be able to announce that there are certain exhibitions attached to the school, it would not be a bad idea to make an arrangement with Madame Tussaud, the Chinese Collection, and one or two more for a season-ticket for half-a-dozen, so that the boys might be taken in turn; and though these are not the sort of exhibitions that the parents would desire, the pupils would no doubt be perfectly satisfied.

Get a Master of Arts, if you can, to enable you to advertise his name as an assistant, with M.A. at the end of it. Masters of Arts may be had very cheap now, from the Scotch or Irish Universities, and they give great respectability to an establishment.

If you send out holiday letters, let them be written in one or two different languages; and the following would give the parents an idea of juvenile classical proficiency:—

Μι δεαρ Παρεντς,

Ουρ ολιδαις κομμενσε νεξτ νεεκ, ανδ Ι ὁπε το φινδ υ ανδ αλλ θε φαμιλε χυιτε νελλ.

Τρ αφεκτιονατε Σον,

ΑΡΘΥΡ ΒΡΟΥΝ.

Of course a letter of this description must only be sent to a parent who is not likely to detect the humbug of it; and if it is pointed out to him, you must declare it was intended merely to exercise the boy in the use of the Greek alphabet.

The Walbrook Pet.

IT seems that the city of Lyons can boast of a SIR PETER LAURIE, who is determined to put down "hissing, hooting, and all marks of disapprobation whatsoever in the theatre!" having issued a mayoral edict to that effect. By-the-by, a certain Lord Mayor would find a similar proclamation very useful in the City, providing he has the courage to attempt another Ninth of November.

Our City Article.

ONE of the chief topics of conversation in the City to-day, has been the unexpected publication of the state of its deposit and issue account by the Bank of Elegance. It seems that in the note department there has been, what at first sight appears, an alarming over-issue, for the nominal value of the paper is 200,000 pounds, whereas in the market it would only realise the price of waste. If tissue paper is a shilling a hundred dearer in London than it is at Westminster, the exchange will be about the tenth of a *mille* in favour of the latter; and supposing gold to be the same price in the Strand as it is at Hammersmith, the eighth of a cipher will represent the mean difference. The Bank of Elegance has, it seems, sent round its own bills to all its customers, with the view of adding to the amount of bullion. To judge from the face of one of the parties who came out of the bank parlour (behind the shop), we should say that a system of very close shaving will be acted on. Under the head of deposits we find only two pocket-handkerchiefs and a silver pencil-case, while the column which shows the amount of rest, has the word Sunday under it. Among the dead weight we find some Macassar Scrip, and a quantity of reduced Columbian, generally known as Oldridge's Balm; but if there should be a rush of bears the Columbian will not retain its value.

"THE FARMER'S FRIEND."

THIS is the proud title—a much prouder one than that of his nobility—of the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. He *is* at all times, *the* farmer's friend. Indeed, in Buckinghamshire, he is looked upon as only second to the blessed sun itself, in his benign influence on the farmer. In the smiles of the Duke, crops ripen; and his agricultural counsel is far more fertilizing than guano. Yes, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *is* the farmer's friend. But how, when the farmer dies, and leaves a widow? Does the friendship extend to the survivor? Let us see.

A MR. READ, occupant of a farm at Winchendon Marsh, recently died. The farm had been in his family nearly a century. Previous to his death, MR. READ had laid out nearly 400*l.* in under-draining. He left a widow with a large and young family. The executors (practical farmers) offered to see that the farm was properly managed. The widow begged to be allowed to remain one more year to reduce her stock. No—no—no! "The farm," says the *Aylesbury News*, "was actually let over the poor woman's head at an advanced rent of 100*l.* per annum." Nor is this, it appears, a single instance of the kind. However, these things do not invalidate the Duke's claim to the title of farmers' friend. Only, let the farmers of Buckinghamshire make this memorandum—the Duke's friendship does not extend to farmers' widows and children.

THE "COSTS" OF JUSTICE.

"THE majesty of offended justice" is pretty well a stereotyped phrase: like many other phrases, there is a bouncing sound in it that makes it acceptable to the world at large. No phrase, however, can be more at variance with truth. It should run "the majesty of offended *costs*." Justice is oft-times moderate and placable enough; easily and reasonably satisfied. It is the man-eating officials about her who are all stomach; rapacious, omnivorous. Justice mulcts an offender in the fine of one shilling; but justice's clerk (to make it even money) demands nineteen shillings for costs. Wounded justice may be healed by the salve of twelvepence; but the sufferings of the clerk, consequent—by sympathy we presume—upon the wound, cannot be allayed by any anodyne costing less than nineteen times that amount. Practice does much: but we certainly do marvel at the gravity of magistrates who, on such convictions in the name of justice, do not roar a laugh in every prisoner's face.

The *Bedford Mercury* supplies us with a few illustrations of the beauty of costs.

"At the Aylesbury Petty Sessions, EMANUEL PRIEST was convicted of having set a snare in a hare's run on the preserve of SIR J. D. KING, BART., at Halton. He was committed to prison for seven days, in default of the payment of 1*s.* fine and 19*s.* costs. WILLIAM JEFFKINS was committed to prison for 10 days, in default of the payment of 2*s.* 6*d.* fine and 20*s.* costs, for having trespassed in pursuit of game, on the preserve of the above gentleman."

How little of this punishment is, in truth, inflicted by justice! The fine is small; and nineteen times out of twenty would be paid. But no, the magistrate's clerk steps in with costs. He must be satisfied; and in default, the pauper is sent to gaol. Thus, he is not so much punished to satisfy justice, as to make reparation to justice's clerk. Setting wires for hares, forsooth! We defy the most adroit and incorrigible poacher to set so many snares for game, as law, in the prostituted name of justice, sets for him. The peasant 'snares puss; and costs snare the peasant.

BLACK MONDAY:

OR, THE

OPENING OF THE ST. STEPHEN'S ACADEMY.

THERE is to-day an end of play,
The holidays are past;
With downcast looks they bring their books,
For school begins at last.

Young MASTER PEEL begins to feel
His task he must resume;
And CAMPBELL, too, with birch in view,
Stands much in fear of BROUGH'M.

LYNDHURST, with sack behind his back,
To school comes lightly tripping;
FOLLETT, with fear, comes in the rear,
Conscious that he's been skipping.

Next GRAHAM comes, with sugar plums,
Of which he'll offers make—
To some that he thinks will agree
His doctor's stuff to take.

Let's hope each boy will well employ
The time he has to learn,
And if he tries, p'rhaps with a prize
To home he may return.

If, not inclined his task to mind—
He to his books is fickle—
We warn them all, both great and small,
Punch has a rod in pickle.

THE SONG OF THE SILENT MEMBER.

YES, we must leave the rural scene,
The sports which still invite,
To loll upon the benches green
Beneath the strong Bude-light.
And as we watch the dull debate
Kept up on either side,
We'll calmly in our places wait
Till wanted to divide.

If one of us awake has kept,
He'll the debate explain
To those who through it may have slept,
And let them sleep again.
We'll rouse them up when the reply
Comes from the other side;
For then the time is drawing nigh
When we must all divide.

BLACK MONDAY;

OR, THE OPENING OF ST. STEPHEN'S ACADEMY.

PUNCH AT BISHOPSTOWE.

BUT a few days ago HENRY OF EXETER, dating from Bishopstowe, wrote these words. He had received "NO AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE UNHAPPY SCENES WHICH ON TWO SUCCESSIVE SUNDAYS HAD BEEN ENACTED AT ST. SIDWELL'S." That is, he had heard nothing about the REV. MR. COURTENAY.

What a blessed place, thought we, must be this Bishopstowe! What a lovely retreat from the clamorous, selfish, envious world! It is here—it is in the silent, sacred recesses of Bishopstowe, that Exeter's prelate cultivates the wisdom that raises and purifies his diocese: it is here that he elaborates the moral honey which has made his name synonymous with sweetness. Well, it is something, we thought, in these violent and brawling times, that there are some nooks left in the else distracted world, where goodness, and benevolence, and Christian zeal, and labouring philanthropy may find a retreat and resting-place. And this earthly Paradise, as GEORGE ROBINS would touchingly call it, is—Bishopstowe! No clamours reach it. The place is holy and peaceful as a hermit's cell!

Full of these thoughts, we resolved to visit Bishopstowe. We had learned from the *Times* that it lay somewhere between Teignmouth and Torquay. Staff in hand we set out from 92, Fleet-street; for on such a lofty errand, we disdained the luxury of the railway. "No," said we, "such a place is to be reverently sought on foot—yea, barefooted; if possible, over flints and shards." Hence, we walked every step of the way; and when we rested, beguiled our weariness with reading EXETER'S late pastoral letters; far sweeter to the spirit than the sounds of JACOB'S pipe—allowing that JACOB ever played upon such an instrument.

We pass many incidents of our pilgrimage. When within about a mile and a half of Bishopstowe, the face of all things seemed rapidly to change. Every footstep appeared to bring us upon lovelier objects; the sky grew brighter; there was a balmy, searching sweetness in the air; delicious odours seemed to rise from the very earth—odours such as are said to breathe from martyrs' tombs. "It is," thought we, "the odour of living sanctity. We *must* be close upon the Bishop."

It was delightful to look in the faces of the few villagers we encountered. They were quite another race—entirely different from the dull, earth-bent creatures, we had met before. There was a serene happiness in every countenance—a look of cheerful piety—that bespoke the influence of some higher, humanizing spirit dwelling among them. "If such be the flock," we thought, "what must be the Shepherd?"

At length we arrived at Bishopstowe—at length we stood before the modest cell of HENRY OF EXETER. We approached through "winding, mossy ways," skirted on both sides with glorious cedars, touchingly suggestive of Lebanon. The retreat was, as Milton says, in "the navel of a wood." All was silent, save the rippling of a small stream, whose silver thread brightened the greensward, and seemed to sing sweet music unto meditation!

"No," thought we, looking admiringly about us; "this is no place to be desecrated by the world-trudging foot of postman. And for a newspaper,—oh never did even the far-off sounds of newsman's horn awaken feeblest echoes in these awful shades!"

We approached the cell. *Oh, what a cell!* Smiting the postern with our staff, we meekly asked of, we think, an aged man—for his locks were white with either time or powder—to see HENRY OF EXETER. The man doubtless saw that our need was urgent, and thus, we are sure, obeyed his master's standing orders, in showing us immediately the way.

He opened the door of a sanctuary—and—our staff dropped from our hands! We were astounded—tongue-tied! For—seated in his easy-chair before us was—

HENRY OF EXETER READING THE *Times* OF YESTERDAY!

It was plain from the copies at his feet—plain from his countenance—that he had swallowed every syllable of the history of "THE UNHAPPY SCENES WHICH ON TWO SUCCESSIVE SUNDAYS HAD BEEN ENACTED AT ST. SIDWELL'S!"

Seeing this, we plucked up our staff, and rushed from Bishopstowe!

CHILDREN'S DELIVERY COMPANY.

WE understand that a company is about to be formed on the plan of the Parcels' Delivery, for the purpose of taking children home from juvenile parties, without giving their parents the trouble to send for them. Vans are to go round at stated hours in the evening, and there will be a central office, where children may be booked; and the company, whenever the booking has been paid, will be responsible for loss or damage. There will also be a receiving-house in town, where infants may be left to be forwarded to the suburbs, and they may either be paid for in advance or on arriving at the place of their destination. If a child turns out to be overweight, double carriage will be charged, and in case of shawls being used as envelopes it is requested that the direction may be pinned on as conspicuously as possible. Parents wishing their children to remain out till the latest moment, can stop the van as it goes round, and a bell will be rung to apprize parties of its approach in the same manner as that adopted by the general postmen.

Should the scheme succeed on a limited scale, the principle will be greatly extended, and there will be four deliveries a-day, for attendance at schools, morning and evening, in and near the Metropolis.

ECONOMICAL LUXURIES.

FROM recent accounts, if it be true that Mesmerism can convert water into beer or wine, and can work changes in the gastronomic way that BRADWELL, DÖBLER, and TIME, were they to put three heads together, never could invent; why not then apply this new science of cheap cookery to the improvement of workhouse larders? Only consider the saving to each parish in the poor's rates, if the paupers were to imagine the New River Moët's champagne, paving-stones loaves of bread, and deal-boards haunches of venison! The same legerdemain might be practised on everything that passed their mouths; and the paupers, whilst they would fare at less cost, if possible, than at present, would have the mental enjoyment of imagining they had been dining off luxuries hitherto the abdominal perquisites of aldermen. Every Union will become an Arcadia, stocked with venison and currant-jelly, and poverty be a thing only to be met with in works of fiction! The Millennium, by the aid of Magnetism, will be brought to every man's door; and the pot will be kept boiling all through the world by means of the electric fluid.

NEW TITLES OF HONOUR.

IT is stated to be the intention of HER MAJESTY'S advisers, in emulation of the titles common in Spain, such as "Duke of Victory," "Viscount of Loyalty," (recently conferred on the BARON DE MEER,) &c., to institute a new set of dignities, taking their denominations from the qualities most distinguishing the intended recipients. Thus, a noble Ex-Chancellor is to be created "Viscount of Vinegar;" MR. O'CONNELL, "Viscount of Vituperation;" and SIRS R. PEEL and J. GRAHAM, (from the epistolary perfection of the one, and the deciphering capabilities of the other,) respectively, "Lord Letterwriting," and "Lord Letterreading." Nor are the new titles to be confined to the political world; LORD W. LENNOX, we understand, is to be raised to the peerage by the style of "Viscount Scissors, of Sheffield;" and the celebrated MR. GRANT, "Earl of English Grammar." MR. BUNN, the Poet, is to be "Baron of Blazes;" and the chivalrous MR. WIDDICOMBE will have the appropriate title of "Marquis Methusaleh." However unusual it may be to ennoble a LORD MAYOR, or other City dignitary, we also hear that, in consideration of his distinguished merit, the present occupant of that honourable office is likely to become "Baron Brass."

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

OF GRAMMAR.

AGES the law has regarded Grammar as a guest at a dinner-party regards Champagne, taking it when it happens to be there, but never insisting on having it. "It has been settled," says an old jurist, "that ALFRED THE GREAT lived before LINDLEY MURRAY, and as ALFRED made a very good code of laws without the aid of Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, or Prosody, it does not seem that the law absolutely requires any one of them." LYCURGUS, the Spartan Lawgiver, was no great grammarian; but it was facetiously said of him that he could decline though he would never conjugate; for he declined his brother's widow, and refused to enter into the conjugal state with her. The only law maxim bearing on Grammar, is—

3. *Ad proximum antecedens fiat relatio, nisi impediatur sententiâ.*—The antecedent bears relation to what follows next, unless it interferes with the meaning of the sentence.

An indictment against JOHN, the husband of ELIZABETH Yeoman, is good; for though LINDLEY MURRAY would say the Yeoman meant ELIZABETH, the law would say that a woman can't be a man, and that JOHN, the husband, must be considered as the Yeoman referred to. So, in the case of the actor who burst in upon RICHARD THE THIRD, exclaiming, "My lord, 'tis I, the early village cock," and forgot the remainder of the passage—it is clear he could not have been sued as the early village cock; for such a description, though grammatically correct, would have been at variance with all probability.

OF LOGIC.

4. *Cessante causâ cessat effectus*—When the cause ceases, the effect ceases. This maxim may be read either backwards or forwards; for if it be true that when the cause ceases the effect ceases, it is, *à fortiori*, a greater truth that when the effects cease the cause will cease; for the lawyer, when he finds the effects all gone, will let the cause come to a stand-still.

Though it is a general rule that effects cease with causes, there are cases to the contrary. And the books tell us of a man who had a thrashing which caused him much pain, and the pain which was the effect did not cease when the thrashing, which was the cause, had been for a long time over.

5. *Some things shall be construed according to the original cause thereof.*—Thus, if two men have a quarrel, and some long time afterwards fight, it is presumed they fought because they quarrelled; but in the Irish Courts, and some of the Courts about St. Giles's, it has been decided otherwise. It has been there held that fighting may be carried on from mere love and affection, and the fight is quite independent of any quarrel that may have preceded it.

6. *Some things shall be construed according to the beginning thereof.*—Thus, if J. S. throws a stone at J. D. and misses him, and J. D. runs after J. S. to thrash him, and J. D. is before-hand and knocks him down, J. D. is guilty of the assault, for he began by throwing the stone; and J. S. stands in the best position in the eye of the law, though in other respects he has got rather the worst of it.

7. *Some things are construed according to the end thereof.*—Thus, a brilliant *finale* may save a dull opera, and a prosy speaker makes us feel satisfied with him at the end because we are pleased to find his speech is over.

8. *Derivativa pôtestas non potest esse major primitivâ.*—No power derived can be greater than that it is derived from. The application of this maxim is clear enough: for instance, "the bailiff of the disseisor shall not say that the plaintiff has nothing in the land," which is a nut that the legal student may crack at his earliest convenience. There are, however, cases in which a derivative power is greater than that from which it is derived; "as where a ticket-porter," says Finch, "is empowered by me to carry a chest of drawers on the top of his head, surely his power is greater than mine in this respect?" Howell, in his Familiar Letters, alludes to this as a knotty point, and makes no attempt to unravel it.

9. *Quod ab initio non valet, in tractu temporis non convalescit*—That which is not good in the beginning no length of time can make good. Thus, if an infant makes a will it is bad, and if the infant lives to be a hundred the will does not become good, though it is otherwise with port wine, which improves by keeping. So a bad toothache may get better; though some, acting on the maxim that what is bad in the beginning will not become good in time, have served the tooth with an ejectment, and ousted it accordingly. The old saying, that "bad beginnings make good endings," is quite at variance with the maxim we have just been treating of. Perhaps the best translation of this maxim is one which we find nowhere in the books, but which we beg to recommend to the attention of harsh creditors—*Quod ab initio non valet*, Quod is of no use in the beginning; *in tractu temporis non convalescit*, and for a length of time it is of no use either.

PARSONS, AND THE GAME LAWS.

IT is a happy coincidence of circumstance when Game Law penalties are inflicted by clerical magistrates. The sentence obtains a certain solemnity from the religious character of the judge. In some parts of India, we are told, it is the priests who feed the sacred crocodiles. In like manner would we always have a clergyman upon the Bench to appease the crying wrongs of the Game Laws.

The Rev. JOSHUA THOMAS HORTON has been singularly fortunate as an instrument to vindicate these outraged statutes. Even MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, with the bloom and glory upon him of his "twenty-six" personal encounters in defence of the unprotected pheasant, might envy the good fortune of the reverend magistrate. We take the following from the *Liverpool Mercury*:—

"ORMSKIRK GAME LORDS AND RABBITS.—On Saturday last, THOMAS EDGE, of Hoskar Moss, and three other young farm-labourers, appeared before the Rev. JOSHUA THOMAS HORTON, clerk, in the public-house justice room, to answer a charge of trespass, preferred against him by LORD SKELMERSDALE, father-in-law to LORD STANLEY, one of HER MAJESTY'S principal Secretaries of State. It appears that the young men had obtained permission of THOMAS MORRIS, Esq., to have a day's ferreting for rabbits, as a sort of Christmas gift, on his lands near Hoskar Moss, in Latham; and in the course of the day they inadvertently walked into a field adjoining the one of MR. MORRIS'S, belonging to his Lordship, erroneously supposing it at the same time to belong to the former gentleman. They were seen by his Lordship's gamekeeper, who informed them that they were trespassing, when they immediately retired, expressing their regret to the keeper, and telling him that the trespass was not committed knowingly. The damage done to the herbage of the field does not amount to more than *half-a-farthing*, rated at the very highest. The gamekeeper appeared to support the information, and the reverend magistrate convicted the parties in damages of 40*s.* each and costs, and inflicted an additional fine of *eight pounds*."

LORD SKELMERSDALE has, doubtless, acted like a true patriot which, in MR. BERKELEY'S enlarged mind, means a defender of the game of his native land. He has very properly prosecuted the unconscious trespassers, who, in the solitude of their prison, will we trust hold profitable communings with their souls. We trust they will leave their jail, wiser if not sadder men: that for the remainder of their lives they will be incapable of any such guilty mistake as entering for one moment upon the Paradise of a nobleman's land, and thereupon doing damage to at least the amount of half-a-farthing. We hope that this paternal lesson of his Lordship will sink into their guilty hearts: that it will also have its influence upon all the surrounding peasantry. Indeed, it deserves to be written, as the saying is, in letters of gold; although we are aware that such Game Law lessons are more likely to be registered in blood.

As for the Rev. MR. HORTON, he must have sweetly felt the full force of his Christian mission, when he condemned the accidental trespassers to the penalty of crushing costs. He must have been sublimated by the recollection that he was humbly imitating the acts of the fathers of the Church, all of whom (it is, doubtless, somewhere written in their lives) were rigid protectors of game. We think it was St. Francis who, in the overflow of his love for all created things, addressed birds and brutes as his "brothers and sisters." Some of our magisterial clergymen must, in like manner, look upon game as something of their own flesh and blood; they are so sensibly acute to any wrong committed on it. "*All our flesh*," says SIR THOMAS BROWNE, "*was once upon our platters.*" And in the full belief of this subtlety, many parsons may look upon their whole carnal frame as only so much transmuted deer's-flesh; so much game of all kind, under a different arrangement of particles.

We repeat it, the Game Laws receive dignity when administered by clerical magistrates. England has, in these laws, her sacred crocodiles as well as India; and if peasants *are* to be offered up to them, who so fit to preside at the sacrifice as a Christian Churchman?

Military.

THE passage of the Burlington Arcade was effected on Thursday last by MASTER JONES, a private of the London light infantry, whilst the Beadle was bivouacking in an easy position taken up in the interior of his arm-chair on the frontier of Piccadilly. Before the beadle had called out his staff, the enemy had passed the boundary line, and cleared the Arcade, uttering, in his flight, a tremendous war-whoop, that was distinctly heard on the plains of Waterloo, in the back room of the Egyptian Hall.

PUNCH IN THE EAST.

BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

V.—PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS—(Concluded).

It is all very well to talk of sleeping in the tombs; *that* question has been settled in a former paper, where I have stated my belief that people do not sleep at all in Egypt. I thought to have had some tremendous visions under the shadow of those enormous Pyramids reposing under the stars. Pharaoh or Cleopatra, I thought, might appear to me in a dream. But how could they, as I didn't go to sleep? I hoped for high thoughts, and secret communings with the Spirit of Poesy—I hoped to have let off a sonnet at least, as gentlemen do on visiting the spot—but how could I hunt for rhymes, being occupied all night in hunting for something else? If this remonstrance will deter a single person from going to the Pyramids, my purpose is fully answered.

But *my* case was different. I had a duty to perform—I had to introduce *Punch* to Cheops—I had vowed to leave his card at the gates of History—I had a mission, in a word. I roused at sunrise the snoring dragoman from his lair. I summoned the four Arabs who had engaged to assist me in the ascent, and in the undertaking. We lighted a fire of camel's dung at the North-East corner of the Pyramid, just as the god of day rose over Cairo! The embers began to glow, water was put into the tin pot before mentioned,—the pot was put on the fire—'twas a glorious—a thrilling moment!

At 46 minutes past 6, A.M., (by one of Dollond's Chronometers) *the water began to boil.*

At 47 minutes the flour was put gradually into the water—it was stirred with the butt-end of the brush brought for the purpose, and Schmaklek Beg, an Arab, peeping over the pot too curiously, I poked the brush into his mouth at 11 minutes before 7, A.M.

At 7, THE PASTE WAS MADE—doubting whether it was thick enough, Schmaklek tried it with his finger. It was pronounced to be satisfactory.

At 11 minutes past 7, I turned round in a majestic attitude to the four Arabs, and said, "Let us mount." I suggest this scene, this moment, this attitude, to the Committee of the Fine Arts as a proper subject for the Houses of Parliament—*Punch* pointing to the Pyramids, and introducing civilisation to Egypt—I merely throw it out as a suggestion. What a grand thing the Messieurs Foggo would make of it!

Having given the signal—the Sheikh of the Arabs seized my right arm, and his brother the left. Two volunteer Arabs pushed me (quite unnecessarily) behind. The other two preceded—one with a water-bottle for refreshment; the other with the posters—the pot—the paint-brush and the paste. Away we went—away!

I was blown at the third step. They are exceedingly lofty; about 5 feet high each, I should think—but the ardent spirit will break his heart to win the goal—besides I could not go back if I would. The two Arabs dragged me forward by the arms—the volunteers pushed me up from behind. It was in vain I remonstrated with the latter, kicking violently as occasion offered—they still went on pushing. We arrived at the first landing-place.

I drew out the poster—how it fluttered in the breeze!—With a trembling hand I popped the brush into the paste pot, and smeared the back of the placard, then I pasted up the Standard of our glorious leader—at 19 minutes past 7, by the clock of the great minaret at Cairo, which was clearly visible through my refracting telescope. My heart throbbed when the deed was done. My eyes filled with tears—I am not at liberty to state here all the emotions of triumph and joy which rose in my bosom—so exquisitely overpowering were they. There was *Punch*—familiar old *Punch*—his back to the desert, his beaming face turned towards the Nile.

"Bless him!" I exclaimed, embracing him; and almost choking, gave the signal to the Arabs to move on.

These savage creatures are only too ready to obey an order of this nature. They spin a man along, be his size never so considerable. They rattled up to the second landing so swiftly that I thought I should be broken-winded for ever. But they gave us little time to halt. Yallah! Again we mount!—'tis the last and most arduous ascent—the limbs quiver, the pulses beat, the eyes shoot out of the head, the brain reels, the knees tremble and totter, and you are on the summit! I don't know how many hundred thousand feet it is above the level of the sea, but I wonder after that tremendous exercise that I am not a roarer to my dying hour.

When consciousness and lungs regained their play, another copy of the placard was placed under a stone—a third was launched into air in the manner before described, and we gave three immense cheers for *Punch*, which astonished the undiscovered mummies that lie darkling in tomb-chambers, and must have disturbed the broken-nosed old Sphinx who has been couched for thousands of years in the desert hard by. This done, we made our descent from the Pyramids.

And if, my dear Sir, you ask me whether it is worth a man's while to mount up those enormous stones, I will say in confidence that thousands of people went to see the Bottle Conjuror, and that we hear of gentlemen becoming Free-Masons every day.

A TRUE STORY.

BRITANNIA was in a very bad way, and was getting lower and lower under the treatment of her doctors, when a new one offered to try his hand. The doctor was known to be a bit of a quack, but when every other advice has failed, one is not quite so particular about the character of the physician, and out of mere desperation on the part of the patient's friends, a notorious quack may be called in just to try what *he* can do. The doctor accordingly came, and mixed a very strong dose of very nauseous ingredients, including several grains of Inquisitorial Essence and a very few scruples of Delicacy, which were rolled into a very large pill and labelled Income Tax. The medicine set the patient up for a time, and gave the appearance of increased strength, but it never seemed to agree with the Constitution. It undoubtedly cured the disease for which it was administered, but left several very bitter complaints in place of the original malady. Notwithstanding the weakness of the patient, the quack is so unwilling to abandon his favourite nostrum, that he has recently been heard to say to poor BRITANNIA—

"COME, ONLY THREE MORE!"

CHURCH THIEVES.

THIEVES are, now-a-days, such prosaic rascals, that their doings have ceased to interest us. Perhaps it is that the graces of modern fiction have so elevated and set-off the burglar and the highwayman, that we are disappointed with the blank vulgarity of the real thing. It is like seeing a Coburg *Richard*, reduced to a Tweed-wrapper and a cotton umbrella, picking his way along the New Cut. We were, therefore, somewhat tickled by an epistle, sent, on the 22nd ult., by some sacrilegious knave, to the REV. MR. DEE, of St. Thomas's, Southwark. Some months back, the church was robbed of its communion-plate. One of the thieves, however, treats for its restoration. We extract from his homely epistle:—

"Reverd Sir,—The reward as is offred is not enuff for the plate *removed* from the church *as the expenses* as been very heavy *and the anxiety* if you are disposd to make it fifty pounds to be divided amonst us it may be restord *as this is the first time have had to do with a church.*"

Now, of the "expense" of breaking into a church we have not the remotest idea. We presume, however, that it must be a costly operation. We particularly admire the word "removed:" there is a fine delicacy in the phrase that is quite diplomatic. It is quite a touch for a prime minister or an ambassador, and here we find it pressed into the service of a half-repentant gallows-bird. "Removed" is a good phrase. It was thus NAPOLEON "removed" pictures from churches; it was thus he "removed" the Horses of St. Mark to the gate of the Tuileries. The thief of St. Thomas's, however, betrays symptoms of pusillanimity that never disgraced the imperial robber. *Our* knave hints of "the anxiety" that has followed the transaction. It is clear there is a tender place in his conscience, as he plainly enough states that "it is the first time" he has had "to do with a church." Ha, this is it! He is but "young in crime." Had he only "removed" as many valuables from churches as certain French Marshals, he would have shared with them their heroic freedom from all "anxiety" about the matter. To be sure the world, in its lamentable ignorance, entertains a different notion of the robber and the hero. To be able to lay hands upon church valuables by means of crow-bar, pick-axe, and lanthern, is sacrilegious infamy,—to take down pictures and carry off church-plate with beating drums and flying colours,—that is a part and parcel of glory; one of the lawful sweets of soldiering. One act is rewarded with a rope, the other with a garland.

ODE ON THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

TO SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

COLLEAGUE of PEEL, benignant GRAHAM,
Thou soother of the Pauper's breast,
Whose Workhouse fare and garb of shame
Await the helpless and distress't,—
Within thy tender, feeling heart,
What projects lie?—what game, what part
In the ensuing Session, say,
Art thou, SIR JAMES, prepared before high Heaven to play?

Mean'st thou to mitigate the Law
Whose fangs the Poor of England rue?
Or tighter yet its clauses draw,
And closer drive the legal screw?
The Law of Parish Settlement
To settle, is it thy intent?
Or houseless lab'rers to resign
To those who thrust them off, and cry, "No child of mine?"

What scheme has thy sagacious head
Of Medical Reform in store?
From Science wilt thou take her bread,
And unto Quackery ope the door?
Have GALEN'S sons offended thee?
Or lov'st thou Quacks from sympathy?
Ah! hold, SIR JAMES, thy ruthless hand,
Nor meddle with affairs thou dost not understand.

What gracious act, what worthy deed,
Shall gild thine honour'd name anew?
Wilt thou break seals, and letters read
Again, as some one used to do?
What wretch, to crime by suff'ring chased,
Shall of thy tender mercies taste?
Upon what MARY FURLEY'S head
Wilt thou again the balm of mild compassion shed?

Well, Time will show; 'twere idly done
Into thy bosom-thoughts to pry;
Their envelope, at least, is one
That bids defiance to the Spy.
Even to a microscopic sight,
Oh! may thy measures, brought to light,
Display, upon attentive scan,
One human touch—one spark of charity to Man.

Awful Rise in Muffins.

OUR Birmingham correspondent writes to us in great agitation to inform us that muffins have reached a most unhealthy height in that city. A gentleman at the Hotel, at the Railway terminus, having partaken of half a muffin that had been left on a plate, was charged one shilling; so that Birmingham muffins must be quoted at the very feverish price of two shillings each, or twelve shillings for a London sixpenny-worth. This unwholesome state of the muffin market is the more surprising, inasmuch as upon inquiring at some of the shops in the town, the muffin trade did not seem to be in an unusual state of buoyancy.

AN OLD INVALID.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE is still very unwell. It looks really as if it were going to break up. Its celebrated Echo, too, is very faint, and scarcely has sufficient strength left to answer when spoken to. Members of Parliament have been requested not to pass over the bridge with any bill or Parliamentary report, for fear of the weight shaking its constitution too much. The two melancholy piers, who are lodged and boarded under the arches of the bridge, still burn a red rushlight every night.

"THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER."

THE great social difficulty that has beset us in the amelioration of the condition of the labourer, is at length solved. To the DUKE OF RICHMOND, we believe, is to be attributed the happy discovery. Doubtless, when the full success of the plan is made manifest; when throughout the length and breadth of England, its wondrous agency is turning the huts of the labouring poor into abiding-places of substantial comfort—when it is calling smiles into the labourer's cheek, and putting flesh upon his bones, and giving him the erect bearing and independent look of God's primest work,—Man; then, we doubt it not, other claimants of the discovery will rise up, contesting with the Noble DUKE OF RICHMOND the originality of that stroke of philanthropic genius which has worked such blessed wonders. It has been so with the inventor of printing; with the discoverer of the motive principle of steam. Be it then our rewarding task at once to claim for RICHMOND his inalienable right to the gratitude of England's labourers. He has discovered the infallible remedy for all their social ills. It is simply this: IT IS TO DRINK THEIR HEALTH.

MR. LANE tells us, that the Egyptian magicians enact their greatest wonders with merely a bowl of water. The DUKE OF RICHMOND performs his benevolent *hocus-pocus* with a glass of wine!

Oh, it is soothing to the soul, wearied and desponding from a contemplation of the crushing ills that press the very manhood out of thousands, to see a nobleman—philanthropic as PROMETHEUS—rise in a tavern hall; and with a voice melodious as ten silver trumpets, give—"THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER!" There is no mistaking the look, the presence of the man. He is rapt, sublimated by the greatness of his mission; by the almost divine power of his discovery. "THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER!"

Magical are the syllables! What are they, in truth, but as the words of some spirit-compelling wizard—some political *Prospero*—that are no sooner dropt from the lips of the speaker than they arouse a swarm of genii—working vassals of benevolence!—and away they fly to carry on their wings a healing balm to thousands and thousands! So mighty is the necromancy of the toast, that when uttered, it is easy for imagination to behold a very cloud of *Ariels* rising from the Freemasons' Tavern. East, west, north, and south they separate upon their glad mission. Some, carrying loaves—some, meat—some, kegs of nut-brown ale—some, new raiment,—and all of them alighting at the labourer's fireless hearth, and calling cheerfulness and hope into his face, and making his gaunt wife and pallid little ones smile at the miracle of sudden plenty. What benevolent magic lies in that little sentence, "THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER!" It is the "Open Sesame" to the heart of the country.

And even when the labourer fails to receive the substantial sweetness of these fairy gifts, it is plain he is largely benefited, though all unconsciously, by the magical toast. Therefore, let him take heart. True it is, he may wither on seven shillings a week; but then, does not a Duke drink his health? and such condescension must more than double the miserable stipend.

Consider this, O labourer! It is possible that all day you have wanted food—at night you need shelter and firing. There are sullen thoughts clouding your brain; there is, too, a slow, withering heat at your vitals; night is coming on, and you know not where to lay your head. This, it must be owned, is an uncomfortable plight; nevertheless, you may shake off the misery like an ugly dream; for know, you have been toasted in a London tavern. Yes; at the Freemasons' the DUKE OF RICHMOND has given—"THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER!"

You are breaking stones in a Union yard. Let the thought of the toast touch your brain with music, and somehow try and hammer on the granite a grateful accompaniment to—"THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER!"

Well, labourer, you fall sick; it may be in the parish of Iver, in Buckinghamshire; in the county of "the farmer's friend." You are carted to Isleworth, and you ask for bread for yourself and wife. You cannot move; but your wife, poor wretch! has yet some strength, and so she is ordered to trudge from Hillingdon to Uxbridge—and from Uxbridge back to Isleworth, having walked in the cutting winter air, only one-and-twenty miles, before melting charity gives her an order for grocery, price three shillings! It is very wearying, it is sickening to the heart, it is enough to make you call upon death to take you from that despot, fellow-man; it *is* very wretched for you to wait the return of your wife on her hard pilgrimage of three-and-twenty miles. But take heart! Be of good cheer! Disease and famine have hold upon you; but let this thought make them powerless—all that can be done, *is* done for you; for amidst hurrahs and cheering clamorous, somewhere in London, they drink "THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER!"

And, labourer, it may be you are just turned in howling wintertime from a comfortable jail. You were sent thither for straying in search of work, that you might take your wife and offspring from the Union. *You* could not make out the offence; but the magistrates, hawk-eyed, saw it, and you were sent to jail. There, you slough your labourer's rags, and are warmly clothed. Your sentence is suffered, and you are discharged; the warm convict clothing taken from you, and your labourer's tatters restored. You shiver at the jail's threshold: for the icy wind makes you know the difference between the snug garments of a felon, and the threadbare raiment of a working-man. Well, you trudge on: but you have palpitation at the heart; and it is sore travelling with you. At length you crawl into a wayside hovel; and with one loaf, in withering December, you fight famine for three days; your feet becoming gangrened with the blighting cold. Terrible thoughts must visit you in that lone hovel; you cannot but hold awful communings with the midnight blast, howling, to *your* ears, *like humanity about you*. Nevertheless, you are not forgotten. No: wrong not humanity—landlord-humanity, and all its gushing impulses; for though you are starving, perishing; though you are a piece of numbed, mortified, human refuse—a Duke remembers you, and gives "THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER!"

And, labourer, you crawl from your hovel, and are taken to the Union. You die. You have been killed—murdered—by want and winter's cold. You are at length at peace; and sleep the sweet sleep of death in a pauper's shell. You are carried to the pauper's ground; and whilst the priest utters the words that confound all things in one undistinguished heap of clay—the pomp and the poverty of life; its emblazonments and its miseries; while he utters—"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," let your spirit in its upward flight be comforted for those of your earthly fellows you have left behind; for still—still will be drunk—"THE HEALTH OF THE LABOURER!"

As some ducal landlords drink the health of the labourer while living, so to make the heartfelt solemnity complete, a *Doctor Cantwell* should bury him when dead. Q.

WAKLEY'S ADDRESS TO HIS PROFESSION.

YE who have for Science bled,
Ye whom WAKLEY oft has led,
Who by Medicine earn your bread,
Or by Surgery:

Now 's the day and now 's the hour,
Don't you find your prospects low'r?
See approach gross Humbug's power;
GRAHAM and Quackery!

Who would be so green and base,
As to PARR to yield his case;
Or to HOLLOWAY give place?
Let his patients flee.

Who 's for Medicine's rights and claims?
Who will vote against SIR JAMES?
Who would "burke" that bill of GRAHAM's?
Large his practice be.

Down with our Profession's foe!
Tooth and nail against him go;
Quacks are floored at every blow;
At him, then, with me!

Sinful Sabbath Oranges!

DANIEL CRAWLEY, a little boy, was charged at the Southwark Office before MR. TRAILL with selling oranges on Sunday. MR. TRAILL discharged the offender with an admonition, telling him that "by selling fruit on Sunday he was breaking the Sabbath, and for which he was liable to be committed for a month to jail." This is nothing but right. We have only to reflect upon the number of West-end fishmongers and confectioners at this moment in jail for selling their goods on a Sunday, to feel that DANIEL CRAWLEY, the orange-boy, has had a very fortunate escape.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF WOMAN.

BY A PUPIL OF MRS. ELLIS.

SINCERELY, my dear, I am going to offer you a few words of advice as to the conduct and behaviour most calculated to insure your happiness; and I am sure you will take it kindly of me, considering the experience I have had, and your early time of life. What an advantage it is to be told things, instead of having to find them out! I wish I had had somebody to advise me when I was at your age.

Of course, my dear, between ourselves, almost every young woman is either married or intends to be. It is what we have to look to, poor things! Now, in order to get married, my love, you must learn to manage yourself; and, after you have got married, to manage your husband: and both together is what I call the Whole Duty of Woman.

As long as you are single and looking out, your first study must be to control your inclinations. All of us, you know, have our little failings; the great thing is to conceal them. For instance, dear, suppose you have a hearty appetite, you should restrain this a little in company; it is a thing that many gentlemen (particularly the most susceptible) object to; and you can indemnify yourself by a nice supper in your own room. You will thus, dear, please the kind of men who make the best husbands—those most easily managed. Always keep down your temper, my dear; never speak sharply, or look cross, whatever you may feel; and be cautious, my love, how you talk scandal, or say spiteful things of friends behind their backs: many good catches are lost by little weaknesses peeping out. If, my dear, you have any personal blemish, or peculiarity, which you think would prevent a certain person from liking you, hide it from him if you can, and let him find it out after you are married.

If anybody is attached to you, never contradict him, dear, but fall in with all his little wishes and whims, however unreasonable. In short, devote yourself to him entirely; your turn will come.

When you are married, my dear, you should pursue another course altogether. The object of all husbands is, to put upon their wives as much as they can, by making perfect slaves of them, and stinting them in their pleasures and enjoyments so as to have the more to lay out on themselves. You will most likely find your husband very near. He will be trying to calculate how much you require for housekeeping, and will want to allow you so much and no more. At the end of the week or month, he will ask to look over your account-book, to see how the money has gone. Now, my dear, you will find that there are numerous trifling extras that you will want, which you would wish him to know nothing about; little suppers when he is absent; presents to friends, and a thousand other odds and ends. You will make these up by putting a half-penny or a penny a pound upon the tea or sugar; or by charging so much for imaginary soap or pearl-ash. And then, love, if you find him questioning the price of this thing, or inquiring about the quantity of that, you must seem hurt and angry, as if he doubted or mistrusted you: and if he persists in being inquisitive, you should get into a little pet with him, slam the door, and run up stairs crying. And observe, when there is a *tiff* between you, never come to till he has made amends, by promising you something that you want; a bracelet, for instance, or a new bonnet, or dress.

Your husband will sometimes wish you to wear a particular sort of cap, or other article or ornament; if he does, let it be a bargain between you for some concession or indulgence. He may not behave himself at all times as you could wish; in that case, dear, there are plenty of ways to bring a man to reason. His buttons may be not sewn on; his dinner kept waiting; pickles or potatoes not provided; and there may be nothing for him but a cold shoulder when he expects a hot joint. There are two things, in conclusion, love, that I would strongly impress upon you. One is—never let your husband have a latch-key, or he will take advantage of it to stay out. The other is this—tell nobody your age; for, recollect, my dear, that human life is uncertain. You may become a widow; and, in that case, find the disclosure a disadvantage.

LITERARY "FELO-DE-SE."

THE *Metropolitan Magazine* of this month has an article entitled "Wild Revenge: a Tale of *Mull*." Our contemporary really is getting unnecessarily candid.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

10. *Unumquodque dissolvitur eo modo quo colligatur.* Everything is dissolved by the same mode in which it is bound together.—In reading this maxim we involuntarily exclaim, "Oh law!" for nothing but law would venture on such a bold assertion as the above, which is almost enough to call a blush into our modest pen, by turning red the ink we are writing with. If the maxim were true, that everything is dissolved by the mode in which it is bound together, ice would be dissolved by freezing, and a hard-boiled egg would be rendered soft by again boiling it. What is palpably false may, however, be legally true, and the maxim is good law though it is very bad morality. Thus an obligation in writing cannot be discharged by mere words—as, if a man has given a bill, all the talking in the world will not take it up. And the old English maxim, that "fine words butter no parsnips" had probably reference to a written contract, wherein A., after having undertaken to butter certain parsnips belonging to B., endeavoured to release himself from the obligation by a little of what the American authorities usually term "soft sawder."

An act of Parliament can only be avoided by an act of Parliament; and, doubtless to save trouble, Parliament frequently provides for this in one and the same act, by leaving loopholes in it, which render it easily voidable.

11. *He who claims a thing by a superior title shall neither gain nor lose by it.*—"Though," says KNIGHT BRUCE, "if a purchaser claims from his wine-merchant a dozen of champagne, and gets gooseberry, thus in fact claiming the gooseberry by the superior title of champagne, he does both gain and lose; for he gains experience, and loses the value of his money." In the old editions of NOY, we are told in illustration of this maxim, that "If an executor recovers and dies intestate, and J. S. administers to the goods of the first testator, J. S. shall not sue out execution upon this recovery." The only difficulty about this case appears to be how the executor happened to die, when we are distinctly told that he recovered.

12. *Debile fundamentum fallit opus.* A weak foundation destroys the superstructure.—Thus, a very seedy coat will ruin the effect of a new hat, and a horse will inevitably break down if he has not a leg to stand upon. If he who claims the freehold is defeated, all his tenants are defeated also, because the foundation is gone: and so, if the parlours (occupied by the landlord) should tumble in, the floors above (let out in lodgings) would be sure to follow.

HOMAGE TO PUNCH.

A LARGE and influential meeting of the students of —— 's Hospital was convened, last evening, in the Materia Medica Theatre, to pass a vote of thanks to *Punch*. The adjournment to the marble halls of a neighbouring tavern was proposed by MR. JONES, and rapturously carried, on the ground that "a pleasant combination of the 'utile et dulce' would thus be effected."

MR. DAVIS, an old student, was elected to the chair. He commenced by reading a letter from the Demonstrator, who regretted that, in consequence of his Polka class meeting that evening, he was reluctantly compelled to absent himself. The chairman went on to address the meeting. "He first congratulated his friends on the adjournment. He descanted with great eloquence and feeling on the advantages of the beverage which stood before each of them. Having quoted some ancient writer to prove that το χομμιξτον was appreciated even at an early period, he enforced the necessity of unanimity in the present state of the profession. He paid a high compliment to the exhilarating effects of Punch, and stated that he should propose its insertion, as a most agreeable excitant, in the next edition of the London Pharmacopœia." He concluded by calling on MR. BROWN to address the meeting.

MR. BROWN rose and said—"Gentlemen, I am no speaker, and shall therefore only detain you while I relate an allegory. The scene was a barren common. An old man was at the point of death; the vultures were hovering over him in longing anticipation of a rich repast. Crowds passed unheeding. Presently one stopped near him and lent him a helping hand. Time went on: the old man recovered to bless and recompense his benefactor. The old man, gentlemen, is the profession; the vultures, the quacks; the friend in need, *Punch*. (*Immense applause.*) I propose that the thanks of this meeting be emphatically given to *Mr. Punch* for his zealous labours in our behalf." (*The meeting here rose to a man.*)

MR. GREEN got up in a very excited state to second the resolution. He was unable to find words to express his indignation at the bill. His tailor's bill was nothing to it. He gasped for utterance, and at length sat down exhausted. A gentle stimulus, in the form of a go of whiskey, was exhibited, and he soon recovered.

The resolution was carried *nem. con.*, thanks voted to the chairman, and the meeting settled down to harmony.

ROYAL VISITS. A CARD.

MR. NATHAN begs to inform the nobility and gentry who may be honoured with a visit from HER MAJESTY, that he has a most extensive theatrical wardrobe, which will enable him to dress any amount of happy peasantry, contented agriculturists, or

NATHAN'S FINE OLD ENGLISH FARMER.

enthusiastic tenantry, at the very shortest notice. He can also get up a statute fair exactly in the same style as that represented in *Love in a Village* at the Theatres Royal, and he has also a very large stock of uniforms, for extemporaneous militia in cases where guards of honour may be suddenly required. He also begs leave to call the attention of the civic authorities to a splendid stock of maces, and a large assortment of keys of cities, in different sizes, which may be hired singly or by the bunch, on very reasonable terms.

Rolls of parchment always kept ready, as corporation addresses, and some capital sets of newly-lacquered chains for Aldermen.

MR. NATHAN also arranges spectacles, and solicits the attention of the nobility in the habit of receiving HER MAJESTY, or giving fêtes on birthdays or other occasions, to the following moderate scale of charges :—

	£	s.	d.
A grand Tableau, on drinking the health of the heir	2	10	0
An Enthusiastic Reception of the QUEEN at the Gates of a City, including nearly all the celebrated business in the second act of *Masaniello*	5	5	0
A Group of contented Agricultural Labourers, from	1	1	0
Happy Tenantry, arranged at per hundred	0	10	6

NATHAN'S HAPPY ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

Enthusiasm supplied for public meetings, and resolutions carefully carried by any majority that may be required.

THE LABOURER'S LOVE-SONG.

A PLAGUE upon thy head, thou Dove!
I envy thee thy fate;
Like unto thee I have a Love,
But not, like thee, a Mate.
A plague upon my own fond heart
That was not made of stone,
Without a throb, without a smart,
To go through life alone.

What right have I aloft to gaze
Upon the sunny skies,
Whence, evermore, my fancy strays
Unto a pair of eyes?
And wherefore should the rosy morn
Remind me of a cheek?
Oh! I could laugh myself to scorn,
For that I am so weak.

Do I mistake myself, in truth,
For some great Lord or 'Squire?
What can a hind, a lout, forsooth,
More than a brute, desire!
What, hath he passions, thoughts and powers,
More than a hog can feel?
Pshaw!—let me crush them,—like the flowers,
Beneath mine iron heel.

I, that can scarce my daily bread
With bitter labour earn,
Have I a tear for love to shed,
A heart with love to burn!
What more than bacon needs a clown?—
Would I 'd enough of that!—
Give him his beer; and let him drown
His passion in the vat.

When yonder Church would lure thee on
With visions of a bride,
Turn thee, thou fool! and think upon
The building by its side.
There stands the WORKHOUSE—look with awe
Upon that place of dread
Where Paupers go, who break the law
Which says—THOU SHALT NOT WED.

Review.

Carte d'un Restaurant. Londres, 1845.

THE volume now before us, mentally speaking, is, in plain English, the bill of fare at a celebrated French eating-house at the West End, at which we dined the other day. We have no disposition to quarrel either with the contents of this book, or the matters which they relate to; but there is a certain addition which, we would suggest, might, and ought to be made to them. They require notes. It is true that opposite to the French list of dishes there is an English parallel; but this, in many instances, is no translation at all: and, even if it were, would be useless. What, for instance, is the ordinary eater to understand by "*Côtelettes à la jardinière*,"—chops after the manner of the she-gardener. How is he to know the peculiarities of the she-gardener's chops? Among other items in this work there is an "*Epigramme d'agneau*"; but this, luckily, is translated, "breast of lamb"; otherwise it might be difficult to know whether the epigram was food for the mind or the body. Another dish is, "*Rognons sautés au vin de Champagne*"—kidneys stewed in Champagne; still great obscurity hangs over this stew. But what startled us most, was a viand called "*Charlotte Russe aux fraises.*" "Charlotte Russe!" we exclaimed; *Russian Charlotte*, "aux fraises," *with strawberries!* What dish is this?—Are we amongst cannibals, who, with her strawberries, will have us eat the strawberry-girl? To know merely the English of these titles is unavailing; they are like portions of certain Greek choral odes, which we can translate, but cannot comprehend their translation. Let a full description of each dish be given in the margin, or at the foot of the page. At present we defy even a Templar to understand this book, unless he has eaten at least his three years' terms at Paris.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE IV.

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN CALLED FROM HIS BED TO BAIL MR. PRETTYMAN FROM THE WATCH-HOUSE.

IE, MR. CAUDLE, I knew it would come to this. I said it would, when you joined those precious Skylarks. People being called out of their bed at all hours of the night, to bail a set of fellows who are never so happy as when they're leading sober men to destruction. I should like to know what the neighbours will think of you, with people from the police knocking at the door at two in the morning. Don't tell me that the man has been ill-used: he's not the man to be ill-used. And you must go and bail him. I know the end of that: he'll run away, and you'll have to pay the money. I should like to know what's the use of my working and slaving to save a farthing, when you throw away pounds upon your precious Skylarks. A pretty cold you'll have to-morrow morning, being called out of your warm bed this weather; but don't you think I'll nurse you—not I; not a drop of gruel do you get from me.

"I'm sure you've plenty of ways of spending your money—not throwing it away upon a set of dissolute peace-breakers. It's all very well for you to say you haven't thrown away your money, but you will. He'll be certain to run off; it isn't likely he'll go upon his trial, and you'll be fixed with the bail. Don't tell me there's no trial in the matter, because I know there is; it's for something more than quarrelling with the policeman that he was locked up. People aint locked up for that. No, it's for robbery, or something worse, perhaps.

"And as you've bailed him, people will think you are as bad as he is. Don't tell me you couldn't help bailing him; you should have shown yourself a respectable man, and have let him been sent to prison.

"Now people know you're the friend of drunken and other disorderly persons; you'll never have a night's sleep in your bed. Not that it would matter what fell upon you, if it wasn't your poor wife who suffered. Of course all the business will be in the newspapers, and your name with it. I should'nt wonder, too, if they give your picture as they do the other folks of the Old Bailey. A pretty thing that, to go down to your children. I'm sure it will be enough to make them change their name. No, I shall not go to sleep; it's all very well for you to say, go to sleep, after such a disturbance. I shall not go——".

But here, says MR. CAUDLE'S manuscript, happily; she slumbered; for MR. CAUDLE had, considering the theme she had to talk upon, a remarkably short lecture.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS FOR LANDLORDS AT AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.

The Agricultural Labourer!—at seven shillings a-week.
The Hobnailed Shoe!—and may the wearer never kick at starvation.
The Smock Frock and its Tatters!—to which we owe our rents.
Success to the Farmer!—and the benefit of it to the Landlord.
The Landed Interest!—a thousand per cent. on the land's produce.
Order, Economy, and the Workhouse!
The Preservation of Game, and the Gaol!

The Richmond Coronet.

AT the Agricultural Protection gathering, the DUKE OF RICHMOND said the brightest jewel in his coronet was his care of the labourer. "The brightest jewel in a crown," is an old phrase; now, it comes down to the coronet. In like manner descending, some commoner landlord may declare that his treatment of the labourer is the *deepest bit of black* in his beaver.

A SCENE AT THE SESSIONS.

From our Own Reporter.

IN the course of an important case at the Middlesex Sessions, a discussion arose as to the best means of keeping out the wind, which was blowing with a terrific gust across the Court, sweeping away in its devastating course the briefs of counsel, the cocked hat of the usher, the note-book of the Assistant Judge, the documents of the clerk of the peace, the papers of the attorneys, and the hats, gloves, and pocket-handkerchiefs of the jurymen.

The Assistant Judge remarked, that the Court was very inconvenient; for every time the Grand Jury entered with a true bill they brought with them, by opening the door, such a hurricane, that he, the Assistant Judge, was almost incapable of deciding whether he was sitting on his head or his heels. It was impossible to hold the scales of justice steadily slap in the teeth of a regular sou-wester; and he, the Assistant Judge, should be obliged to come down in a dreadnought coat, instead of his gown. In fact, now he always wore a Welsh wig under his forensic coif; and he thought the bar would find Welsh wigs convenient.

One of the senior members of the bar thanked his Honor for the hint; counsel had done nothing but sneeze throughout the whole of the sittings.

A juryman observed, that the jury-box was in an angle between the nor-west and the sou-east; so that every time the door of the Court opened, it was as bad as being in a gale of wind off the North Foreland.

The Assistant Judge remarked, that he often looked down to see if the clerk of the peace, who sat below, had been literally blown away. He (the Assistant Judge) had seen more wonderful things than that in his time.

One of the learned counsel observed, that the bar had all been obliged to put their feet in hot water, on the last appeal day, directly they got home, and one of his learned friends had suffered severely from a cold in the head.

The Assistant Judge simply remarked, that it had been said that the grease of a common candle, applied to the nose, was sometimes efficacious. Now nothing could be more absurd than this, and it was an error he was surprised to find people falling into so frequently. Grease was a decided irritant; and, to use a legal phrase, it involved an aggravation rather than a mitigation, of the patient's suffering. It had been tried on the noses of some of the prisoners at Parkhurst, and had failed completely.

A juryman observed, that it depended a good deal on the quality of the candles.

The Assistant Judge was glad of that opportunity of saying something else on another subject. He (the Assistant Judge) alluded to the staircase at the back of the Court, which was very inconvenient.

Several of the magistrates coincided with the remark of the learned Assistant Judge.

One of the bar observed that counsel were continually tumbling up and down stairs. Part of the staircase was made of wood, and the other part of stone. In fact, the staircase was demurrable on the ground of variance.

The Assistant Judge said that it had just occurred to him that these conversations were very irregular. If the public time were to be taken up in discussing the grievances of the bench and the bar, business could never go on.

The member of the bar remarked, that he had not commenced the discussion.

The Assistant Judge had not said that he did, but it was a common practice with counsel to go on talking about matters which really had nothing to do with the public business. He, the Assistant Judge, had no objection to accommodate the bar as far as he reasonably could, but they all had a duty to perform. There were ninety-two prisoners for trial. It was a sad thing that there was so much crime, and it was a remarkable fact that all the prisoners on the day's list were under the age of seventy. This proved that the system at Parkhurst had not yet put a stop to juvenile depravity.

Another member of the bar was about to make an observation, when Assistant Judge said he really could not allow this sort of thing to be carried further; and the business of the session was accordingly proceeded with.

A Notice of Motion.

THE following notice, written on a little piece of paper, after the fashion of the memoranda left on the doors of barristers' chambers, has been suspended to the knocker of MR. LEADER'S residence in Lowndes Square:—

Gone to Cannes.
Won't be back till next Election.

PUNCH'S VALENTINES FOR 1845.

The Vegetable Pill Vendor.

GRAHAM, your measures, spite of puff,
Are always fill'd with nauseous stuff,
In quackery you 're always great,
You precious *pill*-er of the State.

The Penitent Knight.

I SEEK my Valentine in vain,
Through all the busy town :
Will PETER ne'er be heard again ?
I fear they 've put him down.

Shakspeare's Nurse.

BRITANNIA did her son discard,—
Poor SHAKSPEARE left at home to pine,—
When thou didst kindly nurse the bard :
For that I 'll be your Valentine.

The Political Pirouettist.

SURE there is none but thou could glide
With so much grace from side to side ;
Why to so many ways incline,
False, fickle, faithless Valentine ?

The Civic Jeremy Diddler.

JEREMY DIDDLER—very odd it looks,
That you are in so many folks' good books ;
Oh, may your name ne'er be in books of mine !
I will not have you for a Valentine.

The Prince of Sportsmen.

MY sportsman bold, oh, is it true,
Hundreds you kill'd at one *battue* ?
Had Fortune cast your lot in trade,
Zounds, what a poult'rer you 'd have made !

BOWLEY INTERROGATING TROTTY VECK.

"You have no bill or demand upon me? If you have, present it. I allow nothing to be carried into the new year. Every description of account is settled in my house at the close of the old one. * * * * Now, my friend, can you lay your hand upon your heart, and say that you also made preparations for the new year?"—*The Chimes.*

SIR J. BOWLEY . . . . *Sir R. Peel.*
LADY BOWLEY . . . . . *Duke of Wellington.*
TROTTY VECK . . . . *Lord J. Russell.*
MR. FISH . . . . . *Sir J. Graham.*

THE EARLY HISTORY OF VALENTINES.

ERY little is known of the Saint who lends his name to the numerous pictorial and poetical half-sheets of paper at the present period of the year. He was martyred at Rome in the year 270, and were he alive now would have another martyrdom to endure in seeing the desecration to which he is subjected by the connection of his name with the vilest daubs and the most wretched poetry.

A modern writer says—

> "My rifled breast I search'd with care,
> And found ELIZA lurking there."

The gentleman's breast must have been very capacious to have allowed ELIZA to remain "upon the lurk" before the owner of the premises was aware of it.

The Sentimental Valentines that adorn the windows in the present day generally disclose a sort of understanding between human beings and doves, which permits the former to tie the latter by the leg to altars raised in the open air, and to which the feathered warblers are attached by means of sarsnet ribbons. The altars to which these *raræ aves* are attached, generally have a couple of hearts cooking on a somewhat fierce fire, so that they must inevitably be "done to rags," particularly as there is no one to baste them—though there is not unfrequently a spoon, in the shape of a young man, with his collars turned down, standing within a convenient distance of the cruel cookery.

Some of the Valentines of the present day display ladies coming out of roses, with their hair in full frizzle, so that the ringlets must have been capitally calculated for keeping in curl, or they never could have emerged in such a tidy state from the flower in which their fair owner has been deposited. Considering that the lady is about four times the height of the blossom from which she is emerging, her position while sitting *perdue* among the leaves, must have been, to say the least of it, a very awkward one.

In other Valentines a young man, in a wig, evidently snatched from one of the wax figures in Truefitt's window, seems bursting from the trammels of a tulip, like a Jack-in-the-box emerging from his prison.

Another favourite of the artist in Valentines is a girl without a bonnet in the open air, in a robe of white muslin, pointing to a cottage, the first-floor window of which is about up to her waist, while her indigitating action is supposed to intimate that with him she loves she would be satisfied to reside in the tenement at which she points, though probably the youth is a seedy clerk who is compelled to walk into the heart of the city every day, and who has no more chance of being able to live out of town in the humble cot, than he has of taking up his quarters in the round tower of Windsor Castle.

Such are a few of the features of modern Valentines, of which we have been compelled to smash the sentiment, even at the risk of bringing a tear into the eye of the milliner's girl, or the servant-maid, and a snivel into the nose of the too sensitive shop-boy.

PROPOSED NEW CLUB IN THE CITY.

PUNCH, having now established himself within the City, feels penetrated with a sense of his local responsibilities, and especially of his duties to his Corporation and his GIBBS. Cosmopolite as he is, he is sensible that his fellow-citizens have a peculiar claim upon him for the benefit of his advice and suggestions. Under these circumstances, he regards himself as doing but a neighbourly act, in proposing the establishment of a new civic institution, to be called "THE TWENTY STONE CLUB, AND INCORPORATED LAMBERT SOCIETY." The constitution and objects of this Club, as it exists in his mind, are equally simple. It is to consist of freemen of the City of London, each weighing not less than twenty stone, but any amount more; and its design is the still further increase, in a ponderable sense, of its members. Great as is the number of men of weight of which our City at present boasts, an addition to it is surely desirable; and the encouragement of gravity, be it observed, will by no means interfere with the promotion of mirth. To the carrying out of the great purpose of this Society, the utmost assiduity in eating will be necessary. Hence a briskness will be communicated to turtle; venison will look up; an unwonted activity will be imparted to beef; and incalculable advantages will accrue to gastronomy in general. The enlargement of Newgate and Leadenhall markets may safely be predicted, from the profit which the butcher will derive from the cultivation of the Alderman; and indeed the site of the Clubhouse should adjoin Butchers' Hall—not too closely, however; because a new hall will shortly have to be built, of course. Imagination, when it contemplates the results of this establishment, loses itself in wonder. The arm-chairs which will be required for the accommodation of the members will be enormous; especially that of the Chairman, who will naturally be the heaviest man of the Club. We shall read in the newspapers of Club dinners at which the collective weight of those who sat down amounted to millions of pounds!

What ideas of our civic greatness such an announcement would give foreign nations, will readily be conceived. Of course, Messrs. CUBITT, or GRISSELL and PETO, or whoever may have the building of the Club-house, will see to the strength of the walls and flooring. As nobody under twenty stone will be admissible as a member, all candidates, before weighing, must take their money out of their pockets; and, in fairness, ought to be weighed before dinner. The respectability of the Club will be guaranteed by its wealth; and that, again, will be necessitated by the cost of the dinners, which from their quantity and quality, must, even at the most reasonable rate, be tremendous. With regard to the architecture of the building, it may be sufficient to suggest that the *façade* should be adorned with a portico, supported by Caryatides representing huge Aldermen, and surmounted by a statue of DANIEL LAMBERT, whose execution may be confided to his partial namesake, JONES. Perhaps SIR PETER LAURIE, entering into the views of *Punch*, will, at the next Court of Aldermen, bring forward this project, whose completion will be such a feather in the Cap of Maintenance, and will so greatly tend to the renown and glory of London.

HISTORY, SYMPTOMS, AND PROGRESS, OF THE POLKAMANIA.

MY POLKA BEFORE SIX LESSONS.

THAT obstinate and tormenting disease, the Polkamania, is said to have originated in Bohemia; in consequence, we may presume from analogy, of the bite of some rabid insect like the Tarantula Spider, although the Polka Spider has not yet been described by entomologists; but, when discovered, it probably will be, under the name of *Aranea Polkapoietica*. The Polkamania, after raging fiercely for some time in the principal cities of the Continent, at length made its appearance in London, having been imported by M. JULLIEN, who inoculated certain Countesses and others with its specific virus, which he is said to have obtained from a Bohemian nobleman. The form of its eruption was at first circular, corresponding to the circles of fashion; but it has now extended to the whole body of society, including its lowest members. Its chief symptoms are extraordinary convulsions and wild gesticulations of the limbs, with frequent stampings on the floor, and rotatory movements of the body, such as accompany lesions of the *cerebellum*. That part is said by GALL to be the organ of amativeness; and the Polka delirium, in several instances, has terminated in love-madness. This form of mania, in the female subject, displays itself, partly, in a passion for fantastic finery; as fur trimmings, red, green, and yellow boots, and other strange bedizenments. Articles of dress, indeed, seem capable of propagating the contagion; for there are Polka Pelisses and Polka Tunics; nay, it was but the other day that we met with some Polka Wafers, so that the Polka-

MY POLKA AFTER SIX LESSONS.

mania seems communicable by all sorts of things that put it into people's heads. In this respect it obviously resembles the Plague; but not in this respect only: for, go where you will, you are sure to be plagued with it. After committing the greatest ravages in London itself, it attacked the suburbs, whence it quickly spread to remote districts, and there is now not a hamlet in Great Britain which it does not infest more or less. Its chief victims are the young and giddy; but as yet it has not been known to prove fatal, although many, ourselves inclusive, have complained of having been bored to death by it. No cure has as yet been proposed for Polkamania; but perhaps an antidote, corresponding to vaccination, in the shape of some new jig or other variety of the caper, may prove effectual: yet, after all, it may be doubted if the remedy would not be worse than the disease.

Questions at the Examination of Candidates for Admission as Attorneys.

Hilary Term, 1845.

As the questions are generally much the same, we subjoin a selection from the questions at the recent Examination, to which we have affixed answers for the guidance of future candidates.

Preliminary.

1. Where and with whom did you serve your clerkship?

A. With MR. GRAB. Partly in his office, and partly in Regent Street, JULLIEN'S Concerts, the Cider Cellars, or the Cigar Divan.

2. State the particular branch or branches of the law to which you have principally applied yourself.

A. The law of short whist and cricket.

3. Mention some of the principal law-books you have read and studied.

A. I have read the "Comic Blackstone."

4. Have you attended any law lectures?

A. I have frequently heard lectures on the law relating to the wrenching off of door-knockers.

Conveyancing.

5. Where a power is executed by will, at what point of time does it take effect?

A. Some power may fail altogether for want of the will, as in the celebrated case of the "Donkey wot *wouldn't* go." Here the power might take effect at the point of time when his master began to "wallop him."

6. State the effect of marriage upon the will of a man.

A. It generally has the effect of depriving him of a will of his own.

7. A dies seised of real estate without issue, an intestate, leaving his grandfather and his mother, and a brother and a sister. Which of these is his heir?

A. Whichever you please, my pretty dear.

Equity and Practice of the Courts.

8. In what cases does a suit abate so as to render a bill of revivor necessary?

A. When a suit is worn threadbare its value abates, and it may be necessary to have a bill of revivor by running up an account for repairs.

9. At what distance of time do deeds prove themselves, and thereby render their proof unnecessary?

A. Taking too much wine over-night, is a deed that will prove itself by a headache the next morning.

Bankruptcy and Practice of the Courts.

10. State the proceedings now necessary to support a fiat in Bankruptcy.

A. Outrunning the constable will soon support a fiat, and the bankrupt may make the fiat support him if he manœuvres cleverly.

Criminal Law. Proceedings before Justices of the Peace.

11. What is burglary, and state some of the requisites?

A. The requisites for burglary are generally, a jemmy, some skeleton keys, and a dark lantern.

12. What is a criminal information, and under what circumstances will it be granted?

A. When you ask a cabman his fare, and he informs you that it is about twice as much as he has any right to demand from you.

13. Has there been any, and what recent alteration in the course of proceeding in the Crown Office?

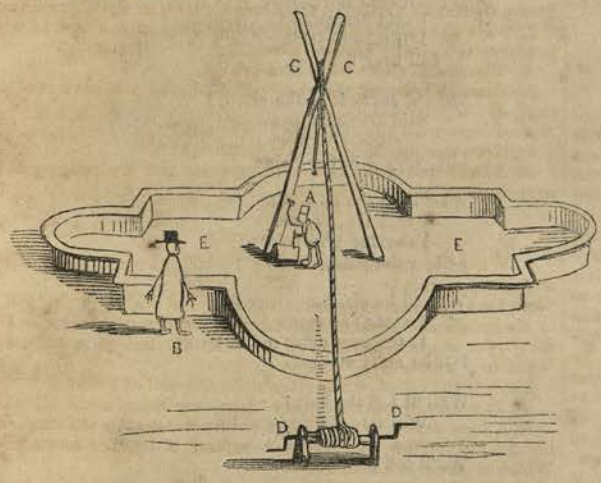
A. No, the clerks are as off-hand as they always used to be.

ON THE PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Having heard vague rumours that the Fountains had actually commenced playing in Trafalgar Square, we went to the spot determined to look into the basins with an unprejudiced eye, and to bring to bear on the plug-hole a calm unimpassioned spirit of patient inquiry. Bearing in mind the maxim, that truth lies in a well, we went off in the direction of the Artesian well to look for what truth might be found in it.

On arriving at our destination we found "the man" in the centre of one of the basins fiddling with a trowel, and leisurely mortaring a brick, as if he were buttering a slice of bread; but he stood fiddling over it so long, that we could not stop to see what he was going to do with the brick he was mortaring. On the outside of the basin was "the boy," sitting on a barrel of cement, and eating a baked potato; while in the foreground stood the policeman looking on, and thus realising his country's expectations, by doing what England expects every man to do—his duty.

But that which puzzled us most was the extraordinary erection of a sort of apparatus, such as may be seen at a theatre when somebody is about to dance on the tight rope. There is, in fact, now existing at Trafalgar Square a perfect preparation for tight-rope dancing; and it is not improbable that when the fountains *do* begin to play, Herr Cline will be engaged to ascend the rope amid a brilliant display of water-works.



A The man at work, tight-rope dancing. B A policeman. C C Supposed preparations for D D Windlass. E E The basin.

From the present appearance of the locality, we should imagine that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests had given permission for a fair to be held in the interior of the basins, for there is something which looks like the body of a swing in the centre of one of them, while the other is devoted to the tight-rope apparatus already alluded to.

(LATEST INTELLIGENCE.)

We have just heard that Mr. Batty, of equestrian celebrity, has concluded an arrangement with the Commissioners of Woods and Forests for a lease of the

VAST AMPHITHEATRE,

constituting the upper end of

Trafalgar Square,

which will be opened for a

SERIES OF FETES,

WITH A SPLENDID EQUESTRIAN COMPANY.

Among the chief attractions will be the

SCENES IN THE BASIN,

which will consist of a variety of extraordinary Feats, including several

RAPID ACTS OF CABMANSHIP

by some of the numerous artists from Charing Cross, who have taken a high stand in public favour. Mr. Batty has also effected an arrangement with a troop of

POLICE ACROBATS,

who will go through a series of grotesque evolutions, and A. 1, of Metropolitan celebrity, has been engaged to make

A Terrific Ascent

on the tight-rope, (now in the course of erection,) from the banks of the basin to the top of the Nelson Column.

CLOWNS TO THE BASIN, THE MAN AND THE BOY,

who will vary the amusements by their popular *facetiæ*.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE HORSE GUARDS:

The Humble Petition of your Clock,

Sheweth,

That for a considerable period your Petitioner has held his present high position in Her Majesty's service; but has of late been wound up to such a dreadful state, that your Petitioner trembles at every strike, lest there should be a turn-out of the hands employed on his works.

That your Petitioner is thoroughly ashamed of his dirty face and hands, which prevent his appearing in public as a respectable member of the clock community, as it is not only impossible that your Petitioner can be seen to a minute advantage, but at a short distance he cannot be seen to any advantage at all.

That your Petitioner feels very much depressed by the pointed conduct of the Telegraph at the Admiralty, who is constantly taking a sight at your Petitioner, evidently in derision, and with the aim of calling public attention to your Petitioner's dirty appearance. And furthermore, every night your Petitioner is very much annoyed at the offensive conduct of an oil-lamp placed under your Petitioner's very nose, which is in the habit of puffing its nasty smoke into your Petitioner's face, and so enabling the public to see that your Petitioner is just as dirty and useless at night as he is during the day.

That your Petitioner has shed on rainy days many tears over his obscure condition, which having run perpendicularly down his face, has caused a long streak to appear on your Petitioner's left cheek, terminating at the figure 6.

That this streak is frequently mistaken for your Petitioner's long hand, and many Government Clerks in the neighbourhood, whose laborious duties terminate at 4, avail themselves of your Petitioner's appearance in this respect, and leave their respective departments before your Petitioner has time to inform them it is half-an-hour too soon. That your Petitioner often blushes for this deception which is put on him; but for the reasons above-named his blushes are never seen.

Your Petitioner therefore humbly prays that he may be allowed forthwith to wash his face of the above deception, and so appear before the public again with clean hands; or, that he may be allowed to retire from your honourable service on half-pay, before he is fairly run down, or scandalously suspended.

And your Petitioner, as in duty bound, will always strike, &c.

NEW POLITICAL FASHIONS.

The following extraordinary note appeared in the *Times* of the 7th of February:—

"Sir,—Seeing that my name has not been inserted with those who were present at the 'Agricultural Protection Society,' at the Freemasons' Arms, last evening, may I request you to do me the favour to mention that *I was present at the dinner in one of your earliest impressions?*

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your very obedient servant,
"JAMES ARTHUR TAYLOR,
"Carlton Club, Feb. 4." "M.P. for East Worcestershire.

We know that fashion has strange vagaries, but we never heard of its dictating in one of its most eccentric moods such a curious costume as that of Mr. Taylor. The honourable member distinctly says to the Editor of the *Times*, "I was present at the dinner in one of your earliest impressions." Perhaps there may be a new fashion coming up of showing one's politics, by wearing a journal as a portion of the dress; and, really, considering the shapeless articles which, under the various names of Taglionis, Wrap-rascals, and other choice denominations, are now placed on the human form, we do not see why a newspaper, with holes made for the arms, should not be quite as becoming as any of the habiliments alluded to. Mr. Taylor has not only set the fashion, but he seems rather proud of it, or he would not have requested the Editor of the *Times* to state the fact with so much distinctness.

PUNCH'S PICTORIAL LETTER PAPER.

We have seen some Comic Note-paper, the pictorial portion of which is confined to the commencement, but we think the plan might be so far extended that a picture should tell the whole story of the letter, without giving the sender the trouble of writing more than his mere signature. Thus, a demand for the payment of a debt might be shown by an illustration of a tradesman knocking at the door, with a bill in his hand, followed by the broker's man, and the bailiff.

A prodigal son might melt the parental heart, or rather the parental purse, by a *tableau* of filial destitution and parental generosity;

while an offer of marriage could be curtly and courteously conveyed through a picture of one evidently under the influence of the softer passion, surrounded by those deed-boxes and money-bags which are more eloquent than all the dictionaries, and in comparison with which the rich verbosity of Johnson would be the merest Walker.

Punch's Nursery Rhymes.

Who kill'd Repeal?
I said the Press,
Neither more nor less:
I kill'd Repeal.

Who saw it die?
I said the nation,
With gratification:
I saw it die.

Who caught its blood?
I said Irish Dan;
For bleeding, I 'm the man:
I caught its blood.

Who 'll make the shroud?
I said Peel, with pleasure;
I 've an appropriate measure:
I 'll make the shroud.

Who 'll dig the grave?
I said the Queen,
By saying what I mean:
I 'll dig the grave.

Who 'll bear the pall?
I said Sharman Crawford,—
I 'll take anything that 's offer'd:
So I 'll bear the pall.

Who 'll carry it to the grave?
Said Graham, perhaps I 'm suitable,
Because I 'm very mute-able:
I 'll carry it to the grave.

Who 'll be the parson?
I said Dr. Wade,
Provided I 'm paid:
I 'll be the parson.

Who 'll be chief mourner?
I said O'Connell,
If the rent don't go on well:
I 'll be chief mourner.

Who 'll toll the bell?
We, said Erin and John Bull;
And together we will pull:
We 'll toll the bell.

ST. STEPHEN'S ON A QUICKSAND!

It seems that the New Houses of Parliament are built on a quicksand, which, says the account, "has a tendency to change places, and shift itself." Considering how often the members shifted and changed places last session on the very same questions, we do not think a better foundation could have been selected for them to deliberate upon. Henceforth our legislators will be able to shift on the best of grounds. It would read rather strangely, though, if the evening papers ended their Parliamentary report some stormy afternoon with an intimation that the House was "(*Left Shifting*)" for the quicksand might shift the House little by little right into the middle of the Thames. But we have one consolation: as long as Mr. Pattison is in the House, it will require no small power to move it.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A CLUB.

On the first night of *Honesty* at Covent Garden Theatre, we were particularly delighted to observe, in the dress circle, several white waistcoats and Paris kids from the Parthenon Club House. The waistcoats were looking very well, and the kids were got up in a style that did equal honour to the hands of those who cleaned them, and those who wore them. The Parthenon was very loud in its approbation, always starting the first, and invariably ending the third round of applause. The number of torn kids must have been immense; but, to quote Doctor Johnson, "the glove that would shrink from lending a hand to a five-act tragedy in distress, is unworthy of the name of a man and the Parthenon!!!"

PUNCH'S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

FIRST DEBATE ON THE NAVY.—SIR C. NAPIER, in moving for a Select Committee on the Construction of Ships, was anxious to put upon the navy the best construction possible. He (SIR C. NAPIER) in looking at the 50-gun ships, and taking them critically to pieces, thought that taking them literally to pieces was the best thing that could be done with them. (*Hear, and a laugh.*) An experiment had been made by cutting down bad vessels into good, but you might as well cut down a worn-out Wellington into an effective highlow. (*Loud cheers.*) As to the 18-gun vessels, they had gone through as many transformations as a trick in a pantomime. Then there was the *Vanguard*, which had plenty of guns, but if she used them she would set herself on fire. Then there was the *Queen*, which his hon. friend MR. C. WOOD was so much in love with, that he ordered six more *Queens*, which would be in fact restoring the Heptarchy. The *Queen* rolled easily, pitched easily, was strong-built, but had never been seen scudding under a very heavy sea. He now came to steam-boats. There was the *Gorgon* war-frigate, which was very well adapted for running away but not for fighting, because it only had one available gun, and that was more likely to hit the officer in command than any other person. (*A laugh.*) He concluded by moving for a Select Committee to know what money had been voted for building ships, and what the dickens had been done with it.

MR. HUME seconded the motion. He thought the worst-manned ship in the service was the Surveyor-ship of the Navy. (*A laugh.*) Other nations were quite leaving us behind in our ships.

SIR G. COCKBURN observed that if foreign nations left us behind in our ships, it was because the foreign ships went first and ours ran after them. (*Hear.*) He should oppose the motion.

CAPTAIN ROUS would support the motion. He thought SIR W. SYMONDS might be kept on as a watchman, to go round the dockyards and see all the lights out; but he was not fit to be Surveyor of the Navy. (*Hear.*)

MR. C. WOOD began by saying he was very sorry, and he proceeded for half-an-hour in a very sorry strain, amid general impatience.

ADMIRAL BOWLES alluded to the DUKE OF PORTLAND having built the *Pantaloon* to improve naval architecture, but the navy could not boast of a pair of *Pantaloons*. (*A laugh.*) He (ADMIRAL BOWLES) had himself commanded the armament in the Shannon, which had distinguished itself in the collection of the Irish poor-rates.

After a few more last words from SIR C. NAPIER, the House divided, and the motion was lost.

THE MORNING POST—MURDER—AND THE JEWS.

WE have been exceedingly struck with the benevolence expressed a few days since by the *Morning Post* towards five thousand Jews. Yes: only five thousand. The writer coolly advises that their throats should be cut. They are a nuisance that nothing but the grave can properly cover. This philanthropist is reviewing a book called *Algeria, Past and Present*, in which it is stated that 5000 Jews are to be found in Algiers; whereupon he says—

"Despite the flourishing vociferations made in the Chamber of Deputies by the '*vainqueur d'Isly*,' we fear that no country, even when enjoying the benefit of French rule, can ever prosper when it is overrun by so great a throng of Israelites. Five thousand Jews (and usurers, for the term is necessarily synonymous) let loose upon a country at once; what offence can Algiers have committed to meet with so dire an infliction? *It would be well for this distracted land*, if the *peoplish* could *be got rid of by some such summary process as was employed by the penultimate Turkish Sultan, when he disposed of thirty thousand troublesome Janissaries in the cool of the evening.*"

That is, we repeat, by cutting their throats. Is it not pleasant—quite refreshing, to read such benevolence from the chronicler of flounces—the historian of wedding cakes? We trust that the Jews of London will meet and consider how they can most appropriately reward the *Morning Post* for this, its last act of benevolence towards them. Perhaps the writer may, when put upon his defence, offer the like plea so frequently advanced by ruffians who overnight have committed some gross atrocity on public decency,—perhaps when he wrote the above he had been "dining out."

BRITANNIA TO HIBERNIA ON HER USELESS MEMBERS.

A (THOROUGHLY) ENGLISH MELODY.

IF I had a Member wot wouldn't work,
D' ye think I 'd suffer him at home to lurk?
I 'd give it him well, and cry "Don't shirk!"
And "Now then, lazy!"

Wot makes me mention this just now?
Here 's you a kickin' up a row;
A keepin' your Members at home to prate,
When they ought to be helpin' to legislate.
I want to know of what avail
Is DANIEL O'CONNELL and all his tail?
They might as well have stopp'd in jail!
I tell you what, Hibernia,——
If I had a Member, &c.

Instead of breakin' of the peace,
And givin' work to the Police,
Why don't you try to gain your cause
By means according to the Laws?
How can O'CONNELL earn his rent?
By staying away from Parliament?
I 'd ask him how the cash was spent!
And also say,——
If I had a Member, &c.

Why, what 's the good, and where 's the use
Of all his railing and abuse;
His bulls so large, his jokes so small,
In his Conciliation Hall?
"Be off at once!" I 'd tell the pack:
"About your business in a crack!
"Unless you want to get the 'sack;'
For mark me, gentlemen,"——
If I had a Member, &c.

That would be better, sure, a deal,
Than agitatin' for Repeal;
A farce, a flam, a pack of stuff!
Which you 've been hoax'd with long enough.
Come now, give up the wild-goose chase,
Believe me 'tis a hopeless case:
Send every Member to his place,
With the following observation——
If I had a Member, &c.

JUSTICE AND HER FEES.

WHEN English Justice talks of being equally accessible to the rich and the poor, it is very like *Old Mrs. Cole* discoursing on chastity, or slave-buying America swaggering about freedom. Justice is, in truth, only to be sought by fees. You must drop money in her scales before she will use them.

A fellow, named JOHN COOKE, was recently committed to jail for an attempt to rob two miserable girls. The case was one of peculiar atrocity, as the scoundrel had first charged one of his victims with robbing him. The magistrate, however, soon made COOKE and the poor girl change places at the bar, and the rascal was committed for trial. Well, we thought, the ruffian will now get his deserts: the majesty of the offended law—for that is the phrase—will speedily vindicate itself. Not so fast. There were fees to be paid:—

"In order to obtain 4*s.*, the fee for the indictment, the poor girls had to pawn some of their dress, and even then (the constable said) he was obliged to advance the only shilling he had about him to make up the sum; but when they went into the office, the crier demanded 1*s.* 6*d.*, his fees, and said he would send the bill back to the Indictment-office if it were not paid. The girls were wholly unprepared for this demand, but ran forthwith to scrape up the money. In their absence the crier had sent the bill before the grand jury, and the witnesses were absent when called. The bill was consequently thrown out, *and the prisoner discharged.*"

The lesson to be gathered from this is, let no miserable woman, however grossly abused and robbed, think of punishing her wronger unless she can procure five-and-sixpence fees to purchase the satisfaction. It is an absurdity to think that justice sits at Clerkenwell Sessions, or anywhere else, to dispense right gratis; nonsense—she sells it.

A PROPOSAL FOR THE CIVILISATION OF BRIGHTON.

THE inhabitants of Brighton appear to be in a most forlorn condition. Animated by our loyalty, we are desirous of obtaining the services of a few polite yet stout-hearted missionaries, who would be willing to travel to Brighton for the better dissemination of respectful manners among the inhabitants of that benighted district. It is well known that the QUEEN and the PRINCE have both been staying at Brighton, as it seems to their immediate peril. HER MAJESTY and consort on one occasion ventured, unattended and on foot, from the palace, and were soon beset by the natives, who like all barbarians are extremely curious. Some hung upon HER MAJESTY'S steps; some put their faces under her bonnet to see if the royal countenance was absolutely flesh and blood, or "one entire and perfect chrysolite." At one time, we are informed, PRINCE ALBERT had serious thoughts of drawing his sword-stick, which he happily had with him, and fighting his way with HER MAJESTY through the savages to the gates of the palace. The guard, however, came up, and fortunately no blood was spilt, the barbarians retreating at the sight of the bayonets.

It is really dreadful that any of our fellow-subjects should be in this shocking state of darkness; and we therefore earnestly call upon a few civil, yet withal resolute people, to make a pilgrimage to Brighton, that the barbarians may be properly instructed in the conduct they owe to the QUEEN as a lady; that they may no longer consider HER MAJESTY as little other than the lion or unicorn of the Royal Arms, a thing to be gaped and stared at; but as an English gentlewoman repairing to Brighton for privacy and repose.

We have talked with two or three persons who have in their time been to Brighton, and they assure us that the natives are in ordinary matters sufficiently acute. They know exactly how many shillings go to a pound; and let their huts out in lodgings with a very sufficient sense of their own interest. We further understand that the savages are not, as we at first imagined, tattooed.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

(From Our Own Reporter.)

THE House having resolved itself into a Committee, MR. GREEN was most appropriately put into the Chair, and SIR R. PEEL expressed himself to the following purpose:—

MR. GREEN, though I have had considerable experience, I am extremely nervous on the present occasion. I tremble all over like a leaf, and feel that I am in rather a shaky position. Sir, I must claim the indulgence of the House while I proceed with one of the usual official rigmaroles.

MR. GREEN, I am about to ask for a continuance of the Income-tax, and I will tell you why, as clearly as possible. Last year there were so many millions of probable revenue, with so many of expenditure. Now, if I take an average, and strike a balance, it gives us an actual revenue of so much at the close of the financial year. Now, sir, if I take the Customs at twenty-two millions, and so many more for the Excise (for I shall say nothing about China just now), you will, I think, agree with me that the Income-tax must be continued for a further limited period. (*Hear from* SIR J. GRAHAM.) In framing the expenditure for the present year, I have looked anxiously to the possibility of reduction, and turned my attention to the army. (*Hear.*) Nothing is more precious than the life and health of the soldier, but if you can cut him off with a view to retrenchment, it ought certainly to be done. Your foreign possessions, however, must be maintained; and even at home troops are necessary, for you would not cut off your army of observation at the entrance of Kensington, where a constant picquet of two (and it requires at least two to play a game of picquet), guards over the tranquillity of that rapidly rising suburb. (*Hear.*) Our estimates for the Navy are increased, for since we have opened our friendly intercourse with China, it is necessary to be ready to whop, at a moment's notice, that extraordinary people. (*Cheers.*)

I now come to the Taxes which I shall propose to take off, and the first thing in my mouth will be sugar. I shall propose a reduction in sugar, which will sweeten the cup after the Income-tax. The Income-tax being sevenpence in the pound, and the reduction in sugar three halfpence a pound, the consumer will reap as much benefit as he can from the arrangement.

I next propose to take the duty off coals. (*Hear, hear, hear, and much cheering.*) I mean the export duty. (*Oh, oh.*)

MR. WAKLEY. That is to say, you will take the duty off coals going the wrong way. (*A laugh.*)

SIR R. PEEL. I am indifferent to party taunts; in fact, as a Minister, I have always been indifferent. I propose (he added) to take the duty off a number of small articles, such as fibrous raw materials; and by this boon the public will be able to enjoy cheap zinc, which will be a luxury I need not dilate upon. I propose, also, to take off the duty on cabinet woods, for there is now a rising trade in cabinet-making, which I am anxious to encourage. (*Hear, and laughter.*)

LORD J. RUSSELL knew that some Cabinets were made of very common stuff, and wished to ask if the duties would be continued.

SIR R. PEEL. There has been a neglect of some of these duties formerly, and they were during the last Administration not worth their cost. I will abolish the duty on coopers' staves, so that, if the people cannot have cheap beer, they may at least have cheap beer-barrels. I mean to knock down the auction duties in one lot, so that an auctioneer may do as he is bid without paying more than a fixed annual sum for his license. I now come to glass, which I shall grasp boldly, not caring whether or no I cut my fingers. I propose taking all the duty off glass.

MR. BROTHERTON. Of course, then, if there is no duty on glass, there will be no duty on windows? (*Hear.*)

SIR R. PEEL. The honourable Member mistakes me. I do not propose to go so far as that; for if I gave up the windows, it would be a poor look-out for the revenue.

MR. BROTHERTON. Do you still tax the gratings admitting air into cellars?

SIR R. PEEL. I do; but the public will get cheap salt-cellars—which will, I hope, be found an equivalent; for if air is wholesome, which I am not at present prepared to deny, salt is also salubrious (*much cheering*). Besides, glass might be used for various purposes. It was true, glass coaches were nearly out of fashion; but in France they made glass tiles.

MR. WILLIAMS. Does the Right Honourable Baronet mean hats?

SIR R. PEEL. Yes, hats; if science would only give its head to it. By-the-by, I have forgotten cotton wool, on which I propose to abandon the whole of the duty, so that I shall be enabled to crown all by putting a cheap and comfortable cotton night-cap on every head of every class of this vast community.

On the question being put, SIR P. PEEL again rose, and asked for leave to sit again as soon as possible.

MR. TURNER trusted the Right Honourable Baronet would not stand upon ceremony, but sit again at once, if he were fatigued with standing so long, as he really must be. (*A laugh.*)

SIR R. PEEL. The honourable Member mistakes me. The House will understand me when I ask leave to sit again.

MR. WILLIAMS thought the Right Honourable Baronet should have asked himself how the country would *stand it again* in reference to the Income Tax.

The discussion was eventually postponed till the following Monday.

BATTUE APPOINTMENTS—

THE PROPRIETORS PERMITTING.

Monday	Feb. 24	MR. GIBLETT'S Yard.
Tuesday	Feb. 25	Smithfield Market.
Wednesday	Feb. 26	The Ducks in St. James's Park.
Thursday	Feb. 27	Zoological Gardens.
Friday	Feb. 28	A Pig Yard, Islington.
Saturday	Mar. 1	The Thames Swans.

The Noblemen to meet at Buckingham Palace at 10 o'clock each day. No Duke to bring more than two keepers, four beaters, and ten guns.

LORD MAYOR GIBBS AND THE DISTRESSED NEEDLEWOMEN.

A BALL being about to be given for the Distressed Needlewomen, LORD MAYOR GIBBS was applied to for the usual permission to exhibit the printed announcements in front of the Mansion House. His lordship refused the request, and his name does not appear as one of the patrons of the Charity. The latter we did not expect, but we thought he might have placed the Mansion House wall at the disposal of the Committee to post a bill upon. Though we did not think he was likely to give the poor Needlewomen bread, we fancied he was just the sort of man to have offered them a stone.

A GREAT RISE IN WATER.

WATER during the late frosty weather has been very scarce, and has fetched in several parts of the metropolis rather a high price. Should the frost continue, there may be a chance at last of getting in London a pint of pure milk.

BEHIND-THE-COUNTER THIEVES.

At a late meeting of the Court of Aldermen, a report was presented by Mr. Alderman Copeland, showing the rascalities committed by certain thieves in the City. We do not mean the miserable, unlodged robbers, who skulk about with the fear of the police, and a vision of Newgate ever haunting them: but of the cosey, householder thieves, who, as "respectable tradesmen" behind the counter, pillage their unsuspecting customers. Here is a statement enough to call blushes into the faces of the City dragons. *Domine, dirige nos!* cries the City legend. The Dominus of these gentry is assuredly Mercury:—

"Four hundred and six tradespeople, *all of whom sold to the poor*, had been convicted and fined, some for deficient weights and others for deficient measures. Of these individuals, many he was ashamed to say had been more than once convicted; and he also was sorry to be obliged to state that the fraudulent dealers detected in their iniquity in the past year exceeded in number those of the year 1843 by one hundred and sixty-five. The amount of fines inflicted upon the defendants for the last year was 226*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, while that levied in the preceding year was 143*l.* 5*s.*"

Four hundred and six thieves have compounded their moral felonies with the law for 226*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; many of them being old offenders!

Now, what a poor brainless fool is the wretch who takes to the highway, or by the ingenuity of a delicate finger obtains the pocket-book or purse of the wayfarer! If caught, he is sentenced it may be to seven years' transportation; and, if he have been previously convicted, very often to the slavery of a whole life. What a fool, we say, is this blunderer! Why does he not rob respectably? Why does he not take a shop? The benignity of the law smiles with tenderness upon the shopkeeper robber, who steals by means of false scales and weights. If he be caught in the fact, he endures not the obloquy of Newgate; not he—he is free as air, if he can pay the fine to offended Justice, bleeding as she always does for the wrongs of the poor. The shopkeeping thief may rob once, twice, thrice: still, money is the healing balsam: he pays the fine, and stands with his character as white as his Monday's apron, ready to rob again.

Thieves of London, wherever ye lurk in court or alley,—coming stealthily out like wild beasts for your prey,—give up your perilous trade; be respectable, be secure in your robberies, and keep a shop! There is, it seems, no thief so safe as the thief behind a counter.

THE BATTLE OF THE RAILWAYS.

The railway mania is committing the most frightful ravages on the senses of the people, and the most deadly feuds are springing up between the various supporters of the different projected lines.

Every man who has got a ten-pound-note is rushing into the market to purchase an interest in some thing or other which he don't understand, but he is satisfied with the fact that an advertisement has appeared calling the concern a railway. People are going about purchasing little bits of scrip, as they would take a quarter of a pound of tea, just to see how they like it, and every one is mad for a share in something—with the name of railroad attached to it.

Even our boy has consulted us as to laying out his accumulated pocket-money in the purchase of a Tours and Nantes, which is temptingly offered at only seven-and-sixpence; so that this cheap little line may be considered as a railroad for juveniles.

Between those who don't understand railway matters and those who do, the feud just now appears to be rather violent; for the meddling of the latter is calculated to mar the efforts of the former to provide those lines by which the public and the shareholders will equally benefit.

The North being the great seat of railway enterprise, is in a perfect ferment on the subject; and we see by advertisements in the *Times*, *Herald*, and other papers, that the interest of the contest now going on is centred in a dispute between Mr. Hudson and Mr. Beckett Denison. The latter, who appears to be at the head of the class of know-nothing-at-all-about-its, is much offended with Mr. Hudson, who stands very high in the railway world, for speaking somewhat too plainly.

Mr. Beckett Denison is, however, a Member of Parliament, and thinks he ought to know something about railways, because he will have to legislate concerning them. We, also, think he ought to know something about them, but perhaps he would show his individual wisdom—as part of the collective wisdom—in having nothing to do with them.

Mr. Hudson, it seems, spoke his mind through a window, when Mr. Beckett Denison, not being in a very pleasant frame, pulled up the glass of the railway-carriage he was sitting in; thus shutting out all explanation from Mr. Hudson, who feeling himself misunderstood, was anxious to set himself right on the subject.

For our own parts, we don't like to see Members of Parliament dabbling in railway speculations, which they themselves have the opportunity of unduly favouring in the House of Commons. We hear that Mr. Beckett Denison's dabble is a very timid one; and we do not say he would use his position as M.P. to further his own railway; but those should not take shares in lines, who have to take a share in legislating concerning them. We are averse to undue influence of any kind; and we would not stand by and see even the beadle throw his cocked hat and cane into the scale, which he might do, supposing he were to keep a shop for the sale of lollipops, and exercise his severity on those boys who purchased their sweets at any other establishment. Power is an instrument either for good or evil, and whether it be in the shape of a gold-laced coat, or a membership of Parliament, it ought not to be used in matters of personal interest.

We should be glad to see the time devoted to these personal squabbles employed in considerations for the improvement of the carriages for the conveyance of the poorer passengers, for (with but few exceptions) the third class carriages are little better than locomotive sheep-pens. During continuous rains the annexed sketch is scarcely an exaggeration.

ANGLING IN A THIRD CLASS CARRIAGE.

BONE-CRUSHING.

It appears, that in certain Unions, the paupers—compelled by the local board—crush bones. Sir James Graham objects to the practice; Lord Errington defends it. Wakley, with indignation, denounces it. He exclaims:—

"What, sir, the paupers to be employed in crushing and grinding bones in a state of rottenness and decomposition? Such a poisonous, odious, filthy, abominable occupation (cheers and laughter): and that, too, to be defended by a noble lord (hear, hear), in his place in this House! (Hear, hear.) He surely can't have spent any time in a workhouse! (Laughter.)"

Now, we have much admiration of Mr. Wakley. He gives to things their proper names. He calls a rogue a rogue, and a fool a fool; we like his out-speaking (whatever Mr. Roebuck, that bit of blighted notoriety, may think of it). Nevertheless, we cannot side with Mr. Wakley in this matter of bones. We think there is a fitness of purpose—a felicity of idea—in compelling paupers to crush bones. *Their* bones are crushed, and wherefore should they not crush the bones of other things?

THE FROST.

"FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE, &C."

THE Thermometer has dreadfully disgraced itself within the last few days, for it had sunk so low at one time that people almost despaired of its recovering from its degraded position. The severity of the weather has been such as to induce a belief that its coldness towards us was intended to favour Russian interests. The Serpentine turned crusty under the frost, and though the river proved itself able to bear a great deal, it was in some cases rather too much put upon.

The usual fancy fair was held upon the ice, and there was a brisk demand for brandy-balls. The business, on the whole, was not steady. There were several speculators for the fall, and a few were let in to an extent that must have been very disagreeable.

"DON'T BE AFEARD, SIR, IT 'LL BEAR!"

The skate market was on the whole dull, and the northern bank was particularly cautious in its issues, in consequence of there having been two or three defaulters in the course of the afternoon, in the shape of persons who having tried on the skates, skated away without paying for them. JACK FROST gave a series of quadrille parties on the Serpentine, and several parents joined in a pretty dance after their children. The skaters who were present were very numerous, and many continued dropping in up to a late hour. There was at the commencement a decided coolness among the company; but when the ice was once broken, they fell in with one another very readily.

SKETCH FROM NATURE.

"HOLLO! TOMMY PRICE, HERE'S A LARK—HERE'S A COVE HIN THE HICE!"

MISCHIEF FOR THE MILLION.

IN consequence of the state of the law, allowing a person to walk into the British Museum and smash the Portland Vase for three pounds, it is possible that this sort of amusement may supersede the hitherto aristocratic amusement of breaking windows and wrenching off door-knockers. A morning's lark in the National Gallery would be cheap at thirty pounds, if half-a-dozen were to club together for the purpose, and the sum would include the privilege of running walking-sticks into six of the best pictures the collection contains. We presume the law is left in this state for the purpose of allowing the luxury of mischief to those who are disposed to pay for it. Three pounds were all that the law demanded for the amusement of breaking the Portland Vase, or rather for breaking the shade, the latter being the only article charged for, and the Vase being, of course, thrown in *gratis*. It is not often that the law is so very particular to a shade as it has been in this instance.

We should like to know where the three pounds came from that were sent anonymously to pay the fine for the mischievous donkey who smashed the precious article. No doubt, if the money could be traced, it would be found to have been supplied by one of the "vulgar rich," who would be happy to demolish the Elgin Marbles at so much a yard, or take the Museum all round upon a reduced scale of penalties.

The Mud in the City.

THE Royal Humane Society has given notice that drags, for the future, will be kept in readiness the whole length of the Strand, Fleet Street, and Cornhill, as several persons have narrowly escaped drowning by venturing on the wood-pavement after a frost, and getting out of their depth in the mud in the middle of the street.

SYNONYMOUS TERMS.

WE have heard nothing lately of the "long range." The reason is, the same thing is now so much better expressed by the INCOME TAX.

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

GAME FORTIFICATIONS.

DEEPLY impressed with the philanthropic arguments of MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, that the evils of the Game Laws arise from the indifference of those who do not rigidly preserve, and who thereby throw open their plantations as a sort of normal schools for poachers, we here present to those public-spirited landlords who know the rights of game, and are nobly prepared with the blood of their servants to defend them (there have been only forty game-keepers *as yet* murdered), a rude sketch of a fortification. Of course, any number of cannon may be mounted at the pleasure of the game-preserver. The keepers are always to mount guard, with muskets double loaded with ball-cartridge. It is, too, confidently believed that the bayonet—a weapon hitherto strangely disregarded—may be used with great effect upon the poacher. We know that MR. BERKELEY has a gentlemanly prejudice in favour of "a punch on the head;" but we think a few inches of cold steel will be found even more efficacious than a BERKELEY'S fist.

THE BRITISH NAVY QUESTION.

WE understand that, with the view of ascertaining the available force of the British Navy, the following questions have been sent round to the whole of the Thames Steam Marine, and as we have seen one of the documents, after its being returned to the proper office, we give it with the answers appended to it by the captain of the boat, which is understood to be one of the effective force of the Chelsea Fourpennies:—

Q. How does she stow her provisions?—*A.* She keeps her ginger-beer in one of the seats of the cabin.

Q. Does she ride easy at her anchors?—*A.* She has only got one anchor, which she shares with two other vessels.

Q. How does she stand under her sails?—*A.* If she had any sails she could not stand at all, but would inevitably tip over.

Q. How does she carry her lee-ports?—*A.* She carries no ports, but half-a-dozen ginger-beers and two British brandies.

Q. Does she roll easy or uneasy in the trough of the sea?—*A.* We are not aware of any trough that is large enough to try her in. A horse-trough would be too narrow.

Q. Does she pitch easy?—*A.* The best pitch has always been used, and it adheres very well to the outside of her.

Q. Is she, generally speaking, an easy or uneasy ship?—*A.* When the word is given to ease her, she is a tolerably easy ship.

Q. How does she steer?—*A.* With a wheel.

Q. How does she wear and stay?—*A.* She wears pretty well, though the paint gets rubbed off by constant collisions. She generally stays where you leave her.

Q. How does she behave lying-to?—*A.* Her behaviour when lying-to is extremely quiet and respectable.

Q. How does she behave before the wind?—*A.* Just as she would behind its back.

Q. Is she, generally speaking, a well-built, strong ship, or does she show any symptoms of weakness?—*A.* Her only weakness consists in her shedding tears over the passengers from her funnel.

Q. Has she been ashore, or has she struck the ground?—*A.* She sleeps ashore every night after her exertions of the day, and strikes the ground about twice during each passage.

Departure from the Metropolis.

THE building at King's Cross left town last month in several carts and pair. The place of its destination is not exactly known, but it is supposed to have gone the way of all bricks and mortar, as the first floor has lately been seen in the neighbourhood of London repairing the public roads. The poor tenement, says our informant, appeared quite broken up in consequence of this severe blow. The ghost of the statue of GEORGE THE FOURTH occasionally visits at midnight, we have been told, the spot where formerly he was so cruelly executed.

GROSS SUPERSTITION.

THERE is a merchant in the City, in the full possession of his intellect, who actually believes that the Income Tax will last only three years longer!

FEROCITY OF THE BAR.

THE barrister is a ferocious animal; there is no doubt of it; and great is the peril of innocent Members of Parliament who, in committees, are left at his mercy. We once saw half-a-dozen pigeons shut up in a cage with a torpid boa-constrictor. Unconscious victims! They strutted about and picked up their peas, thoughtless of the peril near them, that in due season was to bolt them whole. In like manner have young unsuspecting Members gone gaily upon Railway Committees, altogether unconscious of the barrister—that boa in a gown and wig—that was to slaver them for so much a day, and then crush them. MR. WALLACE, in the House of Commons, has called the attention of the country to the danger of Members of Parliament when attacked by a barrister. We have read nothing in all the vicissitudes of Indian sporting that has so quickened our sympathies. MR. WALLACE declared that the only object of the barrister was not to convince, but to "master the committee." He said, with a tremulous voice and somewhat tearful eye—

"Lawyers were certainly the most presumptuous men that he had ever had to deal with, and Members of that House *were put upon most shamefully by them* in committees when the chairman did not interfere."

We regret to say, that there were creatures in the form of men and Members of Parliament who laughed at this!

MR. WAKLEY said, it had been averred that the barrister always had the best of it, "in consequence of the Parliamentary intellect not being up to the high standard of the intellect of the bar." No doubt, in some instances, it may be an unfair contest; a competition of lead with bronze. It was also complained that the barrister often told the senator that he knew nothing of the laws; he only made them. This, in a barrister, is certainly a little arrogant. It is as if a brazen kettle—made eloquent by ÆSOP—should reproach the brazier who had fashioned it with knowing nothing whatever of its construction. Ungrateful brass—unjust barrister!

MR. WAKLEY further observed—

"If it be notorious that barristers treat with contempt, and almost with scorn, the judgment and opinions of the gentlemen whom they address, is it not right—does not common-sense demand—that you should place some person upon the tribunal who would have some control over them, and be able to keep their speeches within the pale of reason?"

We think we espy a partial remedy. We would have MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY as chairman of one of these committees. When the barrister was about to go too far, he would be pulled up by the recollection of that gentleman's powerful argument in the way of "a punch on the head." To be sure, it may be said that MR. BERKELEY cannot take the chair at all the committees. Nevertheless, wanting the great discoverer of the prime virtue of "a punch" properly delivered, the committee might have in attendance TOM SPRING, the TIPTON SLASHER, and other practical logicians, to meet the arguments of the ferocious barrister.

PUNCH'S LIBRETTO OF THE BALLET OF "LES DANAÏDES."

ACT I.

SCENE I. is the bed-room of *King Danaus*, which is as bare of furniture as the rooms of stage monarchs usually are. The *King* is discovered asleep, with all his clothes on, and he is kicking up his legs very furiously, in order to disperse a horrid dream. *Nemesis* rises in pasteboard, and points to an inscription arranged by a transparency lighted with a jet of gas, informing him that a son-in-law will deprive him of his crown and life. By the way he appears to have gone to bed with his crown on, preferring it no doubt to an ordinary night-cap. He runs frantically about the stage from O. P. to P. S., the movement being expressive of his alternation between rage and fear—rage whirling him towards the prompter's box, and fear driving him in the direction of the stage-door. At length he holds up his clenched fist, and grins horribly, in order to express his intention to get his fifty sons-in-law killed off hand by his fifty daughters. *Euricles*, a slave in a skin of black worsted, enters to call the *King*, but brings no shaving water, and to announce that the altar of Hymen is ready, with wedding rings for fifty, and priests for a hundred. *Danaus* laying his hand ominously (*à la* LEVY) on the shoulder of *Euricles*, pokes his nose into the latter's ear, and is understood to have fully disclosed his purpose to his faithful minister, who promises to make the contemplated job a government measure, and they both quit the stage.

THE WHISPER.

SCENE II. is the port of Argos, with an altar in the centre, prepared for the marriage, so that if *Dandus* had lived in London he would no doubt have had his children married at St. Katharine's Docks. The future husbands enter, with their poor cold legs encased in white cotton long hose. The three first, who are principals, have a considerable strut, and bow when they get to the lamps. Those coming next being the *corps de ballet*, have an air of somewhat less importance, but the last dozen being decided supernumeraries, sneak on with an air of much humility. The young brides next arrive in shamefully short petticoats of very flimsy materials, and they are no sooner married than they begin to dance with considerable energy. *Lynceus* and *Hypermnestra* dance a *pas de deux* for the amusement of all the rest of the newly-married couples, and thus ends the scene.

THE FIFTY BRIDES INTRODUCED TO THE FIFTY BRIDEGROOMS.

SCENE III. is a subterranean cave, or coal-cellar, dedicated to *Nemesis*, where *Danaus* has brought his daughters to arrange preliminaries for the wholesale assassination that he has set his mind upon. All but *Hypermnestra* concur in the project, and a good deal of serious business ensues between her and her father. The old gentleman, by a number of

DO IT!

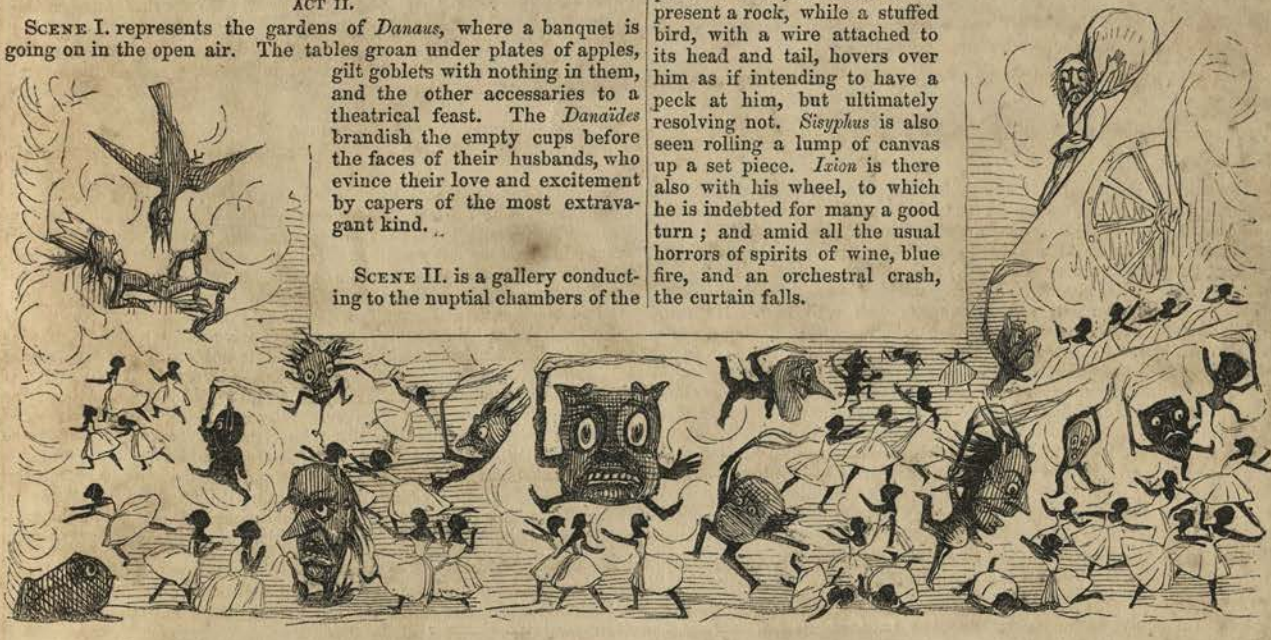
grimaces and gestures, bullies and badgers her into a pretended promise to join her sisters in their bridegroomicide, and thus ends the first act.

ACT II.

SCENE I. represents the gardens of *Danaus*, where a banquet is going on in the open air. The tables groan under plates of apples, gilt goblets with nothing in them, and the other accessaries to a theatrical feast. The *Danaïdes* brandish the empty cups before the faces of their husbands, who evince their love and excitement by capers of the most extravagant kind.

SCENE II. is a gallery conducting to the nuptial chambers of the *Danaïdes*, who appear to have gone to pass the honeymoon at a building very like the Hotel at the Euston Square terminus of the London and Birmingham Railway. *Lynceus* and *Hypermnestra* have, however, been sitting up later than the rest, and *Hypermnestra* warns him of his fate, urging him to fly, which he declines doing till nearly too late, when seeing the daughters rushing in with their daggers, he bolts as fast as possible. The *Danaïdes*, who have all let down their back hair, as if they had taken it out for the night and not had time to put it up again, brandish their weapons, which have all been dipped in red paint; but that of *Hypermnestra* is still unstained. Her papa is furious, and is going to kill her, when *Lynceus* appears with about a dozen supernumeraries—headed by MR. PIGEON—who are, it appears, his trusty followers, and among whom we distinctly recognised some of the equally trusty followers of the *Duke* in the opera of *The Daughter of St. Mark*. *Lynceus* threatens the thunder of Jove, and the prompter rattles the sheet of iron at the wing. The air becomes suddenly thickened with gauze, and when the mist of muslin disperses we see

SCENE III.—*Tartarus*, into which *Danaus* is dragged, and is chained to an uncomfortable bit of carpenter's work, intended to represent a rock, while a stuffed bird, with a wire attached to its head and tail, hovers over him as if intending to have a peck at him, but ultimately resolving not. *Sisyphus* is also seen rolling a lump of canvas up a set piece. *Ixion* is there also with his wheel, to which he is indebted for many a good turn; and amid all the usual horrors of spirits of wine, blue fire, and an orchestral crash, the curtain falls.



PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

13. *Incidents cannot be severed.*—This maxim means that anything incidental to something else cannot in law be taken from it; but an incidental ballet is sometimes left out of a piece, and the incidents in a melodrama may often be severed, for they frequently have no connection one with the other.

14. *Actio personalis moritur cum personâ.* A personal action dies with the person.—This maxim is clear enough, and means that an action brought against a man who dies in the middle of it cannot be continued. Thus, though the law will sometimes pursue a man to the grave, his rest is not there liable to be disturbed by the lawyers. If a soldier dies in action, the action does not necessarily cease, but is often continued with considerable vigour afterwards.

15. *Things of a higher nature determine things of a lower nature.*—Thus a written agreement determines one in words, though if the words are of a very high nature they put an end to all kinds of agreement between the parties.

16. *Majus continet minus.* The greater contains the less.—Thus, if a man tenders more money than he ought to pay he tenders what he owes, for the greater contains the less; but a quart wine-bottle, which is greater than a pint and a half, does not always contain a pint and a half, so that in this instance the less is not contained in the greater.

17. *Majus dignum trahit ad se minus dignum.* The more worthy draws with it the less worthy.—In accordance with this maxim, the owner of deeds has a right to the box containing them; for the box, which is less worthy, is drawn to the deeds which are the more worthy. By the same rule, that which draws the boxes will also draw the pit, and sometimes the gallery. It may be added, as a further illustration of this maxim, that champagne draws with it brandy-and-water at a later period of the evening; and thus the more worthy—the champagne—draws the less worthy—the brandy-and-water—after it.

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of the Antiquarian Society, SIR HENRY ELLIS produced a bottle of Poo Loo's cement, with which it was hoped the Portland Vase might be restored. SIR HENRY stated that two men were now at work upon it, and public attention was riveted upon the Vase by the late unfortunate occurrence.

A member asked if public attention could rivet the Vase, but there was no reply to the question, and the meeting gradually dispersed.

"ORDERED AS PRAYED."

THE above answer has been given by the Horse Guards to the petition presented to them in our last Number by their veteran Clock, who now looks clean and respectable, and has the appearance of something like a clock. In return for this benefit, the Horse Guards intend to present *Punch* with the freedom of their gate,—that is to say, he is to be allowed to pass through on horseback without being questioned, and to receive military honours, as often as he has occasion to call upon the Duke.

FELON PRESERVES.

"A HUNTING WE WILL GO."

One third of the inmates of our gaols, it appears, consist of poachers. Such, at least, was the statement made last summer by Sir H. Verney, and quoted at a late Anti-Game-Law Meeting at Aylesbury, by Dr. Lee, of Hartwell House. At a subsequent meeting, with the same object, (reported by our own correspondent,) a Gentleman said he was very fond of pheasant. His predilection for partridge was excessive. Hare, whether jugged or roast, was a favourite dish with him. He could hardly bring himself to mention woodcock, the thought of its daintiness so transported him. He could willingly dine off game (in season) every day of his life; and, therefore, would as much rejoice in its abundance as the Duke of Buckingham. He consequently would highly approve of Game Preserves, but for one little reason; and for that, he would sweep them from the land,—the Game Preserve necessitated the Felon Preserve.

Another Gentleman said that the Felon Preserve was an institution for the wholesale conversion of the peasants into thieves, burglars, footpads, and murderers; and for driving their wives and families into the workhouse and the streets. Noble Lords and Honorable Gentlemen could not deny that this was rather shocking; but what perhaps was more to the purpose, they must admit that it was very expensive. The Jail cost a little more than the Union; and the transportation of offenders came to a good round sum in the lump.

A third Gentleman said there was an argument, certainly, against the abolition of Game Preserves, and consequently for the maintenance of Felon Preserves,—it would spoil sport; yes, it would spoil very fine sport; it would do away with *battues*. He could well enter into the feelings of the illustrious and noble sportsmen who fire into clouds of partridges and flocks of hares, bringing them down by dozens at a shot. He had seen gentlemen from Tooley-street do the same by sparrows from behind a hurdle. He would be sorry to deprive them of this generous and truly English amusement. But would it not answer every purpose of a *battue*, to preserve ducks, geese, cocks, and hens? A multitude of these creatures enclosed in a farm-yard would afford just as much fun as a lot of tame pheasants in a cover. Why not bang and blaze away at them?—it would do just as well. The Game Preserve might thus be dispensed with, and then the Felon Preserve would be got rid of too—which, considering the misery, crime, and bloodshed, and, again, let him add, the expense occasioned by keeping it up,—would certainly be rather desirable. In conclusion, he would move that a petition be presented to Parliament for the speedy abolition of Felon Preserves. The resolution was adopted unanimously.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

The "*Presse*" has lately made a revelation fraught with consequence to future writers of naval history viz.: that the French were, morally, victors in the action of Trafalgar! It has discovered that the English fleet, on that occasion, consisted of twenty-seven ships, the combined French and Spanish force of seventeen. Our Admiralty returns show a list of nineteen French and Spanish ships captured or destroyed. These statements, at first sight, appear contradictory; if they are, of course, the Admiralty returns must be viewed as an *ex parte* statement, unworthy to stand for a moment by the side of the respectable "*marchands d'images*," or penny showmen in the "*Champs Elysées*," from whom the *National* derives its statistics. If the great hulking English fleet had ventured to "hit one of its own size," the result would have been different; and, notwithstanding our superiority in numbers, the day after the action, when the gallant Captain Cosmas came out of Cadiz, the English fairly cut and run, rather than meet the ships they had treated like big bullies, as they were, the day before.

Henceforth the battle of Trafalgar will take its stand with the battles of Toulouse, Vittoria, Waterloo, and other memorable French victories, which the partiality of English prejudice has hitherto called defeats. We understand that M. Thiers' forthcoming History of the Empire is to set the world right upon these matters, and to prove that throughout the Peninsular War the French never lost an action either by land or sea;—that their retreats were so many masterly stratagems, and their routs clever bits of acting, destined, as the case might be, either to lull the enemy into a fatal security, or lead him on in rash pursuit. Much of this misapprehension, that has prevailed among other nations than the English, on the subject of these French victories, is to be attributed doubtlessly to the peculiar bashfulness of the French character, which shuts a man's mouth the moment his own or his country's glories are brought on the *tapis*.

In consequence of the discovery made by the *Presse*, M. Gudin has received a commission to paint a picture of the victory of Trafalgar for Versailles, where it will take a place alongside of "The sinking of the *Vengeur*," with her crew shouting "*Vive la République!*" and taking sights of derision at the English boats offering their assistance; a fact as glorious and as authentic as the success now first brought to light. The Editor of the *Presse* has received, from the anti-Pritchard party, a medal with the inscription—

"A l'Entrepreneur
Des Succès Navals
de la France."

Which may be rendered—

"To the gentleman who gets up
the Naval Victories
of France."

THE PRIVILEGES OF PARLIAMENT.

The arches on Westminster Bridge have been turned into dust-bins, two or three of them being filled with heaps of rubbish. Now there is no excuse for this accumulation, when the House of Commons is so conveniently nigh.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London; and published by them, at No. 93, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, February 22, 1845.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE V.

MR. CAUDLE HAS REMAINED DOWN STAIRS TILL PAST ONE, WITH A FRIEND.

PRETTY time of night to come to bed, MR. CAUDLE. Ugh! As cold, too, as any ice. Enough to give any woman her death, I'm sure. What! I shouldn't have locked up the coals, indeed? If I hadn't, I've no doubt the fellow would have staid all night. It's all very well for you, MR. CAUDLE, to bring people home,—but I wish you'd think first what's for supper. That beautiful leg of pork would have served for our dinner to-morrow,—and now it's gone. *I* can't keep the house upon the money, and I won't pretend to do it, if you bring a mob of people every night to clear the cupboard.

"I wonder who'll be so ready to give you a supper when you want one; for want one you will, unless you change your plans. Don't tell me! I know I'm right. You'll first be eaten up, and then you'll be laughed at. I know the world. No, indeed, MR. CAUDLE, I don't think ill of everybody; don't say that. But I can't see a leg of pork eaten up in that way, without asking myself what it's all to end in if such things go on? And then he must have pickles, too! Couldn't be content with my cabbage—no, MR. CAUDLE, I won't let you go to sleep. It's very well for you to say let you go to sleep, after you've kept me awake till this time. *Why* did I keep awake? How do you suppose I could go to sleep, when I knew that man was below drinking up your substance in brandy-and-water? for he couldn't be content upon decent, wholesome gin. Upon my word, you ought to be a rich man, MR. CAUDLE. You have such very fine friends. I wonder who gives you brandy when you go out!

"No, indeed, he couldn't be content with my pickled cabbage—and I should like to know who makes better—but he must have walnuts. And you, too, like a fool—now, don't you think to stop me, MR. CAUDLE; a poor woman may be trampled to death, and never say a word—you, too, like a fool—I wonder who'd do it for you—to insist upon the girl going out for pickled walnuts. And in such a night too! With snow upon the ground. Yes; you're a man of fine feelings, you are, MR. CAUDLE! but the world doesn't know you as I know you—fine feelings, indeed! to send the poor girl out, when I told you and told your friend, too—a pretty brute he is, I'm sure—that the poor girl had got a cold and chilblains on her toes. But I know what will be the end of that; she'll be laid up, and we shall have a nice doctor's bill. And you'll pay it, I can tell you—for *I* wont.

"Wish you were out of the world? Oh! yes, that's all very easy. I'm sure *I* might wish it. Don't swear in that dreadful way! Ain't you afraid that the bed will open and swallow you? And don't swing about in that way. *That* will do no good. *That* won't bring back the leg of pork,—and the brandy you've poured down both of your throats. Oh, I know it! I'm sure of it. I only recollected it when I'd got into bed,—and if it hadn't been so cold, you'd have seen me down stairs again, I can tell you—I recollected it, and a pretty two hours I've passed, that I left the key in the cupboard,—and I knew it—I could see by the manner of you, when you came into the room—I know you've got at the other bottle. However, there's one comfort: you told me to send for the best brandy—the very best—for your other friend, who called last Wednesday. Ha! ha! It was British—the cheapest British—and nice and ill I hope the pair of you will be to-morrow.

"There's only the bare bone of the leg of pork: but you'll get nothing else for dinner, I can tell you. It's a dreadful thing that the poor children should go without,—but, if they have such a father, they, poor things, must suffer for it.

"Nearly a whole leg of pork and a pint of brandy! A pint of brandy and a leg of pork. A leg of—leg—leg——pint—"

And mumbling the syllables, says MR. CAUDLE'S MS., she went to sleep.

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENON.

WHAT has become of the ALBERT HAT? is a question that is being continually put to us, and great curiosity is very naturally expressed that this hat, which was formerly in every body's mouth, is no longer talked about. The following observations of our own astronomical correspondent will throw some light on the subject:—

"Whilst I was taking my usual survey of the starry system, watching Herschel enter Leo, by walking most imprudently smack into the lion's mouth, I observed an unusual obfuscation over the glasses of my spectacles. It arose from a cloud, which dispersed and discovered the planet Mars with something on the top of his head, which I could not understand, but

as it looked a good deal like a hat, I thought it might have been Castor, with whom Mars had come into collision. On closer inspection I found that Castor was in his usual place by the side of his brother twin, so that I must have been mistaken in my first suspicion. Mars gave evident symptoms of impatience at what he had got upon his head, and Herschel, who had just come up from Aries—for Herschel is quite a kitchen planet, and gets down into the areas whenever he can—began to twinkle his eye somewhat humorously; while the Great Bear put on one of those peculiar expressions which he assumes when any thing extraordinary is happening in the neighbourhood of the Zodiac. Boötes, familiarly known among the other stars as Boots, also came towards the stranger, and by putting an opera-glass with a very strong lens, with a telescope at the end of that, and then my spectacles, I got such a powerful focus that I distinctly discovered the ALBERT HAT to be the phenomenon that had so long puzzled me."

The occultation of this hat is now accounted for, and its apotheosis, among the stars will no doubt be a compensation to its royal inventor, for its having so soon disappeared from the terrestrial globe.

Slavery in Pall-Mall.

DEAR PUNCH,

Knowing your sympathy with those who suffer from hard work, especially when it is endured under circumstances of peculiar insalubrity, such as would make "each particular hair stand on end" were they to be divulged, I hope you will exert your influence in obtaining for me some legislative mitigation of my distressed condition.

Till you take me in hand,

I remain, dear PUNCH,
Your ill-used servant,
THE HAIRBRUSH AT THE REFORM CLUB.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM AND THE SPY SYSTEM.

IT is said, in extenuation of the conduct of SIR JAMES GRAHAM in opening private letters, that it enables him to do away with the spy system. This may be true to a certain extent; but SIR JAMES does away with the spy system as the LORD MAYOR does away with the Lord Mayor's fool, by performing the duties himself. It is clear enough that no ministry is in want of spies while it has the services of a SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

THE COVENT GARDEN SEASON.

This magnificent temple—of anything that happens to turn up—has again closed after a couple of short, but not particularly merry, seasons. The house opened on the 26th of December last with a company of ladies and gentlemen, chiefly selected from the hall of the theatre, where they had been requested to sit down while answers were given to their applications for engagements. The names of Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff were the units placed before the 0 0's, and with this material the lessee went to work to do wonders with the great national establishment. On the opening night *George Barnwell* was gloriously got through—as a farce—by the three heavy old men, but unfortunately the fun of the tragedy killed the pantomime, which was flat in the extreme after the unctuous humour of the uncle, and the spicy rollicking raciness of the unfortunate *George*.

In the course of the season an attempt has been made to put some of the plays of Shakspeare on the stage in a style in which they were never done before; and in this the management has succeeded to a miracle. The experiment of seeing what the immortal Bard can possibly stand has been tried to the fullest, or rather the emptiest extent.

Antigone was the next novelty, which was really and deservedly a hit; but as something was necessary for the off-nights, a new drama, under the title of *Honesty*, was produced, which had a run of two nights, and was revived a fortnight afterwards, when it had an interrupted run of four successive hours.

The only other novelty was the *Shadow on the Waters*, the scene of which was laid in China, where, if the manuscript had laid also, it would have been quite as well for the management. This, however, was announced for every evening until further notice; but the further notice came in a couple of days, when it was intimated that the theatre was shut, and the season came to a close one exceedingly fine morning in February.

NEW DESIGNS FOR THE FOUNTAINS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The public have been so often disappointed at the perfidious conduct of the Trafalgar Square authorities in keeping the word of promise to the Artesian well, and breaking it to the leaden pipes, or, to speak less figuratively, in announcing that the water was going to be laid on when it wasn't—that till we have the water actually in our eyes, we shall not believe that there is going to be any.

Last week there was an alarm of water, but on our inquiring of the policeman on duty, we ascertained that there was some mistake about having the blocks of granite too high, or the pipes too short, and that the whole concern had to be knocked down again. In the hope of our being yet in time to supersede the designs for dumb-waiters which at present disfigure Trafalgar Square, we beg to propose the erection of two figures similar to those which appear in the sketches annexed. The change may be easily made, for the pedestals are already on the spot, and the umbrellas can be made by turning the trays of the dumb-waiters upside down, so that the figures are all that will be required.

Punch's Review.

Lloyd's List, 4to. 1845.—We have been favoured with a few copies of this pleasant periodical, and we are happy to say that the nine thousandth six hundredth and fifty-fifth number, which is now before us, fully maintains the promises which Number One held out to us. The opening article has the taking title of the "Wind at Midnight," but the writer has not made the most of this very fine subject. His article on the "Wind at Noon," is open to the same objection. Some remarks on the ketch, *Betsy*, in No. 9612, are written in the right spirit. There is a nice tone of humanity in the concluding sentence, which simply says, "Crew and part of stores saved;"—a touching little announcement, which leaves the reader to infer that the writer's heart is so full as to choke his pen's further utterance. In the number for the 3rd of December, there is an interesting anecdote of a cask, marked *Ship Matilda, ship's stores, provisions*, which was left behind at Portleven, on the 30th November. The articles on the mails are faithfully done, and evince a thorough knowledge of the subject. We think the writer of the little tale of the *Anna Agatha*, which "in going off the patent slip to-day, sprung her mizen-mast," has hardly made enough of his material. Cooper, the American novelist, would have given a whole volume to it.

In conclusion, we have only to say, that if Lloyd's List continues to be conducted with its present spirit, it must become extensively popular.

A New Source of Revenue.

Two thousand newspapers are found without envelopes every week at the Post Office. With this enormous stock in hand, could not some reading-rooms be opened at the back of St. Martin's-le-Grand? or, perhaps, a coffee-shop under the portico would answer better. We are confident an announcement of

To-day's "Times," or "Chronicle," and a cup of coffee for 3d.!!

would take immensely. It would be sure to be supported by every newsvender in the metropolis; and the surplus revenue might be humanely employed in establishing a corn-and-bean fund for the relief of the letter-carriers' horses, which look exactly as if they had been fed upon the missing envelopes of the 2000 newspapers.

RAILWAY POLITENESS.

THE classification adopted in the management of Railways is not confined to the carriages; but the distinctions of first, second, and third class are scrupulously observed in the degree of politeness shown by the servants of the company to the passengers. The old maxim that civility costs nothing, seems to be utterly repudiated by Railway Directors, who calculate no doubt that politeness at all events takes time; and as time is money, the servants of the company are not justified in giving it without an equivalent. Any one who doubts the fact of the distinction to which we have alluded being drawn, has only to present himself at different times as an applicant for information at a Railway Terminus in the different characters of a first, a second, and a third class passenger.

If he is going by the first class he will get speedy attention from the clerks in the office; bows, and even smiles, from the policemen on the platform; and perhaps a touch of the hat from the guard. The second class passenger will get bare civility, but rather more of the bear than the civility, from the officials who stamp and deliver the checks; and who are very fond of trying to cheat themselves into the belief that they are quite on a par with the "gentlemen in the public offices," whom the railway clerks chiefly resemble in an assumed nonchalance, which, however, the plain-speaking of a passenger who *will* be attended to, and who *may* be a shareholder, is pretty sure to dissipate. A second class passenger will get nothing more than a "Now, Sir," from the policeman, and a "Come, jump up!" from the guard; while the third class passenger will experience a poke in the chest from the former with his staff, by way of keeping him back till it is convenient to let him enter the carriage. In fact, there are short answers as well as short trains, and each class has a set of rules of politeness applied to it, which the officers are bound to obey as scrupulously as they do the Railway signals.

FIRST CLASS POLITENESS.

SECOND CLASS POLITENESS.

THIRD CLASS POLITENESS.

THE THIRD CLASS TRAVELLER'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a third class man,
Whose trembling limbs with snow are whitened o'er,
Who for his fare has paid you all he can:
Cover him in, and let him freeze no more!

This dripping hat my roofless pen bespeaks,
So does the puddle reaching to my knees;
Behold my pinch'd red nose—my shrivell'd cheeks:
You should not have such carriages as these.

In vain I stamp to warm my aching feet,
I only paddle in a pool of slush;
My stiffen'd hands in vain I blow and beat;
Tears from my eyes congealing as they gush.

Keen blows the wind; the sleet comes pelting down,
And here I 'm standing in the open air!
Long is my dreary journey up to Town,
That is, alive, if ever I get there.

Oh! from the weather, when it snows and rains,
You might as well, at least, defend the Poor;
It would not cost you much, with all your gains:
Cover us in, and luck attend your store.

AN INCOME-TAX APOLOGIST (WANTED).

THE income-tax for ever! We do not mean this for a shout, but a groan. SIR ROBERT PEEL means to try it on for three more years, and assuredly he will never try it off. As certainly as the hump of *Mr. Punch* will remain a fixture on his shoulders till doomsday, so will this burden on those of MR. JOHN BULL. Well; it is a necessary evil, and we must submit to it. There is nothing like content and resignation. No; and unfortunately there will be nothing like them in the community as long as Industry and Capital pay sevenpence a-piece. A deplorable opinion prevails, that to tax the poor man's earnings equally with the rich man's wealth, is an unjust, wicked, villanous, abominable shame; a gross, intolerable, monstrous imposition. Such are the hard words which the people, in their ignorance, apply to this mode of taxation. Really, SIR ROBERT PEEL ought, in justice to himself, (we speak this aloud,) to UNDECEIVE *them*; that is to say, (now we whisper in his ear,) to *deceive* them: and, for this purpose, we would confidentially advise him to put forth, in a proper quarter, some such advertisement as the following:—

Wanted, a thoroughly impudent, unscrupulous, venal writer, of first-rate sophistical abilities, fully competent to falsify the plainest facts, and confute the most common-sense truisms. He will be required to convince the people of England, that the reason why Industry is forced to pay the same tax as Estate and Capital, is, not because those who impose the tax are the Landowners and Capitalists; but because the fair adjustment of the said tax is IMPOSSIBLE. He is to prove that the tax-makers are not prevented from taxing actual property at a higher rate than mere income, by a selfish determination not to tax themselves. He must show that the circumstance, that Parliament is composed of landed and moneyed proprietors has nothing whatever to do with their legislation on this subject. He is to make out that it is utterly and absolutely impracticable to ascertain how many pounds sterling a man has in the funds, or what extent of acres he possesses. Thence he must argue, that to tax a man according to his real means is out of the question; in short, that tangible property is intangible. On the other hand, he must demonstrate that to calculate the average of a fluctuating income, and charge it accordingly, is a simple and easy matter. And if he possibly can reconcile with the principles of abstract justice the taxation of Labour and Wealth to the same amount, so much the better. Whoever will perform this task to the satisfaction of Ministers, will be HANDSOMELY REWARDED out of the Public Purse. For further particulars, apply at the back-stairs, Downing Street.

N.B.—An ample bonus on special fabrications.

Theatrical Intelligence.

(By the Observer's Own Correspondent).

IT is said in some circles, but what is said is not always to be believed, and we never expect our readers to believe what they are told, that MR. MACREADY has become the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre. We should be glad if this should turn out true, for MR. MACREADY, if not equal to what GARRICK was in his best days, must certainly be preferred to any one now on the boards; though, by-the-bye, as the theatre is now closed—we mean Covent Garden—no one is on the boards, at least on those boards, though Drury Lane is still open; but there are no actors at that house to whom we could be supposed to compare MR. MACREADY, and we are sure MR. HARLEY will not feel offended with us for saying so. If MR. MACREADY should enter into the speculation, and the receipts should exceed the expenditure, he will, of course, reap an advantage; which no one would be more glad of than ourselves, except, of course, the family of MR. MACREADY, who must be supposed to feel more interested even than we are, though we defy anybody to prove — not that we mean to say anybody has said he could prove it—that our interest in the welfare of MR. MACREADY, or anybody else, is not equal to that of any of our contemporaries. We know that this is strong writing, at least for us, but when we feel strongly—which we should be sorry to do frequently, or rather in ordinary cases—we cannot help writing strongly also, that is to say sometimes, which is seldom.

PARLIAMENTARY MARE'S NEST.

Our readers probably are not aware of the fact, that there exists in the vaults underneath the House of Lords that singular natural curiosity, a Mare's Nest, a regular search after which is made with much pomp and ceremony at the opening of each session. The object of quest is a magazine of gunpowder which Guy Fawkes annually deposits in the place in question, with the diabolical view of blowing up the illustrious House, the Queen, and all her Ministers; that is, at least, which he would deposit there for that execrable purpose, if he had not been hanged, drawn and quartered two hundred and forty years ago. The Mare's-nesting is managed by the yeomen of the guard, led by Mr. Pulmon, the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod; and, we are informed, is thus effected. The yeomen, all in uniform, with Mr. Pulmon at the head of them, carrying his rod in one hand and a dark-lantern in the other, march with a succession of long strides, pausing between each, to the entrance of the vault. Their movements are regulated by characteristic and descriptive music, played by the Queen's band, stationed in the vicinity. They then enter the vault which Mr. Pulmon explores with his lantern. During this proceeding, it is customary for Mr. Pulmon to stumble and go heels-overhead, and, on getting up again, to hit the nearest yeoman on the nose. The mare's-nest having been discovered, that is to say, no gunpowder having been found, but only a heap of rubbish mistaken for it, the explorers emerge in order such as they entered in, and Mr. Pulmon communicates his discovery confidentially to Peel. The Queen, Ministers, Lords and Commons, then mutually congratulate one another on the danger they have escaped, and proceed with the business of the nation. Now, as Guy Fawkes has just as good an opportunity of blowing up Her Majesty and the Parliament at the end as he has at the beginning of the Session, it is strange that on the latter occasion no search should be instituted; for, if it were, the result no doubt would be the discovery of just as large a mare's-nest as that above mentioned.

THE NEW TARIFF.

By the new Customs resolutions 430 articles are to be henceforth duty free. This sounds exceedingly well, but when we ask the child's question, whether Sir R. Peel's boon comprises "anything good to eat," we are bitterly disappointed at the reply which the list presents to us.

Among the articles that may henceforth be had cheap, there are at least half, that we, in our innocence, never heard of. The second thing upon the list is *Alganobilla*, which we shall be glad if any of our correspondents will favour us with a bit of—or a drop of—as the case may be, that we may ascertain how far the public will be likely to benefit by its coming in free of duty. The first really intelligible article we come to is *Arsenic*, of which there is already more than enough in this country; but as arsenic seems to be all the rage, the Premier perhaps thought a spice of it would be well-timed at the present moment.

Beef-wood is a promising title, but we fear that beef-steaks, even as hard as a board, will not be let in free by the abandonment of the duty on beef-wood. If we cannot have the meat, however, we may be allowed the bones, for these are to be henceforth untaxed; and as the hoofs of cattle are also to be let in, an attempt may be made to get calf's-foot jelly for the million out of them.

Canella Alba, *Cinnabaris Nativa*, and *Divi Divi*, are also to come in duty free: but if we were to see a lot of stuff in a window, marked "*Divi Divi*," two-pence a pound, or a placard inscribed "New Tariff, the Duty off *Cinnabaris Nativa*," we should be puzzled to know what to make of it. *Fustic* and *Ginseng* will doubtless be a boon to those who are fond of such things, though we confess we should not like to venture to take any; while our objections to *Euphorbium* and *Tragacanth* are equally insuperable.

The Premier is particularly favourable to the poisoning interests, for he releases *Hellebore* as well as *Arsenic;* and *Ipecacuanha*, *Senna*, and *Jalap*, will also be let in: so that Sir R. Peel may exclaim literally, "Here 's medicine for thy grief," when the poor man asks what the Tariff will do for him.

We are to have iron in the pig, but whether a live pig with a ring run through his nose will be let in is doubtful. The leaves of roses are also to come in free; but perhaps there is some selfishness in this, for the Premier would no doubt like to have a bed of them. Our eye was caught by the words, *goose undressed*; but on looking further we found it is the skin only of the foolish bird that we are to be treated to exempt from duty. In conclusion, we defy the most ingenious cook to hash up a dinner out of the whole 430 articles.

After exercising our culinary sagacity to the utmost extent, we find

PEEL'S BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

Sir Robert. (*loq.*) "Come, Johnny, be a good boy; take it like a Man, and I 'll give you a little bit of Sugar."

that the following is the best bill of fare we could make up from the list before us :—

FISH.—Whale fins of British taking.
SOUP.—Ox-tail, tanned, but not otherwise dressed.
GAME.—Singing birds.
MEATS—Beef wood, hoofs of cattle, lamb (skins), dyed or coloured, dressed in oil.
ENTRÉES.—Fricasseed racoon, tiger en papillote.
PASTRY.—Sweet wood.
CHEESE.—Bees'-wax.
DESSERT.—Nuts, kernels of walnuts, and of peach stones.
WINES AND LIQUEURS.—Antimony wine, senna, sanguis draconis, &c. &c.

The above is the best possible dinner that could be given under the New Tariff.

GRAHAM'S DECIDED HIT.

EVER unmindful of merit, we beg heartily to congratulate SIR JAMES GRAHAM on that increasing unpopularity which it seems to be his prime object to attain. "Ay," quoth the saintly MAWWORM, "do despise me, I likes to be despised." The Home Secretary, as a statesman, apparently likes both to be despised and disliked. His ambition seems to be to occupy every post of obloquy. Where taunts and invectives are flying thickest, where the shower of abuse is pouring heaviest, where the tempest of exclamation is the fiercest, there stands the valiant GRAHAM. He is like an eccentric actor, who affects hisses instead of plaudits, and orange-peel rather than wreaths of flowers. Certainly his endeavours to incur odium and contumely have been crowned with success. Whether as champion of the Poor Law, the defender of its harshest clauses, or the propounder of obnoxious measures in general, his every fresh appearance is hailed with immense disapprobation. In denying requests, in turning a deaf ear to petitions, and enacting all manner of parts that are unkind, he is always shining to disadvantage. What a tremendous burst of indignation, for instance, rewarded his display of character in the case of MARY FURLEY!

The mere announcement of his Medical Bill has been triumphantly hooted, and he is now nightly received with the most enthusiastic groans as the celebrated Letter Opener at the Post-Office. It is wonderful, however, that he should refuse to give MR. DUNCOMBE the information which that gentleman desires with respect to the violation of his correspondence; for we imagine that no answer which the Right Honourable Baronet could make, or inquiry that he could grant, would peril his well-merited reputation as a spy. But perhaps he is content with the animosity which he excites by his pure uncourteousness and obstinacy. Still, altogether, in this matter of the Post-Office, he has made a decided hit. He has drawn down shouts of derision, roars of complaint, thunders of condemnation. We anticipate for him, in bringing forward his Law of Settlement Bill, a reception amid the most deafening yells; and we doubt not that he will continue to give both Parliament and the public that extreme dissatisfaction which it is clearly his determination to afford them. We venture to predict for him a most flaming career in the ungracious line, terminating in a "Blaze of Triumph," to which the effulgence of being burnt in effigy is a dull glimmer. In the meanwhile, we again give him joy of the depth to which he has already sunk in the national disfavour.

Baths for the Poor.

WE understand that some of the Railway Companies, desirous of carrying out the project for supplying the poor with Baths, have had their third-class carriages constructed so as to serve the double purpose of a locomotive and a washing-tub. They are supplied with water from the rain, which pours in upon all sides; and enough to constitute a bath is provided in a very few minutes, if the weather happens to be favourable to the benevolent object.

GOLDEN HINT TO TRADESMEN.

A MAN of the world, who keeps an early-purl-house in Tottenham-court-road, assures us he has avoided serving on juries by the following simple method :—He lent the beadle who came with a summons five years ago the sum of five shillings, and, strange to say, he has never seen him since.

GROSS MERCY!

THE *Birmingham Pilot* states that recently, at the Worcester County Police Court, a man named WILLIAM HANLEY having been brought before the bench charged with stealing four sticks out of a hedge, one of the sitting magistrates, the REV. JOHN PEARSON, in the course of conversation said,

"If they ever brought a man to him for breaking down hedges who was only in the receipt of 7*s*. a week, as most labourers round his neighbourhood were, he would not hear the case. Some good hands in his vicinity were doing task-work for 3*s*. 8*d*. and 3*s*. 10*d*. per week!!"

Oh MR. PEARSON! What, Sir, can you, a magistrate and a clergyman, so horribly fly in the face of your order as to countenance the notion that Necessity has no law? Will you allow your judgment to be perverted by that vulgar proverb? Necessity has plenty of law—to punish it.

Poverty, simple poverty, of itself is a crime by the law of England, punishable by the workhouse; and here you would make it an excuse for theft! Because a man has only seven shillings a week, and cannot afford to buy fuel out of it, is he to commit the enormity of pulling sticks out of a hedge? Would you actually permit a wretch to do damage to the amount of two, or even three pence, merely to save himself from perishing with cold? Have you no respect for property, Sir? Do you think the trifling inconvenience which a labourer undergoes in being frozen to death, at all comparable to the sufferings of a respectable farmer, when he finds a gap in his hedge? And do you mean to sanction the outrageous principle, that property has its duties as well as its rights; and to say that anybody ought to give more than three shillings and eightpence a week for labour, when he can get it for less?

We shall have you preaching up the duty of gratuitous relief next; reviving the exploded notion of charity, and perhaps inculcating it as a duty from your pulpit. What are jails for but to keep famishing people in order; and what is the use of magistrates but to send transgressors, who let cold and hunger get the better of them, to prison? Above all, Sir, what is the business of a clergyman but to preach self-denial to the poor, and to prevent them from incommoding the rich? Fie, MR. PEARSON! You may be a very good sort of a man (between ourselves we suspect you are), but your heart must be changed before you will be anything like a magistrate. You have betrayed a shocking prejudice in favour of the poor, and declared yourself capable of an act which would be as gross an instance of mercy as we ever heard of.

THE IMAGINATIVE CRISIS.

OH! solitude, thou wonder-working fay,
Come, nurse my feeble fancy in your arms,
Though I and thee and fancy town-pent lay,
Come, call around a world of country charms.
Let all this room, these walls, dissolve away,
And bring me Surrey's fields to take their place:
This floor be grass, and draughts as breezes play;
Yon curtains trees, to wave in summer's face;
My ceiling, sky; my Water-jug, a stream;
My bed, a bank, on which to muse and dream.
The spell is wrought: imagination swells
My sleeping-room to hills, and woods, and dells!
I walk abroad, for nought my footsteps hinder;
And fling my arms. Oh! mi! I 've broke the *winder*.

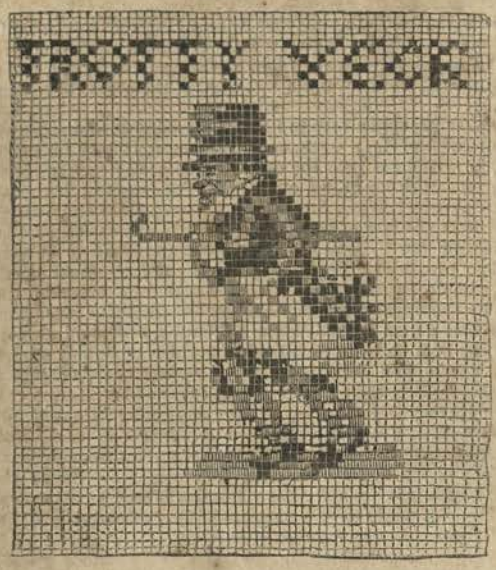
The Universal Salvage Company.

AMONG the other enterprises to which speculative ingenuity has turned itself, we perceive that a Company is advertised to raise sunken or wrecked vessels all over the world, and divide the profits. We shall be hearing next of the Incorporated Mudlarks, or Joint-stock Dredging Association, which the contemplated company seems in fact to be, only on a somewhat extended principle. Directors are already appointed, and "a manager afloat" is advertised. It is to be hoped that "Shareholders aground" will not be the end of the speculation.

THE CATTLE EPIDEMIC.

IN consequence of the alleged epidemic among the cattle, we understand that the quarantine laws will be rigidly enforced, and that all animals coming into London will be compelled to put out their tongues and have their pulses felt. Each drove of oxen will be met by a medical man at the entrance of the metropolis, who will provide the drover with a clean bill of health if the tongues and pulses of the brutes are found satisfactory. All cattle appearing indisposed will have to perform quarantine in a field in the outskirts of town, and no sheep will be admitted without a medical certificate from the surgeon of his own parish.

THE POETRY OF WORSTED.



It is not often that we notice matters connected with the Fine Arts, but we cannot omit the opportunity of criticising a portrait of Trotty Veck, done in colours, after the original design of Leech, and intended to form one of a series of illustrated holders for tea-kettles. We are not aware to whose needle we are indebted for the work before us, but the handling of the different coloured worsteds reminds us a good deal of Etty.

The artist has not been happy in the apron, which has too much repose, and is, in fact, toned down so as to be quite out of keeping with the skirts of the coat, which seem to be fluttering in the breeze, and are full of what may be called the poetry of motion. The eye would have been better for less worsted and more expression, while there is a fulness in the mouth, which arises from the artist having overcrowded it with colour, and used his needle somewhat lavishly. As an attempt, however, to bring art home to our hearths, by fixing it on our tea-kettles, the work before us deserves to be encouraged, and will take its place by the side of the cats and baskets of flowers with which our pictorial rugs have rendered us familiar.

PUNCH AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

We visited the St. James's Theatre a few evenings ago, when *La Dame de St. Tropez* was acted to a very aristocratic audience. We notice this drama as a specimen of the arsenicated literature which is popular in France, and which we are not desirous of seeing popular in England. Novels and dramas which make the undetected use of arsenic their theme, ought not to be encouraged in this country at a moment when poisoning is being carried to an alarming extent, and almost every newspaper contains a paragraph headed with the words "Another death by arsenic." We cannot approve the taste of Mr. Mitchell in submitting to his patrons at the St. James's Theatre such a mass of nauseous stuff as *La Dame de St. Tropez*, which is no less than a dramatized version of Madame Lafarge's own version of the poisoning affair at Glandier. It seems to us almost as insulting to the taste of his subscribers here as it would have been to his Parisian patrons, had he taken over to France the old Coburg melodrama, founded on the murder of Thurtell, and engaged Mr. Hicks, of the Surrey, to play the principal character.

Has Mr. Mitchell a higher estimate of French than he has of English morality or taste, that he thinks an arsenic drama from one of the Parisian minors will do very well for London, while nothing short of Shakspeare and Mr. Macready will be acceptable to the superior judgment of the public of Paris?

La Dame de Saint-Tropez which Mr. Mitchell gave his subscribers as a *bonne bouche*, is being played to the sixpenny gallery of the Victoria, at the same time that it is being served up to the fifteen shilling stalls of the St. James's. The latter must feel highly flattered by the compliment which the manager pays to their intellect, in the selection of the fare he provides for it.

The two last acts were almost intolerably nauseous, for the actor, whose talent only added to the repulsive character of the performance, kept arsenic constantly in view by the truthful but disgusting picture he gave of a man walking about under its deadly influence. The trashy absurdity of the affair, now and then, roused one from any sense of its reality; and the idea of an invalid lying in his bed, with a green bottle placed near a light so as to throw a deadly hue on his features, was truly refreshing, for it brought to one's recollection that it was only dramatic poison we were being dosed with.

The production of *La Dame de Saint Tropez* is a mistake which Mr. Mitchell had better make haste to rectify.

THE SENSITIVE MEMBER.

Mr. Muntz, in the course of the letter debate on Friday last, "assured the House that he had not yet recovered from the feeling that he experienced when he was told of the practice of opening letters at the Post Office!" Since this intimation having been given, the honourable Member's residence has been besieged by persons inquiring into the state of his health, and it has been thought advisable to issue the following bulletins:—

Saturday Morning.—Mr. Muntz is still in a very nervous state, and goes into hysterics whenever he hears a postman's knock. His medical attendants have ordered everything to be removed from his sight that might remind him in any way of the subject of letters. An attendant unfortunately caused a relapse by leaving a wafer stamp in the honourable member's inkstand, which threw him into a severe fit of shivers.

Saturday Afternoon.—Mr. Muntz continues much the same. He shed tears copiously over a packet of envelopes, which gave him temporary relief, but all his former symptoms returned on seeing the general postman pass the window. His forehead having been drenched with *eau de Cologne*, he slightly rallied.

Saturday Night.—Mr. Muntz read an article in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and had some refreshing sleep. He, however, woke just before midnight from a fearful dream, in which, as he told his attendant, he fancied that he was being suffocated in a letter-box.

Monday Morning.—Mr. Muntz is considerably better, and no further bulletins will be issued.

THE POPE.

The Pope he leads a happy life,
No contradiction knows, nor strife;
He rules the roast by Right Divine,
I would the Papal chair were mine!
But happy, now, I fear he 's not,
Those Irish are a noisy lot;
And as with Dan he has to cope,
I think I 'd rather not be Pope.

O'Connell better pleases me,
With all he will he maketh free;
He raises *rint* with wondrous skill;
Like him my pockets I would fill.
But even he, the great King Dan,
Is forced to sink the gentleman,
And bluster where Repealers dine;
I would not change his lot for mine.

So here I 'll take my lowly stand,
In what is called "this favoured land;"
Put up with strife, if need be mine,
Nor at an empty purse repine.
But when my pocket 's filled, with glee,
I 'll dream that I O'Connell be;
And when their mouths Repealers ope,
I 'll thank my stars I 'm not the Pope.

Irish Agricultural Association.

In consequence of the declaration of Mr. O'Connell, that he would *die* on the floor of the House of Commons, and *then* go over to Ireland to agitate for repeal, there was an extra meeting of the Irish Agricultural Association, at which it was unanimously resolved that the first prize should be given to the Honourable Member, for the *Greatest Bull* that ever was known.

ASTONISHING PRECOCITY.

A Charity Boy, only six years old, belonging to St. Martin's parish, being asked by one of the overseers what was his notion of "perpetuity," instantly replied, "The Income Tax."

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

ATURÆ VIS MAXIMA. The force of nature is the greatest.—This maxim means that no power is greater than natural affection; but the power of the steam-engine was unknown when the maxim was written. Parental affection approaches nearer to steam; for a father frequently blows up his child, and in some cases a good deal of the affection of the former has been known to evaporate.

19. *The Law favoureth some persons.*—The reader will no doubt think that NOY was in a merry mood when he talked of the law favouring any one but the lawyers themselves, though when it is ascertained who the favourites of the law really are, the maxim is not quite so enigmatical. The favoured individuals are women, infants, idiots, madmen, and persons without intelligence, who being all of them helpless, may be supposed to fall an easy prey to the law, and are therefore its favourites: in the same sense as the sparrow is the favourite of the hawk, or as the lamb is the especial pet of the wolf, when the parties happen to come in contact. The doctrine of tit-bits offers a wide scope for discussion; but it may be laid down as a general rule, that where the law gets hold of an idiot with property, it will favour him in one sense—for it will make much of him. The gallantry of the law in classing women and lunatics together may be questionable; but this is a point we leave the lawyers and the ladies to settle between them.

20. *The law favoureth a man's person before his possession.*—This is true enough; for the law will not spare a man's property, though it will often leave his person unmolested. Thus, the law will not lay hands on an idiot's person, even for felony, but it will lay hands on his property, by taking the earliest opportunity of clutching hold of it.

21. *The law favoureth matter of possession more than matter of right, when the right is equal.*—Thus, if two persons were to knock a man down with the intention of robbing him, the law would, according to the above maxim, favour the thief who managed to get possession of the property. "This," says SPELMAN, "is the doctrine of first come first served; for if six people sit down to dine on a chicken, it is clear that they cannot all take; but he that is first seized, or rather seizes first, will be entitled, though the right of all was in the first instance equal." In the above case the remainder-man has no relief, even though there may have been covin, for he has only a contingent interest, which the estate—or chicken—may not be large enough to satisfy.

22. *Matter of profit or interest shall be taken largely, and it may be assigned, but it cannot be countermanded. But matter of pleasure, trust, or authority, shall be taken strictly, and may be countermanded.*—This maxim is somewhat long, or, as COKE would say, it goes great lengths: for when it says matter of profit shall be taken largely, it seems to hit at the law itself, which does certainly take as largely as it can any matter with profit attached to it. If I allow a man to walk in my park, he cannot bring any one else to walk with him, for it is merely a matter of pleasure; but if I allow him to come to play at leapfrog in my yard, it is doubtful whether he could not bring a few friends, for no man can play at leapfrog by himself, and the permission should include everything necessary to the full enjoyment of it.

A licence to come into my house to speak with me may be countermanded, for, if the party takes too much licence and becomes impertinent, I may show him the door: as in SMITH'S case, where SMITH was asked in, but beginning to dun for his small account, the licence to speak with me was revoked, and SMITH, growing rude, was sent flying (*vide* SHOWER) down the hall-steps, till he became tenant in tail of the pavement.

NUMBER THREE.

THREE has always been an ominous number. There are the three Fates—the third-class trains—Cerberus with his three heads—the three Poor Law Commissioners, and—*horribile dictu!*—there are the THREE YEARS OF THE INCOME TAX.

PLEA OF A PUMP.

MR. PUNCH,

As an old pump, an aristocratic old pump, *the* old pump of Berkeley Square, I do not beg—I insist upon a hearing! I am to be rooted out, grubbed up, done away with. An Artesian well is to be sunk in my place. This is one of a series of blows levelled at the aristocracy of which I am a member. For years—almost centuries—I had stood in Berkeley Square, and supplied that elegant quarter with a wholesome and inexpensive beverage. Venerable peers, dainty dowagers, pursy prelates, have drunk of my water. I stood a pump among pumps, proud to recognize a link between myself and the nobility and gentry around me. Think of an upstart Artesian well, whose water belongs essentially to a lower level, taking precedence of me at my time of life! It is essentially low, nay, derives its supply from the lowest strata—mine (excuse my honest pride,) comes from "above the chalk." But I warn my patrons, that, with that Artesian well-water, they will drink in low and degrading ideas. Look at its behaviour in the fountains in Trafalgar Square. Like the rest of its order, its conduct is sullen and contradictious. It has been well said, in your own words, they seem incapable of playing, and positively refuse to work. With what cheerfulness, on the contrary, have I gone on, day after day, summer and winter, pouring out my limpid stream! Who ever heard of my striking for a fresh coat of paint, or a new ladle? I am as capable of supplying the Square as ever. Why, then, am I to be forcibly stopped?

You can do much. Speak for me. And if ever, parched by a July sun, you pause in Berkeley Square, apply your lips to my grateful spout, and drink your fill!

Yours, in indignation and alarm,

THE OLD BERKELEY-SQUARE PUMP.

P.S.—I write in a state of acute suffering from frost, with a bandage of straw round my lower extremities.

The Frozen Out Ducks.

IN consequence of the recent severe frost the ducks, who usually inhabit the ornamental water in St. James's Park, were literally frozen out, and were compelled to throw themselves on the charity of the numerous nursery-maids and children who came for air and exercise. The subscriptions were exceedingly liberal, and the senior duck returned thanks in a neat and appropriate cackle.

DISTRESSING EFFECT OF THE AUCTION DUTY.

AMONG many other excellent reasons for taking off "the Auction Duty," there is one which SIR ROBERT PEEL passed over with a slight allusion. Its oppression has been a great source of madness in the country. One maniac actually *threw his property into the Court of Chancery*, to escape this duty, which is not levied on estates sold by order of that Court.

CHIRURGICAL CON.

MEDICINE and Surgery have been called the Mute Arts. This assertion, this year at least, holds good of Surgery, for, in the omission of the Hunterian Oration at the College, *it has lost its speech.*

THE NEW ROYAL HUNT.

It has been held—as the lawyers have it—that a cat may look at a king; but it is not to be tolerated that a set of unmannerly curs should poke their noses under the bonnet of a QUEEN, as was the case the other day at Brighton. It is very hard that HER MAJESTY and her Royal Consort cannot walk abroad, like other people, without having a pack of ill-bred dogs at their heels, hunting them to the very gates of the Pavilion.

The illustrious couple, whom the Brightonians seem to regard as fair game for their idle curiosity, were started by a young hound, of the butcher-boy breed, who commenced the view halloo, and a lot of little puppies, beginning to give tongue, the pack was joined by a number of mongrels, who were all soon in full cry together. Some of the dogs were so very ill-bred, that they headed the game, and it was much to be regretted that there was no whipper-in at hand to keep the hounds at bay, for they ran their prey literally to earth after a chase of nearly half-an-hour.

GREAT PAUPER MEETING.

ON Wednesday last a very numerous meeting of destitute paupers was held in Spitalfields, for the purpose of presenting an address to Her MAJESTY'S Government on the present cheering prospects of the country, WILLIAM SHUTTLE in the chair. We noticed in the room several "English labourers," who, by their worn and haggard appearance, contributed not a little to the interest of the meeting.

The Chairman commenced by congratulating the pauper community on the gratifying announcement of a surplus revenue. It was a blessed declaration for the public at large, for now their sympathies would no longer be excited by such recitals as the following:—

"DREADFUL DESTITUTION.—On Wednesday, MR. WAKLEY held an inquest on the body of FREDERICK GRACE, aged 10 weeks.

"EMILY FRESHWATER, a half-starved, half-naked, slightly-formed young married woman, said,—I lodge at 28, Wyld-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, and found the deceased child dead at nine o'clock on the morning of Sunday week. I had it to wet-nurse from its mother, and was to be paid 5s. a week. I have a child of my own, six months old, and I suckled it as well as the deceased child. Though I am suckling my child, I have not tasted food since yesterday morning, when a poor fellow-lodger gave me and my husband some breakfast. *I have no money, no food, no fire at home, no furniture*, except a table and a chair, nothing to sleep on but the stuffing of old chairs.

"A JUROR: I have seen the room, and what she says is true. In the house she lodges at, on the first floor, there was a woman and two children, without a stick of furniture in the room.

"Witness continued—I have applied for relief at St. Giles's workhouse, and a gentleman from it came and saw our place. He gave me no relief. I asked him for relief. He said, 'What parish do you belong to?' I answered, Kingston. He said, 'You must go to your parish.' He then told me to send my husband. My husband went immediately, and they did not give him anything. I told him he was to go to the workhouse in the morning. He said he would, and went about eleven o'clock the following morning, and came back in an hour, and told me he could get no relief—that it was useless to apply again, and that we must apply to our own parish, Kingston. He went there this morning, without a farthing to go with (twelve miles there and back), and borrowed a pair of boots from a lodger, because his own shoes were worn out, and, as I said before, without having had anything to eat since the previous morning."

He (the Chairman) was happy in thinking that many benevolent minds would be incredulous of the above narrative, for they would not believe that such uncared-for wretchedness could exist in civilised and Christian England. If so, why had no plan for the amelioration of such misery formed a part of the Minister's new legislative scheme? With a surplus revenue, surely the poor might have been considered. He (the Chairman) was happy to say that the poor had not been forgotten. True, it had not been so stated directly in the House, but that was owing to delicacy on the part of HER MAJESTY'S Government; for who could doubt that the suffering poor, and they alone, had occupied the minds of Ministers when they decided to take the duty off glass! (*Loud cheers, in which the English labourers joined.*)

THOMAS WARP said he didn't take quite the same view of glass as the Chairman.

The Chairmau was surprised to hear it. Knowing the extreme ductility of glass, could he doubt but it would, by the ingenuity of man, soon be made into excellent blankets?

THOMAS WARP thought it just as likely as that worsted stockings would be made out of Iceland moss.

The Chairman.—Just as likely! He was glad to hear that admission. Glass slippers had been long known as an article of manufacture, for who had not heard of Cinderella's? There was no knowing where the blessings of cheap glass would begin or would end. Those foolish people who preferred the plenty of a jail to the miserable pittance of the Union, might now break windows at a rate which would be scarcely a weight upon the tenderest conscience.

The Chairman concluded by moving the address, which was carried by acclamation, the only dissentient being THOMAS WARP, who promised to forward his annual saving, in the article of glass, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, towards the liquidation of the National Debt.

A WORD TO THE BRITISH NAVY.

As the streets in the City are quite impassable from the depth of mud, might not a large punt, or a small steamer, be chartered for the purpose of cruising from Temple Bar to the Bank? A wherry or two might ply at the principal crossings to carry ladies, children, dogs, &c., over to the opposite side of the street. As the mud in the City has never been known to subside under a week or ten days, a handsome profit might be realised in that time by any enterprising company of watermen.

OUR GAME LAWS, ETC., TO WIT.

FROM a calculation recently made, it appears that France possesses at present no less than Sixty-two Thousand One Hundred and Seventy-seven Laws! We doubt if England, with all its wealth in this respect, can boast of as many; but then what a comfort it must be to an Englishman that all the laws of his country are laws for the poor, and not one of them a law exclusively for the rich!

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE VI.

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT AN ACQUAINTANCE THE FAMILY UMBRELLA. MRS. CAUDLE LECTURES THEREON.

AH! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do! Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets'-full, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence!—two-and-eightpence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em? *I* can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I daresay I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. (*With great emphasis*) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

"Men, indeed!—Call themselves lords of the creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet: for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't: you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—*I* didn't lend the umbrella."

"Here," says Caudle in his MS., "I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella!"

VIRTUES OF BACON—LABOURERS AND RECTORS.

A "Rector and Conservative" writes a letter to the *Times*—a really affecting letter—on the virtues of bacon. He rejoices over the tariff that "lard" is to be admitted free, but is "sorry to see bacon omitted." And then the Rector goes on to paint an Apician feast. "Bacon," he says, "when *they can get it*, is the staff of the labourer's dinner." Listen, further:—

"The frugal mother provides a large pot of potatoes, and while *she indulges herself and her younger ones only with salt*, cuts off the small rasher and toasts it over the plates of the father and elder sons, as being the bread-winners, *and this is all they want.*"

"And this is all they want!" How very easy is it for a capon-lined belly to give laws to a labourer's stomach; to interpret its huge contentment with a small rasher. The "frugal mother and her younger ones" never think of bacon at all. Oh no! they inhale its odour with nostrils of stone—it never awakens a yearning appetite in them—certainly not! they are indulged with potatoes-and-salt; and, doubtless, this is "all they want."

Can we not fancy a labourer, writing of the families of the Deans and Rectors of the Church:—

"The frugal mother has an early dinner provided for her little ones and their governess; a plain joint, plain pudding, everything plain. At six or seven o'clock, she cuts off the fins of the turbot, she slices the fat of the haunch for the father and the elder sons. They afterwards take their port and claret, and—*this is all they want.*"

On this point, we are sure, the labourer can better answer for the rector, than the rector for the labourer.

BELLE ASSEMBLÉE AT ISLINGTON.

By the above title, our own reporter designates a crowded meeting of ladies, which lately took place at Canonbury House, Islington, for the purpose of hearing a Mr. George Thompson explain the objects of a contemplated Bazaar and Fancy Fair, to be held next May, in aid of the funds of the Anti-Corn-Law League. The Rev. Isaac Brown having been called to the Chair, Mr. Thompson (if we may depend on our reporter) proceeded to address his fair audience as follows :—

Ladies,—In thus rising to address you, I feel considerably embarrassed. Focus as I am of those numerous orbs of light which roll around me—I need not say I allude to your beaming eyes (" *Oh, law!* ")—I cannot help feeling rather nervous. (*Smiles, and whispers of* " *Oh!* ") Ladies, I am about to throw myself at your feet. (*Simpers, and* " *Oh, Gracious!* ") The Anti-Corn-Law League sighs to you through this humble individual. (*Giggling.*) All we ask of you is a trifling boon :—but no matter—the smallest contributions will be thankfully received. The fact is, ladies, that we want to get up a Fancy Fair ;—just a little Bazaar—(*Cries of* " *Charming!* " *and* " *Delightful!* ")—in aid of our funds.

We cannot do without *you*. Man without woman is—a monopolist. The great political objects of the Fair will be cheap bread, commercial prosperity, universal tranquillity, and domestic bliss. You understand me perfectly? (" *Oh, of course!* ") You would not see your children, brothers, husbands, lovers, in want of a quartern loaf. (" *Oh no!* ") You would like to see peace and plenty hand in hand with mutual affection! (" *Oh yes!* ") Well, then, I shall say no more on this part of the subject. I am sure that when I mention a Fancy Fair, I shall touch a chord that will vibrate in all your bosoms. (" *What beautiful language!* ") You are all for anti-slavery ;—except the slavery of the heart. (*Sighs.*) But with what pleasure will you work the unfeeling Highland Chieftain—unfeeling, because made of Berlin wool—and sell him, that trade may be free! Cruelty you abhor—still will you not be delighted to execute the Bandit—in embroidery? And when you make the kettle-holder for your country's good, how sweet will be the reflection that you will dispose of it, perchance, to the being who worships you!—to the loving—may I say, the loved one? (*Much blushing*). Using it, at breakfast, in his lonely first-floor-front, haply fond memory will heave a sigh, which will mingle with the song of his kettle. (*Sobs.*) My speech has been short, ladies—would I could add sweet (" *Oh yes, indeed!* ") ; but I will now, with your permission, conclude, with thanks for your kind attention. I will only, in addition, hint that waistcoats and slippers, worked by the hand of loveliness, have ever a brisk sale, and might I—dare I suggest that little elegant cigar-cases would be lively? However, beggars must not be choosers ; and, believe me, we shall be open to anything—from wax flowers to a twopenny pen-wiper.

The speaker sat down amid rapturous applause, and has since, we understand, become nearly bald, from the demand which has arisen for locks of his hair.

CURIOSITIES OF MURDER.

For a time, the field near Haverstock-terrace, Hampstead—the scene of the late terrific murder—promises to empty the parks and Kensington Gardens of the beauty and fashion generally to be found there. We learn from the *Post*, that two days after the discovery of the murder—

" Several carriages *containing ladies* drove up to the field, and *gentlemen* on horseback, *attended by their grooms*, rode across to view the place. Not content with seeing, many brought away *boughs and twigs* from the surrounding trees, *and chips from the fence* against which the unfortunate man fell after he was struck, and whereon the marks of the bloody fingers of the murderers were imprinted."

Of course these boughs and twigs will be carefully planted, and so may grow up and flourish a continual memento of agony and blood. Thus, instead of camellias and other exotics, forming opera bouquets for " beauty and fashion," we may for a time have twigs of hawthorn and privet, from the field of murder, as the only wear. We humbly suggest, too, that the " chips from the fence " should be curiously preserved—set in gold, as shawl-brooches and other trinkets for those " ladies " of susceptible hearts who flock to a scene of frightful homicide as to a flower-show—and who inspect and pry into the bloody finger-marks of murderers, as though they were exhausting their admiration on some new geranium or wonderful fuchsia. One of the supposed murderer's buttons was found in the field : what a gem *that* would be, shining in the bosom of lovely and fashionable woman! Should the assassins happen to want money for their defence, we doubt not that they could obtain a very handsome sum by selling locks of their hair to fashion and beauty—the genuineness of the article duly warranted by the turnkeys and hangman. As certain ladies and gentlemen cast such an air of fashion about murder, we earnestly advise M. Jullien immediately to put forth his *Haverstock Polka*. The music-sheet might be further recommended by a very striking lithograph, commemorating the atrocity.

DUCKS *versus* ROOKS.

It appears that the rooks of Kensington Gardens have been sacrificed to the ducks of that locality. The offence of the rooks, according to a *Times*' correspondent was, that they now and then destroyed the ducks' eggs—now and then too bolted a duckling. He says, " ducks may be replaced, but rooks and magpies are not so easily induced to return when once driven from their colonies." In other words—

> " Ducklings and ducks may wither and may fade ;
> For ducks may make them, as still ducks have made ;
> But a bold rookery, the Gardens' pride,
> When once shot down, can never be supplied."

The habits of the bird, says the correspondent, induce contemplative thoughts in the mind of the wanderer : for " he could leave the din and smoke of London behind him, and reclining under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, see a bright group of parti-coloured magpies strutting before him, while overhead he heard the soothing voices of the rooks." Nevertheless, magpies and rooks are cheats and thieves : love them as we may, we cannot deny them their little peccadilloes. Still we sympathise with the correspondent ; and sympathising, bid him take comfort. For though every roguish rook and magpie should be exterminated from Kensington Gardens, does not there still remain for him the consolation of Westminster Hall and the Stock Exchange?

THE SILENT SYSTEM.

Lord Stanley is employing the leisure he has since he has been in the House of Lords in editing a new edition of *Tacitus*. It will be dedicated to Sir James Graham, out of compliment to his taciturnity on the opening of letters' question.

GRATTAN THE GOOSE.

VER and anon, MR. GRATTAN, of the Conciliation Hall, reminds us of the lion's-head that frequently adorns a letter-box. He has a fierce look—has his mouth always agape, with really nothing coming out of it. The following is one of his latest nothings. He said O'CONNELL "had been taunted for not appearing in his place in Parliament; *but he who had shoulders strong enough to bear the weight of monarchs*, could hardly feel the weight of those pigmy dwarfs who might perch upon him."

A capital phrase, that, "*pigmy* dwarfs!" But then, no man can better employ the tautology of smallness than MR. GRATTAN. That the Irish Members should, in the greatness of their sulks, keep away from Parliament, reminds us of the magnanimity of the idiot, quoted by JOHNSON, who when sorely offended—went out and slept upon the bridge all night.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER QUESTION.

WE have a Condition of England Question—an Anti-Corn Law Question—a Sugar Question, and by way of opposite to the last—a BISHOP OF EXETER Question. For many months has the apostle of Bishopstowe had half the newspapers to himself. Day after day have his lawn sleeves quite overlaid the *Times*. Within this week or two, however, the meek and pious prelate has taken "a more retired ground." He has somewhat modestly withdrawn himself from public attention, and has humbly vouchsafed to swallow his own letters. Verily, as the Persians say, he hath eaten much dirt. The recent motion of LORD FORTESCUE touching the rubric has, however, brought up the Bishop in his place in Parliament. Being "a spiritual Lord," he would not acknowledge, as a tribunal, the House of Peers. Notwithstanding, he condescended to inform their Lordships that their political existence was dependent upon the rigid observance of the rubric. He said,

"In three years from the time when the liturgy was abolished (in 1641), *the House of Lords itself was done away*, for that was effected by a vote of the other House. I do not venture, my Lords, to look forward to any such result in the present time, but neither will I take upon myself to assert that such an extent of mischief *may not hereafter arise*."

So vitally connected with the surplice and offertory is the House of Lords. Touch the rubric, and down fall the peers!

The BISHOP OF NORWICH denied that the Bishops were under a stringent vow to obey the rubric: if it were so, "they must have the whole rubric, and nothing but the rubric." There were parts of the rubric which they could obey, and did not: they had no right to make such a choice. The BISHOP OF LONDON thought otherwise—doubtless, with a full recollection of his Tottenham vagaries.

LORD BROUGHAM, of course, manifested great sympathy for the BISHOP OF EXETER. The Right Reverend Prelate has been too long the cause and centre of unmeaning hubbub, not to awaken the admiration of a kindred spirit. His Lordship said, "As a *son* of the church, of which the Right Reverend Prelate is a *father*, he hoped all discussion on the matter would end." We hope so too; merely observing that, in the case of BROUGHAM and EXETER, we think the child quite worthy of the parent.

Indeed, we trust that this wretched and unmeaning contest is over. By this time the BISHOP OF EXETER must have discovered that he cannot use the rubric as a singer uses a fashionable piece of music, executing it after his "own sweet will." He must have learned that the people of England, as a body, reject the pulpit puppyism of certain young parsons, and will not have a Protestant Church assimilated to a playhouse. With this conviction let EXETER return to his old benevolent ways. Let him, as heretofore, visit the sick—counsel the ignorant—relieve the poor; and once again make his name melodious to the spirit of hopeful humanity, throughout his large, luxurious diocese. The Bishop has done enough for notoriety, and may now consent to be merely useful.

THE PROGRESS OF BEADLEDOM.

WE have already, on previous occasions, expressed our opinion on the rapid increase of beadledom in this great metropolis; and as Rome may be said to be priest-ridden, it is to be feared that London may in time become beadle-ridden to an extent we hardly dare to contemplate.

It is now, alas! too late to talk of crushing beadledom in the bud, for beadledom has already blossomed. We may prune, clip, train, nail up, and cut down, but we can never—no, never—eradicate. But while we say we never can eradicate, we don't know that we would if we could, nor, if we could and would, are we sure that we ought: so that, if we really might, we absolutely shouldn't.

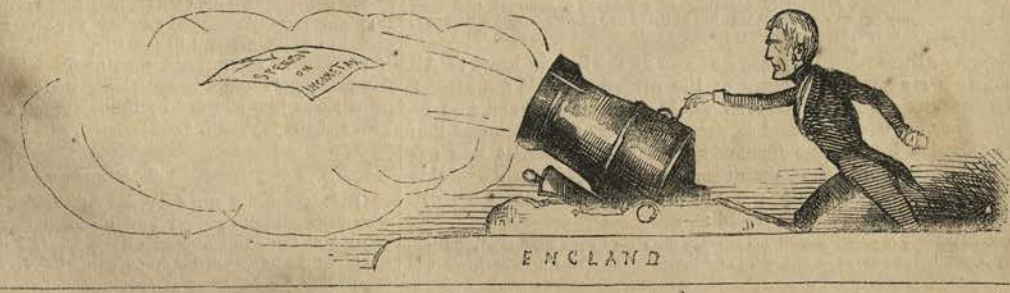
Beadledom in a mild form, like medicine in a moderate dose, may be productive of good: nor do we think that the British Constitution is likely to suffer from it. There is no doubt that it is an oligarchy to a certain extent, though in the Burlington Arcade and the Quadrant it has assumed the duarchical form, which is perhaps more suitable to the habits of a western people educated under an occidental sun, and brought up, as it were, in the lap of a comparatively distant hemisphere.

But broad beadledom, which does not shun the light of day, beadledom which rears its brass-knobbed bludgeon in the very face of the people, may be guarded against, and, if necessary, opposed. No, no, it is not that which sets our waistcoat swelling up and down in harmony with the throbbing bosom. It is insidious beadledom that causes the eye to wink, the lip to curl, the hair to shoot up on end, and the brow to do a bit of indignant knitting. It is beadledom that lurks in the veins of the metropolis, afraid to show itself in the arteries. It is beadledom that pops out upon us in an unfrequented spot, when we least expected to encounter it. It is beadledom with lace on the hat and despotism in the hand, with a cane in the clutch and a smile upon the countenance. Such is the beadledom that has just darted upon us from the new Arcade on the site formerly occupied by Exeter 'Change—the home and the grave of the ill-starred Chunee. This spot, where the hyæna once grinned, and where the ant-eater once ate his ants, is now the soil of beadledom.

It is true that nobody passes down the new Arcade, and the bamboo hand of tyranny has nothing to fall upon, at least at present. Let us hope that the isolated despot, the monarch of all he surveys—and of all the architect of the Arcade has surveyed also—may have learnt the virtue of forbearance before he is called upon to taste the cup or quaff the pint-pot—of power.

ROEBUCK'S LONG RANGE.

MR. ROEBUCK—commonly known among his intimates as the Bath Brick—has been firing a broadside at the Irish Members on account of their being absent, which is certainly not a very valiant reason for attacking them. Some have been known to take the opportunity of hitting a man when he happens to be down, and it is in a somewhat similar spirit no doubt that MR. ROEBUCK makes his onslaught on the Irish members directly he finds that their backs are turned. It is easy to be courageous with the ocean lying between one's-self and the enemy, but possibly when the distance diminishes between MR. ROEBUCK and the Irish members, the valour of the former will get "small by degrees, and beautifully less," till at last it dwindles into a point which will be about the exact amount of the Bath Brick's bravery.



THE TEST OF GALLANTRY.

CONDUCTOR.—"WILL ANY GENT BE SO GOOD AS FOR TO TAKE THIS YOUNG LADY IN HIS LAP?"

"POTTED BEEF" AND POTTED JUSTICE.

Our readers doubtless remember that Miss Osborne—a woman of wealth—was recently committed for trial, then bailed, on a charge of stealing a pot of potted beef. The case bore a very ugly aspect against her; nevertheless, we were quite certain that her innocence would triumph over all difficulties. The blacker the appearances, the more lustrous would be her glory. We looked upon her as we have looked upon the girl in the *Maid and the Magpie*—*Mary the Maid of the Inn*—and other domestic dramas of heart-touching interest; assured that, however the heroine might be vilified or misunderstood, the curtain would go down upon her, with every spot taken out of her reputation. And so it has been with Miss Osborne. The ugly charge fastened upon her has been taken out, totally discharged, by fullers'-earth *of some sort*. True it is, one of the witnesses swore—and that very confidently—to the theft committed by Miss Osborne: again and again he took his oath that he beheld her take the potted beef and secrete it under her cloak. Well, the day of trial came on last Wednesday week; but the boy, doubtless remorseful for his mistake—having, we are sure, weighty reasons to convince him of his error—did not appear in court. No, he was ashamed—abashed—"afraid to think of what he'd done," and look upon Miss Osborne again he would not. Great was the disappointment to many: for

"The bench presented a thronged assembly of magistrates, amongst whom we observed the Honourable Frederick Byng, the Honourable C. Lennox Butler, Sir Moses Montefiore, together with some other gentlemen of distinction."

How very little must they have known of the human heart! All along we were sure that some of the witnesses would not attend. We were convinced that remorse would, in some manner, find its way to their consciences; and so, sorrowing over their rashness that had exposed a lady to the ignominy of a police office, it was our belief that they would show their compunction by resolutely avoiding the sessions. The Judge desired the prosecutor to hunt up his witnesses, that the bill might be found:—

"The prosecutor (a person named Allum) left the court for the purpose of collecting the witnesses, but so soon as he had left, the policeman, who is also a witness, went in search of the prosecutor, *and so on throughout the entire day, one going in search of another, until at last there was not one witness to be found*, with the exception of the policeman.

"At eight o'clock the grand jury entered the court with the last bill found.

"The Judge remarked that it was an extraordinary circumstance that the witnesses in Miss Osborne's case were not forthcoming."

Innocent Judge!

"An officer of the court said there had been one in court a short time since, *but he was half drunk. He went away again, and said he was going to look for some other witnesses.*

"The Judge: *It is an extraordinary proceeding.* Let the whole of their recognizances be estreated, with the exception of the policeman's; *and the prosecutor can, if he like, press the indictment at the next sessions.*"

The next sessions! No, Serjeant Adams; never will Miss Osborne such sessions see. The witness—the important witness—will never again show himself. He will become a wanderer on the face of the earth; unless, indeed, he has miraculously and suddenly obtained a purse whereby he may, in some small way, settle in the world. Lucky is the witness who sees the evil-doings of the rich!

And in this way are Miss Osbornes accused of stealing potted-beef—and afterwards, in this way, do witnesses pot Justice!

THE STATE OF THE STREETS.

Whatever charge may be brought against the civic authorities on the score of extravagance in other matters, great credit is due to them for their very ingenious and economical method of getting rid of the mud in the city. It has been calculated that by letting it lie in the streets, every passenger becomes, as it were, his own scavenger; each one taking away on his shoes or boots a due proportion of the mud he walks into. This is equitable as far as the public are concerned, and economical for the Corporation. Mr. Pattison, however, the city member, having an antipathy to mud, will, it is understood, resort to stilts, as he is very apt to put his foot in it.

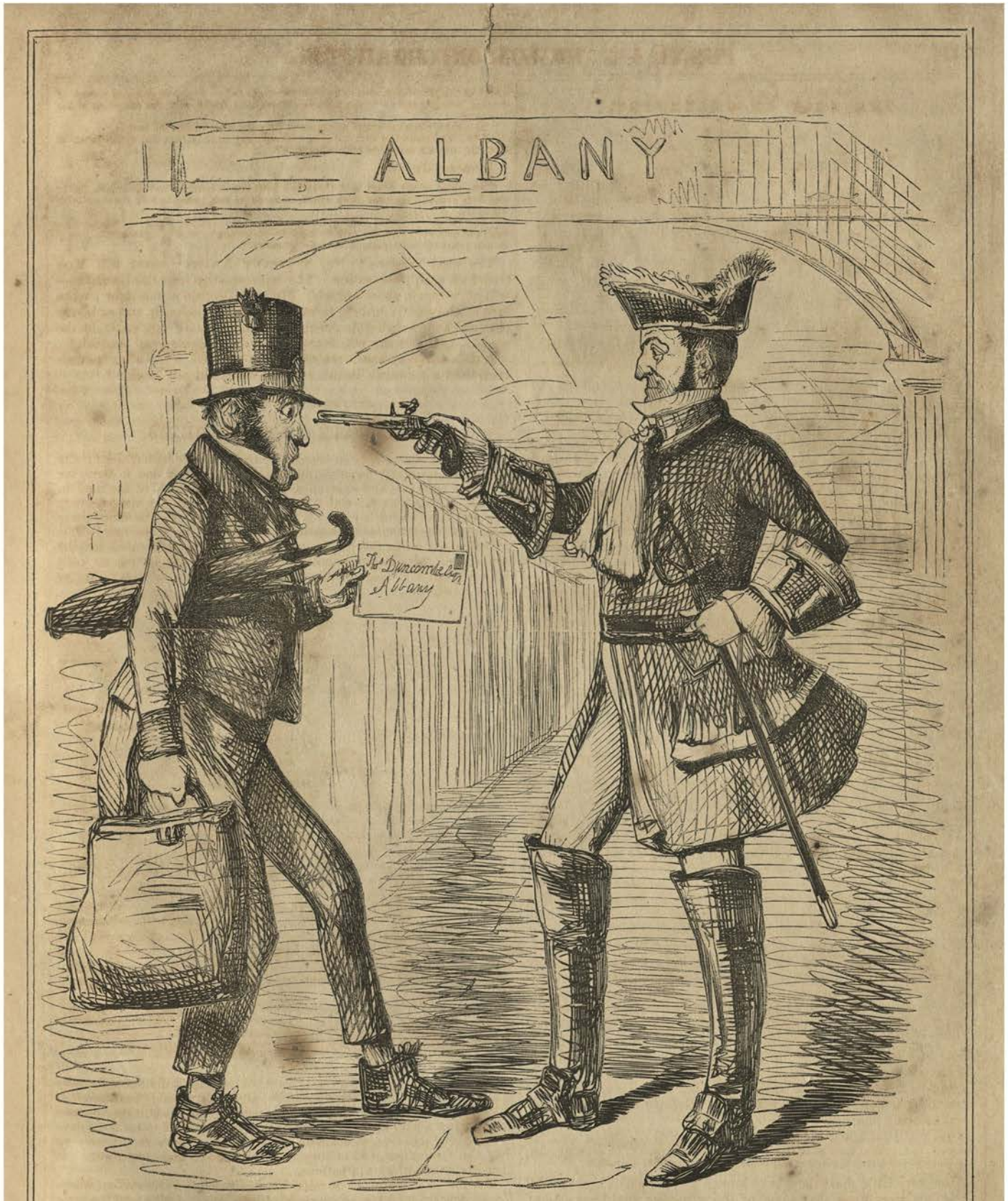
Those who have an objection to be what is technically termed "up to their ankles," when promenading in the city, may possibly be disposed to follow the example of the honourable member, and the stilt may become as important a part of the *chaussure* as the patten used to be in the days of our forefathers—or, rather, our fore-mothers; for we cannot suppose that our forefathers, odd as they were in some of their ways, were addicted to walking about in pattens.

We should recommend turning Temple Bar into a stilt-station, where foot-passengers might be accommodated with a pair of stilts; on the same principle as that adopted by the lessors of skates, during the frost, on the banks of the Serpentine.

A Strange Truth.

Q. Reader, did you ever see a little dog—a pestilent little varmint—whenever a high-spirited horse passed it, run into the road, and follow yelping at the noble animal's heels?—*A.* I have seen such a dog.

Q. And what was the dog's name?—*A.* Roebuck.



STAND AND DELIVER!

PUNCH'S FAIRY TALES,

(WITH OBTRUSIVELY OBVIOUS MORALS,)

For the New Generation.

ONCE upon a time there was an old king, whose name was King DAN. This king had been very rich and powerful; but, as he grew old, his revenue dwindled and dwindled away, and his hereditary bondsmen deserted him one after another, till at last he was left alone in his palace, by the sea-shore, with his three sons and one old servant. This old servant had been the court fool, and was called faithful TOM, or sometimes TOM STEEL: not from his being *sharp*, for that he certainly was not, but because he was *true* to King DAN, as the needle to the pole—or as the Pole himself to the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. To add to the poor old King's misery, (for he had been a very merry old king, and had loved good cheer, when other people's money paid for it,) he was prevailed upon by his father confessor to register a vow somewhere that he would never drink anything stronger than water again, except medicinally. So King DAN used to saunter dismally by the sea-side, under his palace of Derrydown, thinking of his poverty and weak potations, and often singing the following mournful ditty, which, as your Mama will be able to tell you, if she is at all addicted to jovial company, is a variation of a very pretty song, which records the adventures of an ancient monarch, called COLE:—

"Old King DAN was a wretched old man,
And a wretched old man was he;—
He called for his pipe, and he called for his can,
But they brought him temperance tea!"

One day, however, when King DAN was groaning and singing, as usual, what was his surprise at seeing a large fish pop his head out of the sea, and hearing him answer thus:—

"Old King DAN is a silly old man,
And a stupid old man is he:—
If he takes to his bed, and complains of his head,
He can drink, if he please, like *me!*"

"Egad!" said King DAN, "I never thought of that; I *may* take the thing *medicinally*, to be sure! I'll follow your advice, my friend." So King DAN went home that day rather more joyfully, and when he arrived he fell ill immediately, and had tumbler after tumbler of warm brandy-and-water brought to him in bed, till he became exceedingly drunk and happy. This, however, was only for one day, and the next morning he awoke sick and sorry, and fell to thinking over his poverty as usual. But it now occurred to him, that as a fish had taught him how to drink, some other supernaturally-gifted animal might teach him how to make money; or—which came to the same thing—to find the talisman called Repeal-of-the-Union, which he had long pretended to be in search of. So, after considering a long while, he called his three Sons and Faithful TOM to him, and addressed them in the Conciliation Hall of his Palace, in these words:—

"Hereditary bondsman!" (this was addressed to the only one left, True TOM) "and my three dear children! I have called you together to see if any of you can suggest a new remedy in this sad state of affairs. Heaven knows I have left no stone unturned—I have applied every conceivable screw—nor can I be accused of being on any one occasion scrupulous as to the means I used; yet all human aid seems to have deserted us: and it is beyond mortal power to resuscitate my rents. It remains, however, to be seen whether the fairies, who, before now, have assisted good and patriotic men;" (here Old King DAN placed his hand on his heart)—"whether those beneficent beings will help us, will find us a way out of our misery and into our property—will teach us to repeal the Union, and avoid the Workhouse. I have done, my children. 'Hereditary Bondsman, know you not,'"—

"That will do, Father," interrupted Prince JOHN; "all friends here. What think you of the Hill of Howth?"

"Pshaw!" said King DAN, "I have appealed to it fifty times, and always with the same no-result. 'Hereditary bondsman, know,'"—

"Well, then," broke in Prince MAURICE, "there is Dame PORTER."

"Pshaw!" said King DAN, "what, the Federalist Fairy? no—green as everything about me may be, I am not so green as that. 'Hereditary Bondsman,'"—

"Well," suggested Prince MORGAN, "there is Mother BROOMSTICK, the mischievous old witch in the plaid inexpressibles."

"Faugh!" exclaimed King DAN, with a strong expression of disgust. "'Hereditary—'"

"In my opinion," interrupted Faithful TOM (who was as mad as a March hare), "Mother BROOMSTICK is no conjuror at all." With that, Faithful TOM threw a somersault, and stood on his head.

"My children," said King DAN, "it seems that none of you can think of a benevolent power to apply to for aid in our sad pickle. Nor at this moment can I myself—unless perhaps the Whig Fairy, who delivered me from jail the other day—but no, she will not help us this bout—and I have therefore determined, like so many old Kings before me, to send you, my eldest Boy, to travel over the wide world, and seek for adventures; in order that you may meet with some kind Fairy, and receive her instructions and assistance."

So Prince JOHN embraced his Father, and received his blessing (in the form which was always used in that kingdom, "More power to your elbow!"), and set out on his journey over the wide world. He had not gone far, before he came to a wood; and there, on a bough, sat the most beautiful Pigeon he had ever seen, with a crest on his head like a mitre.

"Prince, Prince," said the Pigeon, "I know what you want!"

"Do you, though?" said the Prince. "Pray, who are you?"

"I am called the Sweet Dove of Elphin," replied the Pigeon; "and I know that you are in search of the charm Repeal-of-the-Union, and, more especially, of a means to restore Old King DAN's revenue."

"Wonderful dove!" said the Prince, "the last is indeed my principal object. Can you tell me how to forward it?"

"I can," said the Pigeon: "King DAN may repeal the Union, and recover his rents and all his ancient glories, if you can do three little things first."

"What are they?" eagerly demanded the Prince.

"They are these," replied the Pigeon:—

"To cross the Bridge that will never be built:
To drink from the Fountains that will never flow:
and
To receive the Debt that will never be paid."

"And the Bridge?" asked the Prince; "where is it? what is it called?"

"Hungerford," said the Pigeon.

"And the Fountains?" asked the Prince.

"Trafalgar," said the Pigeon.

"And the Debt?"

"American stock, of course," said the Pigeon, rather sharply; for he took an interest in the young Prince, and was vexed to find him so ignorant as not to know that American Knavery (as your Mama will tell you) is equally proverbial with American Slavery.

If you are a good boy, and study your PUNCH, *perhaps* you shall hear some day what befel the Prince in his search after the Three Impossibilities, which were to conduct him to the Utter Impossibility; how the Orange-tailed Mare showed him her beautiful nest; and how he obtained the Cap of Repeal, and many other wonderful adventures that he met with.

(*To be Continued.*)

Peel's Periodical.

WHEN the Act for prolonging the Income Tax is printed, we hope in fairness it will have at the end the same notice as is attached to serial articles in magazines, viz:—

RAILWAY RENCONTRE.

SINCE the appearance of our article, "THE BATTLE OF THE RAILWAYS," letters have poured in upon us from the north with almost Niagarean velocity. The postman has reached our office in an almost fainting state; and we do verily believe that, as it is the last feather that breaks the camel's back, so would one more letter have crushed the overloaded Twopenny. Our readers will no doubt remember our reference to a disagreement between MR. BECKETT DENISON, M.P., and MR. GEORGE HUDSON, of high repute in the railway world, which, by the bye, seems to be just now the world in which every one feels an interest. It would seem that MR. BECKETT DENISON exhibits the same extraordinary pertinacity in considering himself insulted, as was manifested by the illustrious DOGBERRY in having himself written down an ass. The honourable member evidently experiences a sort of satisfaction in being the object of an insult; his feeling being no doubt akin to that of *Mawworm*, when exclaiming, "I likes to be despised!"

An intelligent correspondent has favoured us with the following version of the affair as it actually happened. There is something of a dramatic tone in the proceeding, and as a scene actually took place, the form into which the facts are thrown is the most appropriate.

(*The Scene represents a Railway Platform; Time, evening; Passengers going to and fro, Porters, &c., &c.*)

Canon by four PORTERS, *coming forward with luggage on their heads.*

AIR—"*Lo the early beams of morning.*"

Lo! the early trains of morning
For us could no longer stay
Hark! the evening bell is chiming—

POLICEMEN.

Porters! you must haste away.

[*The* PORTERS *go towards the trains. The* MARCH *from* "MASSANIELLO" *heard in the distance. Shareholders rush in, making gestures of joy and triumph.*

Enter MR. HUDSON, *singing.*

AIR—"*Believe me if all those endearing young charms.*"

Believe me if all those extravagant lines,
They talk of so wildly to-day,
Were each made in the way its projector defines,
They 're none of them likely to pay.
We should still go a-head, as this moment we do;
Let DENISON prate as he will!
When around me I see such supporters as you
I feel that he 'd better keep still.

Enter MR. BECKETT DENISON.

AIR—"*When other lips.*"

When other lines in other parts
Shall in the market sell,
At premiums whose amount imparts
That HUDSON chose them well.
When other minds achieve a task
My own could never see;
In such a moment, may I ask,
Who 'll ever think of me?

[MR. HUDSON *and* MR. BECKETT DENISON *greet each other.* — MR. BECKETT DENISON *passes to a railway carriage, which he enters, when there ensues the following:*—

MR. HUDSON.

To make your line your capital you've got,
Though very long without it you remain'd;
Although 'tis clear you would have had it not,
But that it was dishonestly obtained.

MR. BECKETT DENISON.

Dishonestly obtained! what mean you, Sir?

MR. HUDSON.

Oh! nothing personal, so don't mistake.

MR. BECKETT DENISON.

You have no right on me to throw a slur—

MR. HUDSON.

Allow me an apology to make.

Cantabile. MR. HUDSON.

I said "dishonestly," 'tis true,
And to a public board referred;
But meant not to apply to you,
Believe me, an offensive word.

MR. BECKETT DENISON (*multo agitato*).

You said "dishonestly," and I
Believe you meant it to apply
To me.

MR. HUDSON.

I 'm sorry you should take offence;
I meant the word in general sense
To be.

MR. BECKETT DENISON (*con strepito, and pulling up the window of the carriage*).

I will not hear another word!
I 've been insulted: that's enough

Mental Chorus of PASSENGERS *in the same carriage.*

His rage is really quite absurd;
He 's made of very peppery stuff.

[MR. HUDSON *retires from the carriage window, having found his efforts at reconciliation ineffectual, and* MR. BECKETT DENISON *goes through several grand airs, which are not worth repeating here, and the Scene concludes with the following*

Song and Chorus.

AIR—"*Scots wha hae.*"

Gents, who heard what HUDSON said,
Gents who saw to what it led;
Don't it enter ev'ry head,
He 's insulted me!
Every day and every hour,
He, because he knows his power,
Always takes delight to shower
Insults down on me!

Chorus of PASSENGERS.

If to passion you 're a slave;
If a joke you treat as grave;
Nobody his tongue can save
From offending thee.
Who from words as light as straw
Always will attempt to draw
Insults no one else e'er saw,
Must a ninny be.

[MR. BECKETT DENISON, *annoyed at no one agreeing with him in the view he has taken, falls into a moody silence, and the train moves off.*

RINGING THE CHANGES.

MASTER JONES rang on Friday night several peals on seventeen different bells in Fitzroy Square. This he cleverly effected, without any apparent fatigue, by running from No. 1 to No. 17, and pulling the area-bells violently, one after another. The tones were very distinct, and a beautiful echo of each was heard in the drawing-rooms of the respective houses. MASTER JONES, who is only nine years of age, wound up his masterly performance with a grand triple bob-major on the visitors' and servants' bells of No. 18.

ELECTION NEWS.

As a proof of the importance which is attached to the Registration, we may mention that we saw at the door of a marine store shop, an iron grate having on it in large letters the word, "REGISTER."

PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION IN JERSEY.

(*Latest Intelligence.*)

The greatest alarm has been produced by infuriated troops of ten or twelve parading the streets during the last two or three days, bearing the revolutionary banner (an Alderney cow *proper*, on a field *green*, with Dairymaid *gules*), and singing the frightful "Jerseyaise," of one stanza of which we subjoin a translation :—

"Unfold the banner
In haughty manner;
Onward, ye Twenty!
With your one Gun!

"The giant Carus
Shall not ensnare us!
Cows we have plenty;
Cowards not one!"

It appears that the rebellion has already spread to Alderney and Guernsey; and news from Sark are looked for with the greatest anxiety. The Scilly Islands are convulsed to their very centre; and the Isle of Dogs is reported to be in a positively rabid state. We are glad to learn, however, that the authorities at Woolwich are on the alert, and preparing for the worst.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

Othing shall be void which may by possibility be good.—This maxim is proved by taking the negative of the proposition. Thus, if Jones writes a tragedy, it cannot by any possibility be good, and it is therefore void accordingly; but if Jones incurs a debt, the debt may by possibility be good; and at all events it is not void, for the liability will hang over him.

24. *Ex nudo pacto non oritur actio.* An action cannot arise from a naked agreement.—A naked agreement is an agreement not clothed with a consideration; and certainly it seems very inconsiderate to allow an agreement to go forward to the world in the state alluded to. Among some of the jurists it is thought that the reason why no action arises from a naked agreement is, that such an agreement being naked, must have been already stripped of every thing; and as there is nothing to be got from it, the lawyers will have nothing to do with it.

25. *The law favours a thing which is of necessity.*—This is the doctrine of "needs must when a certain old gentleman drives;" and the law favours any thing which he happens to be concerned in. That the law favours necessity, is not, however, wholly true; for if a man has stolen a penny-loaf from necessity, the law has no favour to show to it. If in a storm another man throws overboard my goods, he is protected, because the law sees a necessity, and favours it accordingly; though I might see no necessity whatever for such a precipitate proceeding. The idea of law favouring necessity, is at variance with the maxim that "necessity has no law," which is very likely to be the truth, for necessity not being able to pay for law, is not very likely to get any.

26. *The law favours a thing which is for the good of the commonwealth.*—In accordance with this maxim, a man in trade may not have his tools distrained upon, for he uses them for the good of the commonwealth; and a bailiff cannot come up and take my pen out of my hand, for it is the tool I am working with; nor could he seize my brains, for they are what I have in use; though he might levy a distress on my mind, by greatly distressing it.

27. *Communis error facit jus.* Common error becomes right.—This is a very odd maxim, for it means literally that rare correctness will be the result of constant blundering; and it follows that a man who is generally wrong, will be in the end particularly right. Thus, in the Irish courts, if there is a row, and every man strikes the wrong person, there can be no doubt that the right person will get what he deserves; and thus the *communis error*, or general mistake, *facit jus*—that is to say, is the cause of justice being done.

28. *The law favours things which are in the custody of the law.*—The sort of favour shown by the law to such as are in its custody, is of a very peculiar character. Cutting the hair in the very last style of fashion—the last that any one would voluntarily adopt—and attending to the health by prescribing constant exercise on the wheel, together with a diet of the most moderate nature, are among the favours which the law shows to those who are in its custody.

A Trew and Lively Portraicture
of
Ye Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Noy, Knight,
His Majestie's Attorney General,
1635.

GAME LAWS AND GAME CLERGYMEN.

We have before had occasion to remark, that whenever a Game-Law penalty is inflicted under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, there is generally a Reverend Magistrate on the Bench to give the weight and countenance of his Christianity to the punishment. The last instance of the kind is afforded us by the petty sessions at Abingdon. Joseph Barrett, of Fusham, was charged with shooting a rabbit :—

"The land was Shadwell's Coppice, part of which is in possession of the Earl of Abingdon, and part in the occupation of defendant's uncle; only a ditch parted the occupancies. Defendant had a certificate, and a written authority from his uncle to kill the rabbits on his farm. In the coppice he shot at one *which went across the ditch to the Earl's part, and there fell.* Defendant *did not go after it*, nor did it appear that he had been seen on the Earl's portion of the land; but *marks of shot* being visible on it, which had, *as it was believed, come from his part, the offence was considered to be proved*, and the above penalty and costs inflicted."

That is, a penalty of 2*l.*, with 17*s.* 6*d.* costs! We feel for the clergyman who, in the name of justice, inflicted this sentence. We grieve for the Rev. Mr. Dobson, assured as we are that his Christian bowels—as the Chinese say—must have turned to water, to mulct an innocent man of nearly three pounds, because an obstinate, wrong-headed rabbit—with doubtless, a yearning for the aristocracy—*would* die on the Earl's side of a ditch. However, there is no doubt that such convictions by clergymen go far to obtain for them a peculiar interest in the bosoms of their flock. For instance, it must be impossible to listen to the Sabbath precepts of the Rev. Mr. Dobson, and to forget his tender regard even for rabbits dying on the noble side of a ditch! That the mockery of justice, of common sense, of common humanity, should be complete—that there should lack nothing to make it shocking and repugnant to the least sense of Christianity—it is quite fitting that a clergyman should mum his part in it. With what additional grace and sweetness must a man, associated with such convictions, mount the pulpit! He may, indeed, discourse eloquently of the Laws of God; and yet, listening to such a speaker, his peasant congregation may, despite of them, think of the Laws of Game.

DUELLING FOR THE MILLION.

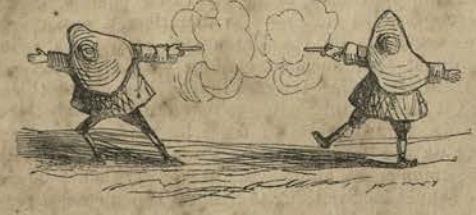
THE Battersea Fields were already made only a little less classical than the field of Waterloo by the pistols of WELLINGTON and WINCHILSEA. Within these few days, however, the spot has been further consecrated to heroic emotions by the gunpowder of the son of HENRY HUNT (the patriot of shabby memory), and "a gentleman connected with a mercantile house in the city." (We have good reason for believing that he is one of the hair-cutters at a house in Fleet Street.) The *Globe*, from which we take the thrilling details, quotes from a Sunday paper. It appears that the gentlemen, at a late hour on the preceding night, quarrelled at a tavern. The subject of dispute was the nice distinction between Welsh rabbits and rabbits from Wales. A MR. B. MACKINTOSH, who is "both deaf and dumb," was MR. HUNT'S second; and hospitably entertained him at his lodgings; keeping him ready for the shooting hour, 7 A. M.—"near the Red House, Battersea," a place already dyed with the blood of pigeons. By some mistake, says the account,

"They were not called until some time after that hour, and it was quite eight when they had reached the appointed place. They found that the other principal and second had been punctual to their time, and after waiting for nearly half an hour had gone away. Determined, however, *not to be disappointed*, MR. HUNT sent for the gentlemen, and they in a short time made their second appearance; but a difficulty presented itself, which at first seemed insurmountable, namely, that the gentlemen returned without the pistols. This, however, was soon got over by MR. HUNT, *through his second, offering one of his case to his opponent.*"

An affecting incident this: and forcibly reminding us of the magnanimity of the sailor in a Coburg melo-drama, who having a couple of cutlasses under his arm, and meeting a defenceless enemy, handsomely offers him one of the weapons that they may take a chop together! Well, "the men being properly placed," the pistols were discharged, when—

"The gentleman, whose name could not be learned, immediately fell to the ground, and for the instant it was feared he was mortally wounded. *To the delight of those present*, however, he got up after the lapse of a few seconds, and it was found the ball from MR. HUNT'S pistol had passed through the fleshy part of the right arm, and that the bones were uninjured."

The hæmorrhage was soon stopped, and MR. HUNT was satisfied! Indeed the honour of both parties, having drunk a morning draught of blood from the fleshy part of a right arm, was once again at ease! After all, honour is not particular in the offerings made to her. There has, hitherto, been a false notion that honour required aristocratic victims; that, like a rich and reckless harlot, she loved to feast upon the highest and noblest things of the earth—on dukes, marquesses, and so forth; indeed, nothing under a simple gentleman, cured by duelling powder, could she at all digest. Now does it seem that honour has a stronger stomach; and can swallow anything even from behind the counter. We yet hope to see the day, when honour will, by no means, turn up her nose at a dustman or a cab-driver; either of them being killed in her name for "satisfaction." Seeing that the practice of duelling is such exquisite foolery, why, we ask—like any other luxury—should it be enjoyed only by the higher classes? We thank MR. HUNT and "the mercantile gentleman," and the "deaf and dumb gentleman," (we believe a riding-master,) for doing all that in them lies to vulgarize an exclusive enjoyment.



WARNING TO TRAVELLERS.

LOVERS of single blessedness, beware! Bachelors who love your liberty, remain at home! The last census of France has just disclosed the awful fact that, in Paris alone, there are no less than 54,000 widows!!!

PEEL'S PARLIAMENTARY DRINKING SONG.

*THE MAN WITH A BALANCE AT HIS BANKERS.

HERE 's to each Tory and Radical too;
Just only my Income Tax pass, boys,
And you 'll see how completely JOHN BULL I shall "do,"
By taking the duty off GLASS, boys.
Let the bill pass,
JOHN 's such an Ass,
I 'll warrant he 'll find an excuse in the GLASS.

Here 's the debater whose speeches we prize,
And here 's to the spouter of twaddle;
To gentlemen gifted with brains; and likewise,
To those who have none in their noddle.
Let the bill pass, &c.

Here 's unto COBDEN, and here 's to friend BRIGHT,
The farmer's and landowner's friend, too;
To those who for Corn-Law monopoly fight,
And those for Free Trade who contend, too.
Let the bill pass, &c.

Here 's to all those by the Poor Law who stand,
As a piece of humane legislation;
And to those who declare it a curse to the land,
And a shame and reproach to the nation.
Let the bill pass, &c.

Here 's to the FEW for class int'rests who vote,
With a view to the loaves and the fishes;
Here 's to the MANY who strive to promote
Their constituents' objects and wishes.
Let the bill pass, &c.

Here 's to Young England and here 's unto Old;
For all parties I care not a feather:
So long as you all are contented to hold,
In support of my Budget, together.
Let the bill pass, &c.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE VII.

MR. CAUDLE HAS VENTURED A REMONSTRANCE ON HIS DAY'S DINNER: COLD MUTTON, AND NO PUDDING. MRS. CAUDLE DEFENDS THE COLD SHOULDER.

UMPH! I 'm sure! Well! I wonder what it will be next! There 's nothing proper, now—nothing at all. Better get somebody else to keep the house I think. I can't do it now, it seems; I 'm only in the way here: I 'd better take the children, and go.

"What am I grumbling about now? It 's very well for you to ask that! I 'm sure I 'd better be out of the world than—there now, MR. CAUDLE; there you are again! I *shall* speak, sir. It isn't often I open my mouth, heaven knows! But you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. You ought to have married a negro slave, and not any respectable woman.

"You 're to go about the house looking like thunder all the day, and I 'm not to say a word. Where do you think pudding 's to come from every-day? You show a nice example to your children, you do; complaining, and turning your nose up at a sweet piece of cold mutton, because there 's no pudding! You go a nice way to make 'em extravagant—teach 'em nice lessons to begin the world with. Do you know what puddings cost; or do you think they fly in at the window?

"You hate cold mutton. The more shame for you, MR. CAUDLE. I 'm sure you 've the stomach of a lord, you have. No, sir; I didn't choose to hash the mutton. It 's very easy for you to say hash it; but *I* know what a joint loses in hashing: it 's a day's dinner the less, if it 's a bit. Yes, I dare say; other people may have puddings with cold mutton. No doubt of *it*; and other people become bankrupts. But if ever you get into the Gazette, it shan't be *my* fault—no; I 'll do my duty as a wife to you, MR. CAUDLE: you shall never have it to say that it was *my* housekeeping that brought you to beggary. No; you may sulk at the cold meat—ha! I hope you 'll never live to want such a piece of cold mutton as we had to-day! And you may threaten to go to a tavern to dine; but with our present means, not a crumb of pudding do you get from me. You shall have nothing but the cold joint—nothing as I 'm a Christian sinner.

"Yes; there you are, throwing those fowls in my face again! I know you once brought home a pair of fowls; I know it: and wern't you mean enough to want to stop 'em out of my week's money? Oh, the selfishness—the shabbiness of men! They can go out and throw away pounds upon pounds with a pack of people who laugh at 'em afterwards; but if it 's anything wanted for their own homes, their poor wives may hunt for it. I wonder you don't blush to name those fowls again! I wouldn't be so little for the world, MR. CAUDLE!

"What are you going to do? Going to get up? Don't make yourself ridiculous, MR. CAUDLE; I can't say a word to you like any other wife, but you must threaten to get up. *Do* be ashamed of yourself.

"Puddings, indeed! Do you think I 'm made of puddings? Didn't you have some boiled rice three weeks ago? Besides, is this the time of the year for puddings? It 's all very well if I had money enough allowed me like any other wife to keep the house with; then, indeed, I might have preserves like any other woman; now, it 's impossible; and it 's cruel—yes, MR. CAUDLE, cruel—of you to expect it.

"Apples arn't so dear, arn't they? I know what apples are, MR. CAUDLE, without your telling me. But I suppose you want something more than apples for dumplings? I suppose sugar costs something, doesn't it? And that 's how it is. That 's how one expense brings on another, and that 's how people go to ruin.

"Pancakes! What 's the use of your lying muttering there about pancakes? Don't you always have 'em once a-year—every Shrove Tuesday? And what would any moderate, decent man want more?

"Pancakes, indeed! Pray, MR. CAUDLE,—no, it 's no use your saying fine words to me to let you go to sleep; I shan't!—pray do you know the price of eggs just now? There 's not an egg you can trust to under seven and eight a shilling; well, you 've only just to reckon up how many eggs—don't lie swearing there at the eggs, in that manner, MR. CAUDLE; unless you expect the bed to open under you. You call yourself a respectable tradesman, I suppose! Ha! I only wish people knew you as well as I do! Swearing at eggs, indeed! But I 'm tired of this usage, MR. CAUDLE; quite tired of it; and I don't care how soon it 's ended!

"I 'm sure I do nothing but work and labour, and think how to make the most of everything; and this is how I 'm rewarded. I should like to see anybody whose joints go further than mine. But if I was to throw away your money into the street, or lay it out in fine feathers on myself, I should be better thought of. The woman who studies her husband and her family is always made a drudge of. It 's your fine fal-lal wives who 've the best time of it.

"What 's the use of your lying groaning there in that manner? That won't make me hold my tongue I can tell you. You think to have it all your own way—but you won't, MR. CAUDLE! You can insult my dinner; look like a demon, I may say, at a wholesome piece of cold mutton—ha! the thousands of far better creatures than you are who 'd been thankful for that mutton!—and I 'm never to speak! But you 're mistaken—I will! Your usage of me, MR. CAUDLE, is infamous—unworthy of a man. I only wish people knew you for what you are; but they shall, some day.

"Puddings! And now I suppose I shall hear of nothing but puddings! Yes, and I know what it would end in. First, you 'd have a pudding every day;—oh, I know your extravagance—then you 'd go for fish—then I shouldn't wonder if you 'd have soup; turtle, no doubt: then you 'd go for a dessert; and—oh! I see it all as plain as the quilt before me—but no! not while I live! What your second wife may do, I don't know; perhaps *she 'll* be a fine lady; but you shan't be ruined by me, MR. CAUDLE; that I 'm determined. Puddings, indeed! Pu-dding-s! Pudd—"

"Exhausted nature," says CAUDLE, "could hold out no longer. Here my wife went to sleep."

SONGS OF THE NEW TARIFF.

COME pile up the Logwood and let us be gay,
Quaff Sarsaparilla while cheaply we may;
Let 's send round the cup, and let 's banish our ills,
By drowning old Care in "the syrup of squills."

Now vainly does sorrow the spirits assail,
While our tables shall groan with the fins of the whale;
For the good we are all of us likely to feel,
Here 's a health and nine cheers for the tariff of PEEL.

Punch's Railway Intelligence.

WE understand that the principle of the Centrifugal Railroad is to be applied to a short line, branching from the terminus of the Kensington concern to Knightsbridge Green. Those who have seen the Centrifugal Railway in operation, will have observed that passengers get to their destination by being whirled somehow or other head-over-heels; and though this mode of transit would not do for very long distances, it is presumed that a series of somersaults from Kensington to Knightsbridge would not be disagreeable. There is something exhilarating in being rolled over and over for a couple of minutes, and there is no doubt that Centrifugal scrip will look up prodigiously the moment it gets into the market.

Among the other new lines, there is a line talked about to go from the top of St. Paul's to the foot of the DUKE OF YORK'S Column. The line is to consist of a strong rope, fastened round the cross, and carried by a gentle gradient to Waterloo Place, where it will be fastened round the base of the Column alluded to. A basket will then be slung along by an iron hook, for the conveyance of passengers. There will be a first, second, and third class: the first comprising a covered hamper; the second a potato-basket, enclosed at the sides but open at the top; and the third a mere sieve, not in any way protected from the weather.

The Atmospheric Railways, by the appropriate aid of puffing, are beginning to advance. There was at first some difficulty in raising the wind sufficiently to get a due degree of atmospheric pressure; but by putting a good deal of inflated language into the advertisements, the object has been accomplished.

A BLOW FOR MR. BRIGHT!

THE select Parliamentary Committee to be appointed at the instance of MR. BRIGHT, to inquire into the operation of the Game Laws, will probably make the grand discovery, already well known to everybody, that they tend to the demoralisation of the country. Hence, we conjecture, the cry, already raised by some short-sighted people for their abolition, will be heightened. It is to be hoped, however, that the wisdom of Parliament will be in no greater hurry to reform this so-called abuse, than it has shown itself to be in to reform any other; in other words, that it will maintain it as long as ever it can. Repeal the Game Laws, and, as their defenders wildly ask, What are country gentlemen to do? Why, want of employment will drive them to the writing-desk or the library; and the time that might have been devoted to shooting, will be sacrificed to intellect! They will thus be degraded to the level of literary, scientific, and the like low persons. As it is, how greatly have they degenerated since the days of chivalry, in being able to read and write! But the fact is, that the demoralisation of the country is the finest thing in the world for it; that is to say, for those who have any stake in it; and as for people who have not even bread—let them poach and take the consequences. Think of the vast number of labourers whom demoralisation provides for in the prisons and the hulks, besides the multitudes of whom it rids the country altogether. Then, look at the large class of persons who are interested in the maintenance of the Game Laws. Together with the landed proprietor, we may enumerate, besides the gamekeeper, the common informer, and that most respectable sort of man vulgarly nicknamed the pettifogger—with those useful and much underpaid officials, magistrates' clerks. Let Aristocracy and its scions unite with Law and its limbs in defence of their fun and their bread against the grasping talons of Humanity. Let them strike for their rights; that is, let them give their common enemy a good "punch in the head," and let their champion, GRANTLEY BERKELEY, begin with BRIGHT.

Fragment of a Tour in the Temple.

THE tour of the Temple is not made by the generality of travellers in the East, but it is a pilgrimage which will well repay the lover of the picturesque for the moderate consumption of time and shoe-leather.

The Temple is entered from the main road by an old-fashioned arch, which is no sooner passed than the voyager finds himself among a new race of beings. On his right is the spot where many a man's doom has been sealed, for the Seal Office, in which writs receive their official force, nestles under a pile of antique brickwork.

Descending a gentle slope, and following a south-easterly direction, the tourist finds himself in Lamb's Buildings; but we shudder when we think what must have been the fate of Lamb amid the legal wolves abounding in the neighbourhood.

Scorning the example of the needle, which is constant to the north, and persevering in making for the south, the traveller reaches an irregular tract, broken at intervals by three steps, and a sloping path then conducts him to a kind of tunnel, which is very short, and on reaching the other end of it the view that bursts upon the sight has such a magical influence over the spirits, that the sensitive mind has been known to sink into a state of silent bewilderment.

On the other side of a level path may be seen iron railings, mocking with their altitude the ambitious urchin who might be desirous of scaling them; while at the back, about one-tenth as far as the eye can reach, is one of nature's grassy carpets, which is indeed a herbal Axminster in smooth sleekness. Further on is the river: but here we must not venture, for it is to the Temple that our tour must be confined.

The inhabitants of this remarkable district have few peculiarities; but the Porters, who stand in the relation of natives, and are to the Temple what the red man is to India, are worthy of a separate paragraph.

This singular race of men can only be compared to the Italian Lazzaroni basking in the sun, except that there is seldom any sun in the Temple in which it is possible to bask. There is not a finer illustration of the *dolce far niente* than the Temple Porters, who loll against the dead walls, indulging with one another in "genial discourse unblamed." The costume of these persons has puzzled the oldest antiquaries, and the white apron, with its strings, is so full of knots, that no one has been able to untie them. Why the Temple Porters wear white aprons was a moot point in the time of COKE, and so it is likely to continue.

The Western recesses of the Temple are full of interest to those who are curious on points of geographical difficulty, for there are several courts into which one may imperceptibly glide, and then awake to all the horrors of an apparent "No thoroughfare." Hare Court, for example, is a sort of quadrilateral *cul de sac*, and it takes its name of Hare Court, or as some read it, *caught*, from the fact of a hare having once got into the Temple and taken the first turning to the right, when a loud *view halloo* arose from the back windows of the Seal Office, and the day porter having given tongue, the hare was driven into the corner, and was caught, or court, so that the place has ever since gone by the name of Hare Court in the Temple. Some writers have treated the whole affair as an allegory, and have supposed that the hare was an unfortunate client —a nice and fanciful thought, which adds to the interest of the anecdote.

The traveller having put up under the archway and smoked a cigar, may now resume his tour, and leaving Hare Court at the south-eastern corner, he will soon arrive at Pump Court, which derives its name from several illustrious pumps who formerly had chambers there. SELDEN says, "Ye courtte calledde Pumppe Courtte, was formerlie renownde as ye spotte where ye yonge utterres, meaninge ye juniorre barristerres, did come outte to holdde forthe and practyse yemselves in speakynge; and thusse there wasse soe mucche spouttinge, that my LORDE BACONE, who was a witte, dydde likenne them to a parcelle offe pompes. Ye barristerres who dydde not know whatte name to gyve to ye courtte, dydde alle laughe righte merrilie, andde sayde, 'Aye, marrie! andde Pumppe Courtte is a goodde name forre ye place.'" PLOWDEN thinks this is how the place got the name of Pump Court, but we think otherwise; and, being at issue, we beg leave to throw ourselves upon the country on the point alluded to.

Fig Tree Court is called Fig Tree Court, because on grand days the Benchers used to meet there, and were always figged out very finely for the occasion. "Elm Court," says SELDEN, "has more of the oaks (hoax) than the elm about it;" an idle pun, for which SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE thinks SELDEN should be soundly rated, instead of being overrated, as he has been.

Those who have travelled over the Arabian Deserts, and slipped up to their ankles in the sand, are said to long for the cooling fountain. Perhaps there is no fountain in the world which is so thoroughly cooling—to anything like enthusiasm, no fountain which is so likely to damp any one's imagination completely down, as the fountain in the Temple. It is understood to have been placed there by SIR THOMAS PLUMMER—*Query* PLUMBER—on his drawing his first draft of a declaration after having been called to the Bar. By some it is thought to have been designed to throw cold water on the ambitious student, and show him how he is likely to be damped on the very threshold of his profession. Others regard it as a leaden type of the Pierian spring, which the legal apprentice is invited to drink deeply of as he enters the seat of legal learning.

To the town traveller, a tour in the Temple will be a source of health, amusement, and instruction, which are the true *tria* that it is so desirable to find, *juncta in uno*, as often as possible.

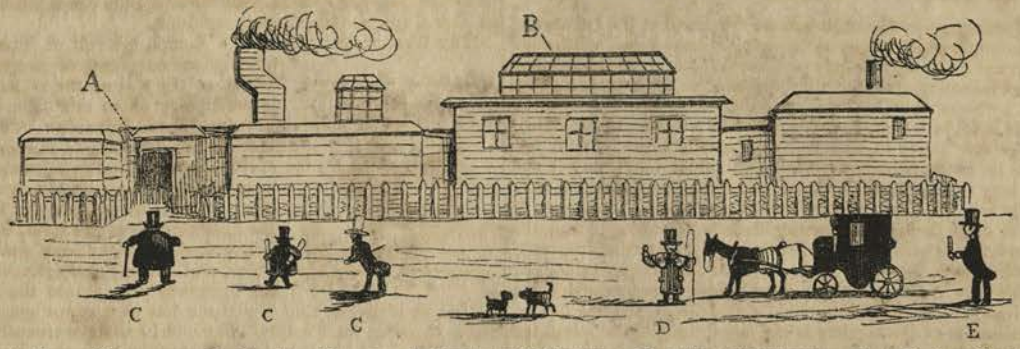
Joining the Union.

A PERSON advertises in the *Times* that he "has discovered a most wonderful cement, and would wish some one to *join* him." The advertiser, then, should certainly have stated his height, because, if he is only four feet two, it will be rather awkward for him to be joined to a partner who happened to be six feet three, without his stockings; especially if it be true, as he declares in the advertisement, that the cement, once applied, is of such an adhesive nature, that he will warrant it to keep good for ten years in the warmest climate.

MALICIOUS REPORT.

A REPORT has been circulated, that the Irish Members are absenting themselves from Parliament to evade the Income Tax. A gentleman, who sends us his name, declares this report to be a shameful calumny. He assures us that the Income Tax would be the last thing in the world to trouble an Irish Member.

The Committee-Rooms of the House of Commons.



A. Entrance to House of Commons. B. Committee Rooms. C. Members of Parliament. D. A Cab and a Cabman. E. A Member of the Police Force.

ART, as well as nature, appears to have a second childhood, and architecture, which has advanced to maturity in many parts of the metropolis, seems to have relapsed, at Palace Yard, Westminster, into a state of infancy. The buildings appropriated as Committee Rooms for the House of Commons afford an illustration of our theory, and we return the compliment by affording an illustration of them, which will enable the public to form an opinion of the taste displayed in their erection.

The style combines the ancient Saxon with the modern Greenwich; while in one of the chimneys there is a slight touch of the Italian, reminding us, by its apparently tumble-down position, of the Leaning Tower at Pisa.

There is a sort of centre with a couple of wings, one of which may perhaps be described as the liver wing, because as there is a window, it is possible that somebody lives in it. (Hem!) The centre is an unequilateral quadrangular bit of boothing with a sort of sexagonal skylight at the top, and lighted by three hackney-coach windows, which would command a view of the cab-stand, only that they are placed so high up it must be impossible to look out of them. The left wing has a species of pigeon-house on the summit, and is probably intended for the use of the Government, in case of its being necessary to despatch pigeons with important intelligence to foreign powers. The posts round the entire range of building are designed as military posts, which would of course be manned by British soldiery in the event of there being any necessity for manning them. At present they are wholly unmanned, but an apple-woman sometimes rests her basket on the top of one of them.

In order to facilitate the unravelling of the architectural hieroglyphic, the artist has furnished literal references to the objects he has depicted.

THE STUDENTS' PETITION.

WE understand that a petition to both Houses is in the course of signature, humbly praying that an act may be passed to "put down" itinerant musicians in the neighbourhoods inhabited by individuals reading for the learned professions. The following is an extract from the document:—

"And whereas some of your petitioners have come to town for the purpose of reading for the Bar, and are frequently disturbed by divers trombones, trumpets, hurdy-gurdies, hand-organs, and other formidable instruments, which strike with terrific force on your petitioners' drums or tympanums; And whereas the governesses at divers schools for girls are in the habit of making their pupils practise the piano with open windows for the purpose of advertising the school to persons passing by, and showing the assiduity with which music is cultivated: Now, your petitioners humbly submit, that it is impossible to read LOCKE amid the jingling of pianoforte keys; and while listening to a badly played bass, it is vain to attempt to understand the tenor of any law-book. Your petitioners most respectfully submit that BLACKSTONE is quite at variance with 'Marble Halls,' and that it is hopeless to look into the *Novum Organum* so long as an old organ is being ground beneath the window.

"Your petitioners therefore pray that every street band should be compelled to muffle its drum, close one end of its wind instruments, and take the handle off its organ, when coming into any street inhabited by a student of either law or medicine.

"And your petitioners will ever pray, &c., &c."

ASTONISHING THE BROWNS.

THE following appeared in the *Court Circular* of the 26th ult.

"MR. JOHN BROWN had an audience yesterday with LORD STANLEY at the Colonial Office."

In consequence of this announcement we have been inundated with letters, signed JOHN BROWN, stating that the writer is not the JOHN BROWN alluded to. There is scarcely a street without a JOHN BROWN, and every individual of that name is complaining that he is being called upon to use his influence with LORD STANLEY on behalf of some relative or friend who wants a situation in the Colonies. We should suggest that when a BROWN or a WHITE gets an interview with a Minister, the address of the party should be given, so as to point out the identical BROWN or WHITE who has been thus honoured; and spare all the ordinary WHITES and BROWNS from the annoyance of being mistaken for individuals high in the confidence of Government.

A LITTLE BIT OF BUSINESS.

Pimlico, March 8, 1845.

SIR,—I write to complain to you of a grievance immediately concerning yourself. At all railroads except the Birmingham, the public can buy you for 3*d.*; at Euston Square, 4*d.* is charged for you. Now, Sir, the average weekly receipts of the Birmingham are £15,000; the average fares, 6*s.* 8*d.* Therefore, the number of passengers is 45,000 weekly. Now every passenger buys *Punch*. Therefore the vendor of *Punch* each week pockets 45,000 pence, or 3750 shillings, or £187. 10*s.*, or £9776. 15*s.* 8½*d.* per annum. Now, Sir, it is monstrous that the public should be taxed to this amount for an absolute necessity, for such is *Punch* on the railroad. A word from you will bring the Birmingham to their senses, and abate the nuisance.

I am, Sir, yours,
A PUNCH READER.

THE FOUNTAINS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THERE is still a continual crowd round these singular specimens of stagnation, and it is quite impossible to know when "the flocks will leave the fountains." People are beginning to ask, what is the meaning of the fishes with their mouths wide open, under a sort of card-tray; and a celebrated ichthyologist has declared that no fish would continue holding forth in the manner represented at Trafalgar Square, for "mute as a fish" is an actual proverb. It has been suggested, that if it was necessary to have some animals opening their mouths very wide, MR. D'ISRAELI and some of the Young Englanders would have been more appropriate figures than those which have been selected, and would have looked quite as odd fish as any that are at present visible in the design alluded to.

Domestic Graham-ing.

WE have received a letter from a gentleman, who complains of the opening of his letters by his wife, which he attributes entirely to the influence of SIR JAMES GRAHAM's example. We do not know any possible redress for him, unless he has his billet-doux for the future addressed to the nearest pastry-cook's. But we must say we have very little pity for this injured gentleman. Being a married man, why doesn't he belong to a club?

THE RECONCILIATION.

A Prophecy by Punch.

BELIEVE us, it is not true that wealth must be only another name for wickedness. It is not true that virtue must inevitably be found with rags. Money may be the root of evil, and yet he who cultivates the said root may be as clean a husbandman as any digger on this side Eden. Human brutishness may be hung about with tatters—as human truth and sweetness may be found under richest purple and finest linen. Want and hunger no more deify the starving, than do three courses denaturalise the well-fed. All the household virtues do not, of necessity, hover about an empty cupboard, any more than do the imps of Satan nestle in the butler's pantry.

There are faults on both sides; otherwise, what a lop-sided world this would be!

Wealth and Poverty call one another hard names; and then reward themselves with an abundance of self-complacency. The rich man is an ogre, living upon the hearts of the poor; grinding them under his golden heel, like worms; penning them up like unthoughtful cattle in unions; for game and poor-law offences, locking them in jails; harrying them here and there; in any and every manner grinding their bones to make his fine white bread. And Wealth, with this report of wickedness upon it, is a monster—a new Dragon of Wantley—a hydra with a hundred heads, some bare, some coronetted. And so is Wealth abused, and pelted with hard names. To be sure, the missiles break like bubbles against its golden plates. Words are but air,—and Wealth, rattling its ingots, may laugh at the vocabulary of Want, be it ever so uncleanly.

And then Wealth has its say, too. Poverty is an ungrateful dog; a mere animal—an engine made for the express use of him who can purchase it. An ungracious, foul-tongued, coarse, disorderly wretch; a creature in no way tuned with the same moral harmony, ennobled by the same impulses, that animate the man with the pocket. Down with Poverty! Crush it! Imprison it—brand it! The offal and the weed of the earth; the blight of the world, and the nuisance of the rich.

And after this fashion do Wealth and Poverty traduce one another. After this fashion do they—in the very hastiness of ignorance—commit a mutual wrong. After this fashion set up a false standard of mutual excellence.

"What!" says Wealth, "do I not fulfil my ordained purpose? Do I not profess myself Christian? Do I not go to church, and enact all the 'inevitable decencies' of life? Do I not pay the poor rates—Easter dues—and all that? I envy no man his worldly goods. I am content with my own. I fairly, nay honourably fulfil the station awarded me, and what care I—what should I care—for the rest? I know my duties, and I do them."

And Poverty, in its sense of suffering, hugs itself that in the next world it will go hard with DIVES, and lays up for itself, in its own complacency, the reward of LAZARUS; confounding in its wretchedness, its wants for excellences.

Surely there will come a time when the Rich and the Poor will fairly meet, and have a great human talk upon the matter; will hold a parliament of the heart, and pass acts that no after selfishness and wrong—on either side—shall repeal! The Rich will come—not with cricket-balls or quoits in their hands—to make brotherhood with the Poor; but touched with the deep conviction that in this world the lowest created man has a solemn part to play, directed to solemn ends; that he is to be considered and cared for, in his condition, with tenderness, with fraternal benevolence; that there is something more than alms due from the high to the low; that human sympathy can speak otherwise than by the voice of money; and that, too, in at once a loftier and a sweeter tone of hope and comforting.

The time will come when Poverty will be relieved from its serfdom. We have emancipated the slave to the colour of his skin. We have next to emancipate the slave to Poverty: to take from him the stain and blot, the blight and the disgrace of pauperism; to cure him of the leprosy he takes from want alone; to divest him of the collar and the chain, which human pride and prejudice have, for centuries past, beheld about the neck of the Poor. When Poverty shall be declared no longer infamous—no, not declared; *that*, with pharisee-lip, we declare now—but thought, believed, made a creed of, then may Poverty expect its higher rights. At present, Poverty has an ignominious, a felonious character; and honest, yet withal worldly men, give good steerage-room to the foul disgrace.

Then will it be pleasant to see—whoever shall see it—the reconciliation of the Rich and the Poor. When all old selfishness, old prejudices, old feuds—on both sides—shall be buried and forgotten; when the Rich shall have cast away the arrogance of wealth, their pride, their wicked and irreligious sense of exclusiveness—and the Poor shall have quenched all heart-burnings, all thoughts of revengeful wrong,—then will it be a glorious sight (no bravery like it) to see man reconciled to man; and knowing that, whilst human life endures, there must still be human inequalities,—still to know there shall be a wise, a sympathising, and an enduring reconciliation.

Q.

PRODIGIES OF PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

THE following testimonial is from MR. HACKETT, the celebrated American Comedian:—

To the Proprietors of PARR'S *Life Pills.*

GENTLEMEN,

For some years I never went on the stage without suffering very severely from a weakness in the voice, accompanied by an extraordinary derangement in the action of the arms and legs, so that I was never able to stand for any length of time on the boards of a theatre. These symptoms used to be accompanied by a hissing in the ears, and a determination of vegetable matter to the head, which I found very disagreeable. I used to live almost exclusively on goose, which, however, was extremely indigestible, but I was allowed nothing else by those who came to see me.

At length I was persuaded to try your PARR'S Life Pills, the effect of which has been truly wonderful. Instead of the hissing in my ears, I now experience the sensation of listening to the most delightful sounds, and instead of the determination of vegetable matter to the head, which from nervous excitement I constantly stood in fear of, I have pleasing visions of wreaths and bouquets falling in genial showers around me. You are welcome to use this testimonial in any way you think proper, and I beg of you to send me a quantity to take out to America, where some of my professional brethren have suffered from the symptoms described, even more than

Your obedient, obliged Servant,

—— HACKETT.

P.S. I enclose you a couple of portraits of me in my favourite character of *Falstaff*, showing the position in which I was before, as well as after, taking your Life Pills.

BEFORE TAKING PARR'S LIFE PILLS. AFTER TAKING PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

THE RECONCILIATION;

OR, AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

AUDACIOUS INTERFERENCE WITH VESTED RIGHTS.

OU, *Mr. Punch*, I consider as one of the profession. As an old actor, therefore, of country celebrity, I beg to protest against the Tragedy of *Richard the Third* as now played at Sadler's Wells Theatre. MR. PHELPS calls it a restoration of SHAKSPEARE'S text. He may call it what he likes; but it is a death-blow to my line in the profession. Sir, I have played *Richard* not less than twelve country circuits. My "Off with his head" business invariably secured me nine rounds, and an invitation to dinner from the Mayor. My tent scene was great, and my "Begone, thou troublest me, I 'm not i' the vein," was a crusher.

All these points are cut out by MR. PHELPS. His *Richard* may be SHAKSPEARE'S *Richard*, but it isn't KEAN'S; it isn't FRED. COOKE'S; it isn't GARRICK'S. Why, Sir, PHELPS' *Richard* is a tame part. I don't talk about truth to nature, and by-play, and historical accuracy, and that sort of thing; but I doubt if there 's a good start or a decent scowl from beginning to end of it. Besides, there are at least half-a-dozen parts in his version that kill *Richard's* business. I don't think he has the stage to himself in a single scene.

And as for the getting up, it 's twenty times as expensive as the original piece—I mean COLLEY CIBBER'S. I should like you to hear CHARLES KEAN'S opinion of the Sadler's Wells play. He 's been starring with us the last week. There IS a great creature, with proper notions of the actor's dignity. You won't catch him restoring any of your humbugging "texts," as they call 'em. No: he goes in a good one at the regular *Richard* business, and I 'll be bound gets nine rounds to PHELPS' one. It 's really sickening in these days to see a manager hastening the decline of the Drama, by cutting the ground from under the actors' feet in the style they are doing at Sadler's Wells. Do tip 'em a line on this subject. You can do it.

Your constant reader,

AN OLD RICHARD.

WORCESTER ALLOTMENTS.

WE have seen a copy of the "Rules to be Observed by the Allotment Tenants" of St. John, in Bedwardine, Worcester. Did the landlords propose to let out slips of the Gardens of the Hesperides, they could not make the clauses more inexorably stringent on the poor. We copy the second rule as an evidence of the spirit of the whole :—

"2.—The rent shall be paid *quarterly*—viz. on the 25th of March, the 24th of June, the 29th of September, and the 25th of December; the tenant being free from all tithes, taxes, and parochial liabilities. And if the rent be not paid on the days above mentioned, the landlords *may not only distrain for the rent then due, but may also, by themselves or their agent, enter into, take and keep possession of the allotment, without the process of an ejectment, and without being liable to any action or suit for the same.*"

All good Christians may offer a prayer for such tenants at the mercy of such landlords!

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

OUR fathers fought to publish the debates,
And thought in that to gain a bit of freedom;
But now their sons have lost it to the states.
By making them a deal too long to read 'em!

The Ambassadors' Box.

WE hope it is not too late to have a model of the British Lion at the foot of the principal staircase of the new Houses of Parliament; so that England, like ancient Venice, may have its "Lion's Mouth," into which accusations can be dropped with impunity. Charges of conspiracy against English members will then be made easy to the meanest ambassador, and refugees denounced in the handsomest manner. As an earnest, however, that the letters would infallibly be opened, perhaps it would be better that the head of SIR JAMES GRAHAM should be substituted for that of the British Lion.

AGAIN, MR. BERKELEY AND THE GAME LAWS.

MR. BERKELEY has fired a *Reply to the Press*. He declares himself untouched in his arguments: not a single quill has scratched him. His pamphlet is, in fact, a prolonged crow of triumph! We have before seen a BERKELEY with half his feathers plucked from him—his comb terribly torn—and otherwise sadly pecked and mauled—we have seen him stretch his throat—and heard the boastful cock-a-doodle-do!

MR. BERKELEY declares that, in his first pamphlet, he "stood forth to the field not as the first challenger,—not as a wilful assailant—but simply in succour of the distressed." And this he did by pelting mud about him: for—the quotation may be found in our first notice of his labours—did he not broadly state that the Game Laws were condemned in the public papers chiefly by the very men who had suffered for infringing them; that, in fact, newspaper editors had been, for the most part, poachers?

Certainly we see nothing in this *Reply* to strengthen MR. BERKELEY'S previous arguments. The pamphlet is chiefly valuable as a modest record of MR. BERKELEY'S social virtues. He has a frankness that in no way shrinks from handsome self-portraiture. He says—

"*To many a man* I have given more than he lost by fine and imprisonment, when I was convinced that he had returned to his duty, and real heartfelt satisfaction I have had in doing so."

Again:

"There is more pleasure to me in seeing the thirsty mower fasten *upon my gift* of a cool tankard of ale in a hot day, *than I should have in drinking it myself!*"

Here, however, follows a picture that might serve as a companion to that of "SYDNEY and the Dying Soldier:"—

"I shall never forget the pleasure I experienced, in the depth of winter, in the little public-house, 'The Queen,' at Avon, while keeping an appointment with LORD MALMSBURY, to shoot wildfowl. A poor shivering, half-starved, half-naked black, wet with snow to the skin, came to the door and begged to warm himself at the fire. He was rudely repelled, and refused admittance. It might have been no hardness of heart in the host, but perhaps *it was thought* that I should object to such company. The man turned helplessly and hopelessly away, without a murmur; and I looked after him as he crawled along the frosty road, and called on him to return. I do not wish to boast—I have no reason to vaunt of the act, for it cost me but little, though that little *did* give me a world of pleasure. The poor black, with an expression of indescribable surprise, was installed in *my* corner of the chimney by the blazing fire, AN HONOURED GUEST *instead of a discomfited seeker;* and then *I did see* warmth and food, and a good foaming tankard of smoking gin and beer, *properly enjoyed;* I could not have enjoyed them half so much."

These touching proofs of the benevolence of MR. BERKELEY—as produced *by himself*—are, of course, unanswerable evidence as to the propriety of the Game Laws. They could be adduced for no other purpose; and we allow to them all their legitimate weight and influence.

We have now, in parting with the writer, to glance at his logic. He says—

"I have now had a word in reply to almost all of the respectable part of the Press who were against me,—to all, I think, but *Punch: last*, but not least, *Punch!* Having had so much amusement from the pleasant conceits of this fellow [MR. BERKELEY'S *own turn* had not then come], I regret that he has exchanged the merry shape of his cap and bells, usually mirthful, but not always melodious, for a tone of *low and malicious personality*, the avoidance of which has hitherto raised him a grade above the penny papers of the metropolis.

"Perhaps the phrase as to the bestowal of a '*punch*' or blow on the head has raised his choler, and he opines that I mean to sneer at him when I in any way apply his name as a wholesome corrector to the head of an offence! *He reminds me of a conceited, foppish, little man*, who was hovering on the brink of a London gutter, swollen by the removal of a plug, and saying to himself, in reiterated pettish phrase, 'How on earth shall I get over this obstruction?' In the middle of his dilemma, a huge Lifeguard in passing picked him up—and put him on the desired side. His rage and his abuse of his benefactor then knew no bounds, when, in the middle of it, *the huge man* lifted him once more, and set him down where he was at first. I can assure *Punch* that I *did not intend any allusion to him*, for he would be the last doll in my mind when dealing with a serious matter. I therefore put him back to the place I found him in, and leave him on the wrong side of the gutter."

Where 's the parallel? If BERKELEY—"the huge Lifeguard"—had not *Punch* "in his mind"—if he did not lift him over the gutter, how could he "put him back to the place" he found him in?

However, for ourselves we can pardon whatever MR. BERKELEY may say of us. He has too large a claim upon our admiration to stir our spleen. The picture he has painted of himself and the black—"his honoured guest"—is so exquisite, so fraught with all the humanities, that not only do we take it as more than recompense for all MR. BERKELEY'S errors past and to come,—but accept it as a satisfaction in full for the inconveniences of the Game Laws as at present administered. We repeat it: the picture is beautiful. Nevertheless, we would rather have had it painted by some other hand.

A CONTRIBUTION BY COBDEN.

TEETH are included in the list of small articles to be freed from duty by SIR R. PEEL'S proposed measure.

THREE hundred articles and odd
PEEL'S tariff will release from duty ;
And Commerce lifts her drooping head
To contemplate the offer'd booty.

And as she runs her eyes along
The list of things emancipated,
Ire gets the better of her tongue,
And thus the PREMIER'S scheme is rated :—

"Fool !" exclaims Commerce, full of scorn,
"'Teeth' are in your financial fiction ;
Grant me instead free trade in corn,
And deal no more in contradiction.

"Reverse your plan," the Goddess said,
And smiling stood in all her beauty ;
"Give me untaxed my daily bread,
And tax my Teeth with double duty."

Punch's Financial Scheme.

THE great art of taxation is to get as much as you can, and to levy duties on those articles which are likely to be the most productive. Now the stamp on receipts is all well enough, but a stamp on bills would be much better, for it has been ascertained that receipts are rare in proportion to bills, for there are at the lowest computation at least one thousand of the latter to one of the former. If it were compulsory on every tradesman to send in his bill upon a stamp, a much larger revenue would be collected than can be obtained under the present system. Let any one look through his own private papers, and he will find the preponderance of bills over receipts to be very considerable, and when it is remembered how very large a class are never in the habit of seeing a receipt at all, it seems a piece of gross partiality to let the burden fall on the paying part of the public, while the dishonest man who never settles an account, and never therefore gives occasion for a receipt, contributes nothing to the public income.

Society in general would also benefit by the proposed change, for tradesmen would not be so pertinacious in sending in their accounts where there is no chance of getting the money—if a proper reduction in the shape of a stamp were to be put upon the very obnoxious practice.

APOLOGY FOR OUR PORTRAIT.

THE D'ORSAY GALLERY.

D'ORSAY—the good-natured and accomplished D'ORSAY—has insisted upon pencilling us. The Count, contemplating a new gallery of distinguished heads (to be known to posterity as the D'ORSAY Gallery), of course resolved that our head should head the list. He could do no otherwise. Taking an aquiline gaze around him—and then passing in mental review the many heads of the day famous for their goose-quills—he felt it to be his duty no less as a man than as an artist to make the head of *Punch* the golden number—Number One !

Our readers will immediately conceive the trepidation that arose within us. We, of course, with all our hands and feet, resolutely determined not to yield to the flattery of the partial Count. "No, no," said we, the blushes burning like red sealing-wax in our face,—"we cannot consent ; our modesty will not permit us ; a profound sense of our own humility,—our—" and then for the first time it struck us, and we timidly urged the objection, that the public had twenty different portraits of us already ; and so we expressed a doubt whether the handsome supply had not, at the very least, equalled the interesting demand. "We would not have our head a drug in the market," said we. "Impossible !" said the Count.

And then the Count in his own bland manner—a manner that is quite copyright—proceeded to argue with our humility. It was impossible not to be convinced. He proved to us that the world would be only too delighted to have a new portrait of us at least every calendar month. Our face—he told us—varied so ! We were to consider—urged the Count—how our working intellect was continually improving our countenance ; how it was giving to it an expression, now melancholy—now jocose—now profoundly contemplative, and now pleasantly lackadaisical. As our head altered with every book that came from it, it was but fair, it was but commonly honest, to the world—which meant our readers—that a new head should accompany a new volume.

And then the Count—with characteristic perception—remarked that our whiskers had wonderfully developed themselves since they were last published in a bookseller's window. "Now, the whiskers of a man of genius"—said the Count—"are public property. It is a sort of moral embezzlement in an author to keep them to himself. It is ungrateful to an admiring world—it is cruel to posterity."

We were touched. We sank in our chair, and calling up the author-look into our face, we bade the Count to do his worst. Of course—as he always does—he did his best.

It is not for us to write upon our own head. No ; we feel it to be a very delicate subject—indeed, altogether a very ticklish matter. Were it otherwise, we might venture to direct the attention of the beholder to the air of quiet sublimity that pervades our cheek-bone. We might impress upon the superficial observer our eyebrow slightly arched, as though suddenly required to bear the weight of a new thought. We might speak of our mouth, in which there is so just a combination of suavity and power. And then we might, with honest pride, dilate upon our whiskers, wherein—and here, SAMPSON-like, we will confess the secret to that DALILAH the public—wherein consists our real strength of face : all this we might do—but we will not.

We will merely, and without a word, present OUR OWN PORTRAIT,

(*Of course to be continued*).

The Antiquaries at Loggerheads.

WE regret to hear that this rare old Association is likely to come to an untimely end. If such should be the case, there will be no recognised body in existence to decipher unintelligible hieroglyphics, scrutinise old bottles, furnish keys to classical conundrums, and find solutions for the sundry bits of rag, tobacco-pipe, or brickbats, which the Antiquarian Society has always been ready to sit upon.

However we may regret the dissolution of the Society on literary and scientific grounds, we are still more grieved at the cause of the Antiquaries being about to separate. It is a lamentable fact, that the members cannot agree ; and, at the last meeting, there was every reason to apprehend that blows would have been exchanged by some of the infuriated Fellows. The conduct of the President, in never coming near the place, was strongly animadverted upon, and the Council was most severely censured for going to sleep over the affairs of the Society—the Society forgetting that it must be its own fault if it sends people to sleep over its proceedings. We trust that if the Antiquaries cannot any longer hold together, they will at least die with decency, and not disgrace the scientific world with squabbles of the most frightful character.

DEFICIENCY OF THE SPANISH.

THE Spanish Minister of Finance has been dismissed for embezzling a large sum of the public money. Dismissed ? and by his own colleagues ! Why we have always been told there was "Honour among Thieves !"

YOUNG ENGLAND'S LAMENT.

[YOUNG ENGLAND *discovered sitting dolorously before his parlour-fire: he grievously waileth as follows:*—]

I REALLY can't imagine why,
With my confess'd ability—
From the ungrateful Tories, I
Get nothing——but civility.

The "independent" dodge I 've tried,
I 've also tried servility;—
It 's all the same,—they *won't* provide,—
I only get——civility.

I 've flattered PEEL; he smiles back thanks
With Belial's own tranquillity;
But still he keeps me in "the ranks,"
And pays me——with civility.

I 've worried him, I 've sneered at him,
I 've threatened bold hostility,—
But no—he still preserves his im-
perturbable civility.

If not the birth, at least I 've now
The *manners* of nobility;
But yet SIR ROBERT scorns to bow
With more than mere civility.

Well, I 've been pretty mild as yet,
But now I 'll try scurrility;
It 's very hard if *that* don't get
Me more than mere civility.

HIBERNIAN HUMANITY

THE following advertisement, which actually appeared in a recent number of *Saunders's News-Letter*—a well-known Dublin paper—will show that justice is really wanted for Ireland:—

"THREATENING NOTICES.—The Nobility and Gentry of Ireland are hereby informed that J. LAMPREY, W——— Street, has, after much trouble and expense, succeeded in making a Ball-proof Coat of Mail, which will be found useful to such gentlemen as may require them."

The Nobility and Gentry must be very pleasantly situated to be in need of ball-proof coats—an article of manufacture that might, by the way, be patronised by LOUIS-PHILIPPE, who might find it even more convenient than the ball-proof carriage he is compelled by the patriotic *empressement* of some of his subjects to travel in.

There is something peculiarly Irish in omitting all security for the head, which is the point that the assassin usually aims at. The ball-proof coat is incomplete without a ball-proof hat, a ball-proof shirt-collar, and, perhaps, to render assurance doubly sure, a pair of ball-proof spectacles.

SCIENCE FOR JUVENILES.

WE have received a ticket of admission to a series of Lectures on Physiology and Physical Geography, to be delivered by DR. IMLACH, at a school-room in Sittingbourne. The Doctor is exceedingly moderate in his demand; for he asks only half-a-crown for the course from adults, and he takes in children at a shilling. We should be curious to see the effect produced by alternate doses of Physiology and Physical Geography on a juvenile audience. He must administer the stuff on very homœopathic principles, or the constitution of children would never be able to resist the force of such a powerful opiate. The subjects of the Lectures are given on the card of admission, which we have taken the liberty of slightly varying, in order to adapt them to the infantine capacity:—

Distinction between the Animal and the Vegetable Kingdom—Cows and Cowcumbers, Horse and Horseradish.
Animal Functions—The Duties of Donkeys.
The Properties of Matter. *Song*—"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?"
Vegetable Distribution—Pelting with Cabbages at the Westminster Election.
Water in its Different Forms—Brandy-and-Water. *Glee*—"Mynheer Van Dunck."
The Theory of Light and Heat—Coals and Candles. *Grand Finale*—"Rule Britannia."

THE ELECTRIC PARLIAMENT.

IT being universally admitted that people die for want of breath, the great waste of that valuable article which occurs nightly in Parliament must be admitted to be as awful as it is useless. The philanthropist, therefore, no less than the Utilitarian, will hail any invention whereby a saving in that respect may be effected. Such an invention philosophy now presents to legislation through *Punch* in the Electric Telegraph. Let conducting wires be laid down at the nation's expense, from St. Stephen's to every county, borough, or other place which returns members to Parliament, each being connected with a galvanic arrangement similar to that in use on the Great Western Railway.

Thus the senatorial and personal seats of Honourable Members will be identified; for gentlemen will be enabled, sitting at home in their easy-chairs, to express themselves in electric short-hand. It will be only necessary to have a working committee to sit in each House, in order to take down what falls, or rather, radiates, from the several senators. At this employment noble lords and honourable gentlemen can take turns; relieving each other in gangs, which may go and leave town if they like, when off duty. The advantages of this arrangement will be numerous. Debaters, in the first instance, will be the better able to think before they deliver their sentiments; whereby they will probably say much less, in fact, and somewhat more to the purpose, than they generally do now. The instances in which they commit themselves, or expose themselves to be committed, will be fewer: and it will be at the committee's discretion—a virtue for which they will be selected,—what questions to put or remarks to make; so that of course they will abstain from communicating those which are silly or impertinent. This will be another large economy of words.

Whistlings, hootings, groans, and crowings will from their very nature be incommunicable; collisions between BROUGHAM and CAMPBELL impossible; time, therefore, will be saved, and respectability promoted, in the House of Commons particularly. Members are to address the House in regular rotation; whereby all disputes about precedence will be avoided. Members on their legs are at present often roughly interrupted, which will not happen with them on their wires. It is true that by this plan members at a distance will be prevented from hearing each other's arguments; but since they never attend to them as it is, this will be of no consequence. The next day's *Times* will report their speeches to the country, which is all they want. A more serious objection is, that it may be difficult to teach all of them to use the electric telegraph; and perhaps electricity must be made easy for SIBTHORP. But then it is not every-body who has something worth hearing to say. On the whole, this application of the silent system to Parliamentary Debates will work admirably.

THE CURE AS BAD AS THE COMPLAINT.

THE universal inquiry is, where can all the base coin that is about London have come from? Surely it is not in consequence of a dividend having been paid on the Pennsylvanian bonds last week?

LIVES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS LORD MAYORS.

A WORK, with this extraordinary title, has been advertised, and is to be completed in eight parts, which, as Lord Mayors are not usually men of parts, in the ordinary sense, will be quite as many as are required.

An attempt is made in the prospectus to compare the Lord Mayors with the Doges of Venice, and, perhaps, the present civic dignitary is worthy of the comparison, for doge is easily corrupted into Dodge, and LORD MAYOR GIBBS must be allowed to have an indisputable claim to the latter character.

The exploits of a Lord Mayor will not, we apprehend, be very exciting, if we except the little incident of the felling of WAT TYLER, the Mayor of that day being, in the words of an antiquary, "Onne of ye beste fellers in ye worlde, for he dyd felle ye king's enemy."

If, however, the Mayors afford little scope to the biographer, the Aldermen—who are to be included in the work—cannot be regarded as meagre subjects. To say nothing of the Aldermen of former times—there are some still living whose memoirs will be full of interest. The life of ALDERMAN THOMAS WOOD will open out to the scientific writer a very wide field, for he may take his hero down into the coal-mines, and a good deal of mysterious incident may be introduced in connection with the subject alluded to. What interest would be excited by the announcement of *A Tale of the Talacre!* and the writer may easily be inspired with "thoughts that burn," by pondering on coals that wouldn't. The life of MOON will, of course, embrace a graphic view of the customs of Courts, and the familiar habits of Kings, whom the Alderman has honoured with his intimacy. But the world will look with peculiar anxiety to the Memoirs of SIR C. HUNTER, "The Father of the City," in hopes of finding some particulars relative to the Mother of the City,—an individual that has long been shrouded in the veil of mystery.

The work is to be adorned with portraits, which *Punch* would be happy to sketch in the style of the annexed specimen.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

29. *The husband and wife are one person.*—Though man and wife are one in law, they are often two in fact, for there is any thing but unity between them. They cannot sue each other—at least after marriage—though before that event the gentleman brings his suit, but when once wedded they stand no longer in the relation of suitors. A wife can never answer any action without her husband, for it is wisely thought that if a woman were allowed to answer alone, or in other words, have all the talk to herself, there would be no end to it. If a married woman is guilty of slander, the husband and wife must be sued for it, so that a man saddled with a scurrilous helpmate ought to put a bridle on her tongue as speedily as possible.

30. *All that a woman has appertains to her husband.*—Among the other things appertaining to a woman are sometimes debts and liabilities, which her husband takes, whether he will or no; but when the wife pays the debt of nature, the other debts are discharged, as far as the husband is concerned, who thus obtains a release in a double sense.

31. *The will of the wife is subject to the will of the husband.*—This is a maxim that our married readers will find it difficult to understand; for it is a settled point, which has been decided over and over again after much argument, that a wife has a will of her own, which the will of a husband must often be subject to.

32. *The law favours works of charity, right, and truth, and abhors fraud covin, and uncertainties, which obscure the truth; contrarieties, delays, unnecessary circumstances, and such like.*—"The law," if we are to judge by this maxim, must have a very high opinion of itself; and it is only to be regretted that society at large does not consider the law such a paragon of perfection as it makes itself out to be. The way in which the law favours works of charity, is by squabbling over the funds left for charitable purposes until they are pretty considerably diminished. If the law really loves right and truth, it is strange that it should be so constantly at variance with those it professes to have an affection for. The differences existing between law and right are, however, very unlike lovers' quarrels, inasmuch as the former, when they once take place, are seldom made up again. On the whole, the maxim now under discussion appears to smack of pleasantry; for it must surely be a joke to say that the law abhors "uncertainties which obscure the truth." Perhaps, however, it is an excess of magnanimity of the law, which induces it to patronise those things which it holds in the greatest detestation.

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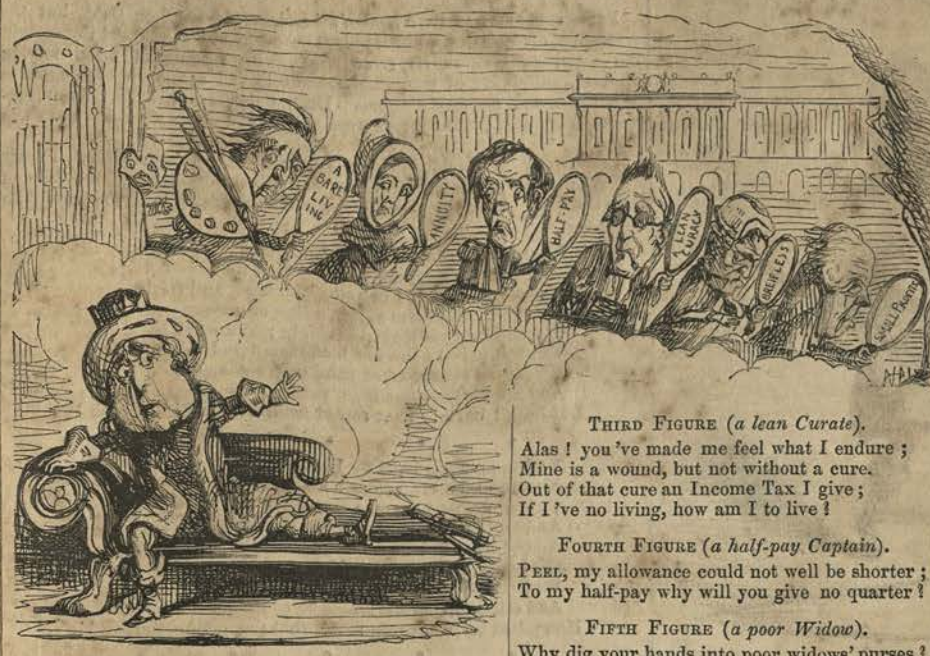
THE PREMIER'S DREAM.



Scene, Downing Street. The PREMIER, *in the garb of* RICHARD THE THIRD, *on a sofa with a tapestried window at the back.*

[*Six figures are seen to pass at the back, each of which in turn address the* PREMIER.

FIRST FIGURE (*a small Tradesman*).

Let my reproach your soul with anguish fill,
See my small profits, my exhausted till;
Feel thou the pain which now my bosom racks,
A wretched victim to your Income Tax.

SECOND FIGURE (*a briefless Barrister*).

Another martyr, PEEL, behold in me,
Without a brief—almost without a fee;
Briefless I am, but so would not appear;
I pay the tax on what I do not clear.

THIRD FIGURE (*a lean Curate*).

Alas! you've made me feel what I endure;
Mine is a wound, but not without a cure.
Out of that cure an Income Tax I give;
If I've no living, how am I to live?

FOURTH FIGURE (*a half-pay Captain*).

PEEL, my allowance could not well be shorter;
To my half-pay why will you give no quarter?

FIFTH FIGURE (*a poor Widow*).

Why dig your hands into poor widows' purses?
But with the widow's sevenpence, take her curses.

SIXTH FIGURE (*a poor Artist*).

E'en the poor artist is compell'd to give
Out of the means on which he scarce can live.
'Tis hard the Income Tax on him to lay,
Whom even princely patrons poorly pay.

[*The figures all vanish, the* PREMIER *starts up, rushes to the front of the stage, looks round, and sees nothing.*

THE PREMIER.

'Twas but an idle vision fill'd my brain:
Shadows, avaunt! ROBERT 's himself again.

[*He begins making some calculations about the Sugar Duties, and the scene closes in.*]

DEODAND EXTENSION.

LORD CAMPBELL has brought into the House of Peers a bill for the abolition of deodands. The use of a deodand is, in steam-boat, railway, and other accidents arising from somebody's fault, to teach careless blockheads to mind what they are about in future; human nature being so constituted, that people, for the most part, prefer paying attention to paying some thousand pounds. So far the law of deodand is tolerably sensible, further than that it is exceedingly preposterous, and therefore we expect that their Lordships will maintain it. For our own part, we would not abolish deodands to any extent. Turtle and venison often prove destructive to Aldermen; there ought, in our opinion, to be a deodand on such turtle and venison. BROUGHAM will certainly one of these days be the death of us; when he is, we hope there will be a deodand on BROUGHAM. In cases in which people die of laughing, we do not say that we would not have a deodand on jokes. We shall always object to any deodand on *Punch*.

THE CITY TOLLS.

WE understand that the LORD MAYOR has received a letter signed REBECCA, threatening to pull down not only Temple Bar, but all the side bars on that trust, if the City toll is not immediately abolished.

In the South, an enlightened example has been set by the removal of the Marsh Gate, which now exists only in the memories of those who have seen it, and will very shortly glide away into the pages of history.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED A QUOTATION, that has not previously obtained the meed of Parliamentary approbation.—Apply to SIR R. PEEL, Downing Street.

THE HONOUR OF THE BAR.

THE Correspondent of an eminent Sunday paper, which has all the latest news from Newgate, informs us that the following Circular has made considerable sensation among the company at that place of resort:—

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

MR. OILY GAMMON, Q.C., still continues to give his valuable assistance to gentlemen and ladies in difficulties, on his usual moderate terms. MR. GAMMON undertakes to prove or disprove anything, to bully any witness, to melt the heart of any judge on the bench, or to cut jokes that shall make even the unfortunate gentleman in the dock burst out laughing.

MR. OILY engages to cry at the domestic passages of his speech, and provide his own pocket-handkerchief. According to the case, (and dependent upon previous arrangements, to be settled with MR. GAMMON'S clerk,) Mr. G. will blow his nose and whimper, or faint and turn pale, or burst out into a regular howl, accompanied by a shower of real tears, that may be measured by the tea-spoonful. The degrees of sentiment will vary with the case—say larceny, forgery, or murder.

In cases where both jokes *and* tears are to be supplied, the terms will, of course, be in proportion. MR. GAMMON need not say that both articles are prime, the jokes especially of the most decent and gentlemanlike character.

Parties requiring the latter are requested to send a short notice, as they cannot be had without previous consultation—the tears are always ready, and a fine assortment of religious appeals, which can work upon the feelings of any twelve men in England.

To —— ——, Esq.
At present detained in Her Majesty's prison of ——.

PROFESSORS PEEL AND HOLLOWAY.

LATELY, on perusing an advertisement of a quack medicine, called HOLLOWAY'S Pills and Ointment, a striking parallel occurred to us between MR. HOLLOWAY and SIR ROBERT PEEL. HOLLOWAY styles himself a Professor, and PEEL professes that he is now again "trying on" the Income Tax as a financial experiment; so that PEEL and HOLLOWAY are both Professors of Empiricism. We likewise discern an analogy between the pill of HOLLOWAY and the tax of PEEL, especially in this—that we strongly object to swallow either of them. And when we reflect on HOLLOWAY'S Ointment, we are forcibly reminded of PEEL'S Tariff, which is the salve to accompany his pill. We cannot express our feelings on this subject better than by the following exemplifications of the Rule of Three:—

1. As Ointment : Pill : : Income-Tax : Tariff.
2. As Quack : Empiric : : HOLLOWAY : PEEL.

The Temperance Movement.

WE are happy to hear from a newspaper paragraph that "the spots on the face of the sun are considerably less this year." This looks as if old Sol had been taking the pledge, and that this improvement was owing to his having entirely renounced the use of "mountain dew" and other alcohol. Let us hope, now he has turned teetotaller, he will get up somewhat earlier for the future, and endeavour to show his face in London a little before one or two o'clock in the day.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.

BUCKINGHAM DISCOVERING THE FOOTPRINT IN THE SNOW ON THE DOOR-STEP OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN DESTITUTE.

The British and Foreign Destitute will give a grand full-dress *soirée* on Wednesday next, on which occasion a real new Member will be exhibited, for that night only. The Accordion at eight; the Lecture on Jericho, by Mr. Buckingham, at half-past eight; cocoa and captain's biscuits at nine; and the exhibition of

THE NEW MEMBER

at ten o'clock precisely. Patent safeties to be ordered at Eleven.

CURIOSITIES OF CHARITY.

The rich are certainly not fortunate in having the Bishop of London as the eulogist of their virtues; for a day or two since, at a meeting in aid of the funds of King's College Hospital, his lordship observed, "It was the *peculiar duty* of the rich to support institutions of that kind which tended to keep pestilence from *their own doors*." The peculiar duty of their charity being self-preservation. Thus, the charity of some folks is not to go abroad, but to remain at home—a vigilant door-keeper.

At the same meeting, Mr. W. E. Gladstone observed—

"There were those who were opposed not merely to almsgiving, but who were opposed to all systematic relief. Amongst those he might mention Dr. Chalmers, who condemned the practice of giving relief, even in old age; on the principle that *prudence and forethought* should be encouraged."

When we reflect upon the equality with which the comforts of this world are allotted amongst its dwellers, the sentiment cannot be sufficiently encouraged for its deep humanity. Lord Brougham, we recollect, once enunciated the same benevolent truth. Now, suppose the theory was attempted to be rigidly carried out—suppose that old age was henceforth not to be relieved—has Chalmers or Brougham (being each an arithmetician) calculated how many people it would be necessary to starve to death, as horrid warnings—ghastly churchyard teachers, of "prudence and forethought" to labourers at one shilling *per diem*? In truth, some philosophers would dress up Charity as school-boys dress up the effigy of Guy Fawkes—not a white-robed angel, but a social monster.

ANSWER TO ADVERTISEMENT.

"To Master Tailors."—(*Times*, March 13.)—"A respectable young man, of good address, would wish to enter a *cutting-room*." Let him go as a chimney-sweep to a fancy ball.

A MIRACLE!

Pennsylvania has paid!—don't be alarmed—not her Debt, but the dividends upon it for February. The event was celebrated throughout the state, as became its strangeness, with ringing of bells, waving of flags, and firing of cannon. Friends looked agape on each other in bar-rooms and railway stations. Drab waistcoats heaved with uncontrollable emotion; mint juleps were gulped like water when the news was told.

In the city of London the excitement was indescribable. Feebly we attempt to portray it in verse, the only medium for description of such a scene. Humble prose limps after the reality with too painful an effort:—

There had been talk of an Express o'ernight;
And London's capital had gathered then
Her merchants and her stock-brokers, and fright
Was in the features of her moneyed men.
A thousand eyes looked askingly; and when
The whispered news one bold man dared to tell,
Holders of stock looked pale, then red again,
And most were of opinion 'twas a sell—
But hush! hark! That report from Bow to Clerkenwell!

* * * * *

Within an office hard by Leadenhall
Sate an extensive holder; he did hear
That news, perhaps, the earliest of all,
And but pooh-poohed it when it met his ear.
And when "the *Times*" declared the pay-day near,
His books, more truly, told their tale too well;
Which show'd he 'd lost two thousand pounds a year,
And left stock on his hands he could not sell:
He rushed on 'Change,—found that they paid—and fell!

* * * * *

And men came buying in hot haste—indeed,
Their old dishonesty some folks did bar
From buying as they else had done with speed;
And some lacked means "for carrying on the war."
But on the whole they bought more freely far
Than might have been expected from the way
That Pennsylvanias had stood under par—
While brokers sought "The Cock" across the way,
And whispered with white lips, "By Jove, they pay, they pay!"

MANLY SPORT!

We learn that a day or two ago a couple of prize-ring heroes, known to fame as Young Sambo and Jordan, fought at Hooley Common. The contest had peculiar attractions for the lovers of sport—manly sport. It appears that—

"Jordan, having exceeded the stipulated weight, was compelled to fight without shoes, his opponent fighting *with spiked shoes*, and *availing himself* of treading on the feet of Jordan, *and mutilating them exceedingly*; and 5*l*. was offered by the friends of Jordan to be permitted to fight in shoes, but it was not accepted."

Of course not: the friends of Young Sambo—the lovers of manly sport—knew too well the value of spiked shoes to forego the advantage for 5*l*. The *Sun* tells us—

"They kept up the contest—both displaying great game; Sambo *continuing to thrust the spikes of his shoes into the feet* of his antagonist at every opportunity, notwithstanding the unanimous groans of the spectators. Frequent appeals were made to the umpires, but *who decided it fair*, and within the rules of boxing!"

And this is manly sport! The Continental ruffian now and then earns his dinner by his knife: the British pugilist wins the stakes by the "spikes of his shoes." Both deal in cold iron; only in the latter case it is for the especial encouragement of manly English sport!

SECOND SIGHT ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Lord Brougham the other day called the attention of the House of Lords to the fact of the decision of the Railway Committee of the Board of Trade having been known on the Stock Exchange at 12 o'clock, when it was proved that until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day the Railway Committee did not know its own decision, for it had not yet come to any. We should suggest to his Lordship, who has a natural turn towards the discovery of mares' nests, that the powers of mesmerism may have been possibly called into operation for the purpose of getting beforehand at the decision of the Railway Committee. We should recommend him to move for copies of all the facts ascertained by *clairvoyance* on the 11th of March last, together with a return of all the mesmeric passes made to and fro upon the Stock Exchange.

DRAMATIC SHOPMEN.

E saw an advertisement the other day, for a linendraper's assistant competent to "take the lead" in the retail department. There is something dramatic in this announcement, and accounts for the theatrical airs that linendrapers' shopmen occasionally give themselves. It is sometimes really as "good as a play," to watch the antics of these individuals, who are, some of them, very great actors in their particular line of business.

There is the light comic linendraper, who ventures on a little pleasantry, and even goes so far as a bit of badinage with a female customer, if she seems likely to put up with it. Then there is the walking gentleman who struts about the shop, in clean Clarences and a white neckcloth, to hand chairs, and do the mechanically agreeable—as well as to have an eye to those suspicious customers who come for the purpose of giving the shop "a lift"—in the dubious sense of the term. There is also the low comic linendraper, who attends to the cheap department, serving the servant-girls, making bad jokes, and pointing out "what 's partiklerly gen-teel" to maids of-all-work.

Nor must we forget the heavy man engaged for the respectable utility, to look very quiet and business-like while serving the more staid and elderly customers. The female portion of the company consists of walking ladies, some of them assuming a pertness intended to be *piquant*, but which don't always answer. A few of them trip about from counter to counter like the *figurantes* of the concern, and throw themselves into graceful attitudes while selling artificial flowers, making each little transaction a sort of *petit pas des guirlandes*.

A FRONT FOR A WORKHOUSE.

THE Guardians of the Highworth and Swindon Union, Wiltshire, have advertised for tenders for the erection of a new Workhouse. There is much wit in this announcement; for the word Tender, in connexion with the word Workhouse, is an apt association of incongruous ideas. Anybody who can build a Gaol can also build a Workhouse; but *Punch*, not having devoted his attention to Prison-Architecture, is afraid that he could hardly plan one that would be sufficiently uncomfortable. As far, however, as a façade goes, of a fanciful and ornamental character, he has a few hints, available in the erection of any such edifice, which are quite at the advertisers' service:—

Let the façade be of the plainest Doric pillars supporting an entablature. Instead of ox-skulls, let the frieze be decorated with sheep-skulls—to express the richest order of broth to be expected within. Above these let there be certain sculptures, emblematical of the nature and internal economy—which is very strict—of the building. For conspicuousness' sake, these might be carved in high relief; notwithstanding the objection that the relief given to the inmates is the reverse of high. As to subjects, those which present themselves most strongly to the mind of *Punch*, are,—Discipline as a Beadle, allowancing Poverty with gruel; Mercy shaving a pauper's head; and Political Economy, in the form of the Home Secretary, separating man and wife.

EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

IT has been lately announced that a certain FRAULEIN VON GOENNERN, celebrated in France, Germany, and Italy for her *clairvoyance*, has lately arrived here with her brother; and that "persons afflicted with diseases that have baffled all medical skill, may soon be cured by the simple means of FRAULEIN VON GOENNERN." We doubt if the simplicity of VON GOENNERN'S means will be equal to that of the patients who may resort to her.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

33. *Dolus et fraus unâ in parte sanari debent.* Deceit and fraud shall be remedied on all occasions.—It may be very true that deceit and fraud ought to be remedied, but whether they are is quite another question. It is much to be feared that in law, as well as in other matters, *ought* sometimes stands for nothing.

34. *No man can take benefit of his own wrong.*—This is true enough, though a man may often benefit by the wrongs of other people. Some also suffer from another's wrong, as where a square-keeper, who had been snow-balled, ran after the wrong boy; the right boy, who was really wrong, escaped, and the wrong boy, who was not wrong at all, paid the penalty.

35. *Lex neminem cogit ad impossibilia.* The law compels no one to impossibilities.—This is extremely considerate on the part of the law; but if it does not compel a man to impossibilities, it sometimes drives him to attempt them. The law, however, occasionally acts upon the principle of two negatives making an affirmative, thus treating two impossibilities as if they amounted to a possibility. As, when a man cannot pay a debt, law expenses are added, which he cannot pay either; but the latter being added to the former, it is presumed perhaps that the two negatives or impossibilities may constitute one affirmative or possibility, and the debtor is accordingly thrown into prison if he fails to accomplish it. In the old editions a case is cited, saying that an obligation to go from St. Paul's in London to St. Peter's at Rome within three hours, would be bad as the condition of a bond, because it would be obviously impossible; but in these days of railroads *in esse* and balloons *in posse*, no judge would venture to lay it down as law, that such a condition would be void on the ground of its being an impossibility. A condition, however, to do a certain act when Waterloo Bridge should return a profit to the original shareholders, would be void at once; for "here," says ALDERSON, B., "the impossibility of the thing is upon the face of it, and stares us in the face, let us look how we may at it."

A New Power in Politics.

AMONG the contributions to the Repeal rent we find an announcement of "eleven pounds, subscribed by the family of MR. J. LANGAN, the pugilist." MR. O'CONNELL moved the marked thanks of the Association to LANGAN; with the intention, probably, of inducing other gentlemen in the same profession to send in their subscriptions. MR. R. D. BROWNE complimented LANGAN upon his having an open hand for his friends, though his opponents—if we remember rightly—used to complain of his being rather close-fisted. MR. BROWNE finished by remarking that, "with such co-operation, the regeneration of Ireland was certain." We have heard of revolutions being carried at the point of the sword: but not at the end of the knuckles. If such co-operation must be serviceable to the cause of Repeal, we should recommend the Anti-Corn-Law League to secure the services of the TIPTON SLASHER, or some other individual in the same line, to aid in the abolition of the existing Corn Laws.

CURIOSITIES OF CHOP-HOUSES.

GENTLEMAN.—"LET 'S HAVE A BOILED MACKEREL."

WAITER.—"BILED, SIR! BETTER HAVE 'EM BRILED, SIR. IF THEY 'RE BILED, THEY 'RE SPILED, SIR!"

CURIOSITIES OF PARLIAMENT.

FANCY PORTRAITS OF MESSRS. PLUMTREE AND SPOONER.

The following little burst of bigotry occurred the other night in Parliament on the part of two worthies, named, respectively, Spooner and Plumptree. Their names are singularly appropriate: Spooner meaning something more than spoon, while the Plumptree produces fruit of a very common and stony description.

The following were substantially the terms in which these two curiosities of the "collective wisdom" debated the question of Sunday railway travelling:—

Mr. Plumptree referred to the practice of excursion trips on Sundays. Hundreds and thousands of persons were frequently carried into towns and suburbs on the Sabbath, to an extent which, in a Christian country, it was fearful to contemplate.

Mr. Spooner earnestly concurred, and expressed his pious horror at such a "desecration of the Sabbath."

Mr. Plumptree added that it was quite horrid. He had sometimes, as he was riding by in his carriage, seen several people walking about on Sunday, breathing the country air, who must have come down by the railway. He (Mr. Plumptree) really shuddered at the impiety.

Mr. Spooner fully concurred. It was the "pleasure trains" he particularly objected to. Business trains might be necessary, for pecuniary interests might be at stake; but pleasure-trains, for a parcel of people who only had recourse to them for relaxation, were an abomination, which in a commercial—he begged pardon, he meant to say a Christian—country we ought not to tolerate.

Colonel Sibthorpe said, that if they stopped railways, they ought to stop omnibusses on Sunday.

An Honourable Member asked the gallant Colonel whether he would also stop all the clocks on the Sabbath.

Messrs. Plumptree and Spooner having turned up their eyes and held up their hands in an attitude of horror, the subject dropped without any attention being paid to their recommendations.

ANOTHER NEW COMET.

In consequence of information we have received, we have made it our business to inquire into the truth of certain astronomical rumours that are floating about respecting the discovery of another comet. It seems, by a letter in the *Times* from Sir James South, that Mr. Cooper, who had gone to Naples upon a comet-hunting expedition, saw something one night in the clouds which induced him to call up his assistant, Mr. Graham, and both of them having continued for some hours looking out of window in their night-caps, made up their minds it was only a nebula, and returning to their respective rooms they tumbled into their beds again. Nevertheless one Doctor Peters, who appears to be cock-a-hoop after anything in the shape of a comet, heard of the affair and called on Mr. Cooper, when they all started off together to Doctor Capocci, another *connoisseur* in comets, and the whole party sat up all night straining their eyes through telescopes, and quarrelling whether what they saw was a comet or only a nebula. Dr. Peters insisted that he had pounced upon a nucleus; while Capocci affirmed positively that he had got hold of a tail; but Mr. Graham fairly avowed his inability to make either head or tail of it. Mr. Cooper wrote over to Sir James South, who, instead of getting them out of their dilemma, says he must wait till he can get a leviathan telescope before he can do anything, but after that he promises that the Editor of the *Times* shall hear from him on the subject. In the mean time we recommend that the matter should be placed in the hands of the Detective Force, and that they should be immediately empowered to take into custody any luminous body with a long tail that cannot give a satisfactory account of itself. In Ireland there is a body that, in some respects, answers the description, being somewhat light-headed, having been distinguished for a long tail, and being very eccentric in its movements. Some, however, believe that this body will turn out eventually to be nothing more than a nebula, a sort of misty cloud, which from the quantity of vapour proceeding from it, is not at all improbable.

SOMETHING LIKE A HOLIDAY.

PASTRYCOOK.—"WHAT HAVE YOU HAD, SIR?"

BOY.—"I'VE HAD TWO JELLIES, SEVEN OF THEM, AND ELEVEN OF THEM, AND SIX OF THOSE, AND FOUR BATH BUNS, A SAUSAGE ROLL, TEN ALMOND CAKES—AND A BOTTLE OF GINGER BEER."

The First Good Act passed this Session.—Parliament adjourned on Thursday for a week.

THE LORDS MET FOR THE DESPATCH OF BUSINESS.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE VIII.

CAUDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON.—MRS. CAUDLE INDIGNANT AND CURIOUS.

"Now, Mr. Caudle—Mr. Caudle, I say: oh! you can't be asleep already, I know—Now, what I mean to say is this; there 's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but, at last my mind 's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you 've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there 's an end of the marriage-state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—if a husband 's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I 'm sure, if that 's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel; there 's a good soul, tell me what 's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still—not that I care much about it—still, I *should* like to know. There 's a dear. Eh? Oh, don't tell me there 's nothing in it; I know better. I 'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there 's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle; just tell me a little bit of it. I 'm sure I 'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

"Caudle, you 're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't you think you 're going to sleep; because you 're not. Do you suppose I 'd ever suffered you to go and be made a mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secret, too? Not that it 's anything to know, I dare say; and that 's why I 'm determined to know it.

"But I know what it is; oh yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is, to ill-use poor women; to tyrannise over 'em; to make 'em your slaves; especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you wouldn't be ashamed to have it known. What 's right and proper never need be done in secret. It 's an insult to a woman for a man to be a free-mason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she 's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I 'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides.

"And I suppose they call you *Brother* Caudle? A pretty brother, indeed! Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnpike man—for that 's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron 's for? There must be something in it not very respectable, I 'm sure. Well, I only wish I was Queen for a day or two. I 'd put an end to free-masonry, and all such trumpery, I know.

"Now, come, Caudle; don't let 's quarrel. Eh! You 're not in pain, dear? What 's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I 'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

"And you 're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say,—you 're not? Now, Caudle, you know it 's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself: no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it 's all nonsense I 'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about: it 's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it 's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man 's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of 'em to yourselves: otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason. When he 's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage!

"Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there 's a good creature; there 's a love. I 'm sure, Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you anything—and you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a secret! To whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle?

"Was there ever such a man! A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I 'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it 's a very good thing; I dare say it is—it 's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you 'll tell me—you 'll tell your own Margaret? You won't! You 're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

"But I know why: oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you 're ashamed to let me know what a fool they 've been making of you. That 's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And I suppose you 'll be going to what you call your Lodge every night, now. Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren. Brethren! I 'm sure you 'd relations enough, you didn't want any more.

"But I know what all this masonry 's about. It 's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together, that 's all. That 's the secret. And to abuse women,—as if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That 's the secret; and nothing else.

"Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you 're in pain. Still Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say! Caudle! Caud—"

"I recollect nothing more," says Caudle, "for here, thank Providence! I fell asleep."

Punch's Child's Guide to Knowledge.

Though the *Child's Guide to Knowledge* has passed through twelve editions, we think there are several errors which are likely to mislead the juvenile student. The following questions and answers may be relied upon for their accuracy:—

Q. Pray, my little dear, what is bread made of?
A. Alum, plaster-of-Paris and potatoes.
Q. What is tea?
A. That depends a good deal on the shop it is purchased at.
Q. What is port-wine?
A. Weak brandy-and-water, with sloe-juice to give it body.
Q. What is champagne?
A. A wine that is generally made from gooseberries.
Q. To what is man indebted for milk?
A. To the pump and the chalk-pit.
Q. Who introduced nuts?
A. The man who first rapped the boy's head with his knuckles.
Q. What is madder?
A. To buy Talacre coal is mad, but to expect them to burn is madder.
Q. What did the ancients use to write with instead of a pen?
A. An iron style, which is perhaps the reason of their works being so very hard to read.

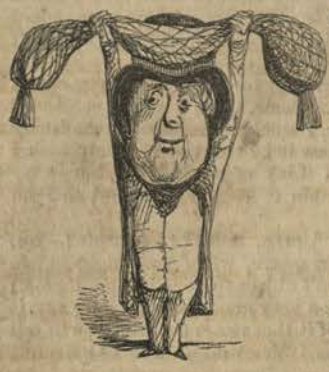
Light in the House of Lords.

The Lords, who a year or two since voted against the Jews, have originated a measure in their behalf. This sudden light in the Lords—says Colonel Sibthorp—has originated in the removal of the tax from glass. In his despair he wishes to know what kind of window will next be put in?

NEM. CON.

Mr. Wodehouse (we *thought* Mr. Wakley had sealed his lips for ever), speaking on the Agricultural question, said, "Nothing would give him greater happiness than if he were never called on to open his lips again on the matter." He would not enjoy that happiness alone. We can assure him that the whole House would participate in his felicity.

PEEL'S CARD TO YOUNG AND LAZY MEMBERS.



To those young and lazy Members of the House of Commons, who have obtained seats in the Honourable House—as they would take stalls at the Opera—merely as a genteel sort of thing, and for no other serious purpose whatever,—Sir Robert Peel begs leave to give notice that he is ready to deliver to them a set of Lectures on the Use and Abuse of Parliament by Sucking Senators. Having had considerable experience in the House of Commons, he flatters himself that he can show the best testimonials of his successful ability, in his present salary as Prime Minister. Perceiving, with great regret, that many young Members shirk Railway and other Committees, as bores of the first magnitude—Sir Robert declares himself ready to sit on any of the aforesaid Committees for four hours a day for the better instruction of Young Members, who—Sir Robert begs leave to observe—will prove themselves of greater value to the country by such sober attention to its wants,—than by remaining at home in their studies, to "accumulate virus," in order to maliciously discharge the same at the "magnificent mediocrity" of any Prime Minister.

Being assured that many of the Young Members have "a great talent for silence," Sir Robert is anxious to cultivate that rare ability. He has, therefore, prepared a series of Lectures on the Duties of a Majority; triumphantly proving the interesting fact, that Members may best acquit themselves of their duties to the Minister and the country, by limiting their speeches to two monosyllables, attainable even by magpies—"Ay" and "No."

For further particulars and Prospectuses of the Lectures, apply at Downing Street. N.B.—No Young Englander will be treated with.

JUSTICE TO THE JEWS.

The Duke of Cambridge did justice, in a very straightforward speech, in the House of Lords, to the charitable disposition of the Jews. His Royal Highness spoke from his own experience, as president of a number of charities. The labours of the Duke of Cambridge himself, in the cause of charity, are well known. Dinner after dinner has he presided at, and of course partaken of, in aid of some benevolent institution in want of a Royal chairman to give it *éclat*. The task he has imposed upon his digestion no one, but such as have seen him at work, can have the smallest conception of. In the sacred name of Charity he has defied the indigestible truffle, and treated the real turtle as mere mockery—thus sacrificing his valuable time, and risking his health, for the good of his unfortunate fellow-creatures.

THE KENSINGTON RAILWAY SPECULATORS.

At a meeting the other day of the shareholders in the West London or *Punch's*-Own Kensington Railway, it was stated that the Birmingham Company had in the handsomest manner taken a lease of the little line, leaving the Company still in possession of the Kensington Canal and basin. It seems that the West London shareholders must be dabbling in something, and have consequently plunged into the canal with considerable energy. So as they keep themselves out of hot water, there is no objection to their trying cold, by way of change, but we should be almost afraid from the alacrity they have shown in sinking, that they will do little more with the canal than sink the remainder of their capital. The best thing they can do with their basin is to wash their hands of the affair altogether.

Episcopal Penance.

The Bishop of Exeter, having for some time past caused a great disturbance in the Church, has just performed penance for the indiscretion. He has not stood in a white sheet, but has presented himself with a 500*l.* bank note pinned before him, "towards supplying churches and schools in the destitute districts of his diocese." We like to see such signs of compunction on the part of an old offender.

Good Cause for Complaint.

Punch,

As you have always shown yourself willing to aid and assist in repressing all arrogance in those of an inferior station in life, you will, I trust, now apply your mighty energies to the "putting down" of that rising spirit among young men which has recently displayed itself in various ways, as the "Drapers' Association for Early Closing," and other dangerous and incendiary societies.

Now, setting aside the great loss to large firms by this innovation, the only counterbalance to which is a little more health and opportunity for improvement to a very unprofitable set of men, see to what an extent of audacity this spirit has impelled some individuals of a class hitherto remarkable only for hard labour and little pay—I mean medical assistants. For some time past, a notice has been placed in Univ. College Hospital, stating that a surgeon is in want of a qualified assistant, and offers 35*l.* a-year for his services; not only is this offer unaccepted, but some impudent scoundrel has dared to place a 1 before the 3, and appended a foot-note to the effect, that a housekeeper gets 50*l.*

Is not this beyond endurance? Here are young men who have not spent more than 5 or 6 years, and as many hundred pounds, in their education, demur at receiving a salary which is only 5*l.* less than that of a butler in London. Sir, they do not consider, that the butler (where no footman is kept) has to attend to the door, and act as valet in addition to his other duties, for which the cast-off clothes is a small remuneration, not amounting to 20*l.* a year more. Nor do they remember the inferior course of study they go through in comparison with that of the butler, for although theirs comprehends all, or nearly all, the physical sciences—as well as mental—yet the butlers' includes finesse (as you have ably shown in your reports of servants' examinations), and reading the daily papers for the good of the household in general.

Nor is this all: for the medical assistant, moreover, enjoys the exhilarating influence of the night-air, twice a-week, on the average; while the butler is compelled to lie lazily in bed for the whole night all the year round.

Hoping you will accept my suggestions, and severely castigate these unblushing upstarts,

I am, *Punch*,
Your obedient Servant,
Dulcamara.

THE BRIDGE THAT DON'T CARRY US OVER.

The proprietors of the New Hungerford Suspension Bridge have, it is said, determined on letting people pass over it gratuitously for the first month; the only drawback on the privilege being, that as the bridge will not be finished, those who avail themselves of the permission will have to scramble as well as they can over to the other side of the water. Perhaps the proprietors are anxious to ascertain whether the bridge will bear, and have thrown it open to the public gratis, with the view of encouraging a series of experimental trips to test the strength of the construction. We understand that the bridge is perfectly safe and substantial, so that there will be no occasion for the Humane Society's men to be in attendance for fear of accident.

State of the Thermometer.

Considerable sensation—particularly in the tips of the fingers and at the end of the nose—was excited on Tuesday last by the extraordinary conduct of the thermometer. It fell very suddenly into a very low state in the course of the evening, and continued sinking throughout Wednesday and Thursday. The atmosphere seemed very much affected, and a few snowy tears were observed to fall in the course of the morning. The appearance of the sun in the middle of the day seemed somewhat cheering, and the thermometer underwent a trifling elevation; but towards the afternoon it relapsed into its former low state, and gave every indication of a continued sinking.

The Innocence of Making Money.

A night or two since, Peel quoted with admiration the axiom of Dr. Johnson, that "very few men are more innocently employed than in the accumulation of property." Struck by the profound beauty of this truth, we understand that several tradesmen are about to have it written in letters of gold above their doors. Among those about to adopt it we have heard the names of Moses and Son; Morrison and Co.; and several distinguished keepers of marine stores.

GROSS CARELESSNESS.

The *Brighton Herald* says, "Incendiary fires are raging to a frightful extent in Beds."—Really servants ought to be more careful with warming-pans.

THE LEGAL LION AND JACKALL.

The treatment experienced by Lord Campbell in the House of Lords reminds one of the story of the Lion and the Jackall, the former of whom snatches every bone out of the mouth of the latter as fast as he gets hold of one. Poor Campbell succeeds occasionally in finding a bone to pick, —which is generally an excessively dry one, by the bye—but no sooner does it appear that there is anything to be got off of it, than the lion, Lyndhurst, giving a growl and a snap, immediately appropriates the morsel. Such has been the case with poor Campbell's Bail in Error Bill, over which he had been mumbling for a long time—"lazily mumbling the bones of the Bill,"—as Byron beautifully has it; when Lyndhurst, as usual, snaps it out of his mouth, and carries it away at once, without poor Campbell being allowed a hand, or, more properly speaking, a jaw in it.

"GAME LAWS AND GAME CLERGYMEN."

An article under the above head appeared in our last Number but one, in a review of a paragraph from the *Oxford Chronicle*, which narrated a Game Law case, as it appeared, distinguished by circumstances of great oppression and cruelty. In the belief of those circumstances we wrote, glancing somewhat severely on the Rev. Mr. Dodson, one of the convicting magistrates. A totally different report of the case has appeared in the *Berkshire Chronicle;* and we have subsequent reasons to believe, that no man is less likely to sin on the side of harshness to the poor than the Reverend Gentleman above-named. What we wrote, we wrote confiding in the veracity of the Oxford journal. If we have been deceived by exaggeration, we can only express our regret at the circumstance; and earnestly trust that our contemporary will be more cautious for the future.

FOREIGNERS AT THE ENGLISH BAR.

The Bar of England has obtained such a high reputation, that several distinguished foreigners are about to join the profession. Among the names we have heard are those of Mr. Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, (a Portuguese gentleman whose talents are said to be of the first magnitude), the Hon. Mr. Munchausen, son of Baron Munchausen; and Mr. Longbow, son of Major Longbow, U.S.

They will join the Norfolk Circuit, where Mr. Fitzroy Kelly is a leader.

Graham's Parliamentary Mistake.

Sir James Graham has brought one good Bill into the House: namely, the Bill to abolish the payment of fees to clerks of the peace and magistrates' clerks. This Bill is the one white spot in Graham's official life! and, like one white hair in a black cat, spoils what would otherwise be all of one colour.

FOUNDATION OF THE LONG DEBATES.

On ascertaining the foundation of Parliament, some "skeletons with very *long jaws*" were found. How strange that the Members of that and the present period should have been distinguished by the very same feature!

THE SHAFTESBURY MASSACRE.

The whole county of Dorset must have been thrown into a state of alarm last week, at the fearful result of the Shaftesbury Election. According to the *Morning Chronicle*, a Mr. Roberts stated that "an *immense amount of Conservative blood was running through* the town." At this rate, fifty hecatombs would not have sufficed, had the election been contested.

THE ORIGIN OF HUMBUG.

Dear Punch,

In strict confidence I will reveal to you—but mind it must go *no farther* than yourself and subscribers—that I have made one of the most important discoveries that ever startled a philosopher; and this is, no less than the root, origin, and meaning of that most apt, vigorous, peculiar, and popular expression—*Humbug*.

In vain had I consulted the lexicographers—what was the fundamental idea of Humbug? I inquired of Johnson, Richardson, Webster, and a host of other folios and quartos. They were either sensibly silent or stupidly conjectural on the subject. I subjoin the result of my researches:—

Johnson does not even include the term in his catalogue of the English language.

Richardson says, Humbug is *probably!* a compound of *Hum*, to cajole; and *Bug*, a scarecrow.

Webster (immeasurably the profoundest man of all in the science of words) writes simply, "*Humbug*, an imposition (a low word)."

Others of less note derive the word from the Latin *Ambag-es*, which Riddle, in his translation of Scheller's Dictionary, explains, "A going round, a roundabout way. 2. Roundabout stories, intricate speeches. 3. Any enigmatical, dark, inexplicable action."

This derivation, to say the least, is ingenious, and plausible; but another gentleman declares the expression to have taken its origin from the name of Prince Hesse Homberg, who came over to this country, he adds, about the time it first appeared in English literature. Yet why the Prince should have stood godfather to the term this deponent sayeth not.

Thus, as far as my philological knowledge extends, stands, up to the present time, the learning and intellect of this country upon this most intricate subject. And here I propose to step in, and like the fairy in the penultimate scene of every pantomime, change with two or three waves of the pen this scene of darkness into the "Realms of light."

Humbug, then, I would have you, *Mr. Punch*, to know, is a term of Arabic extraction, to wit: هنبغ *Humbugh*. "Dust which flies about with the least motion."—*Vide Richardson's Persian, Arabic, and English Dictionary.*

Here we have the identical word, written as we write it to this day, and expressing any slight trifling matter which can be easily blown away. It is therefore exactly equivalent to our term *Chaff* (the refuse of corn), which comes to us, through the Anglo-Saxon Ceaf (*Ceaf*), from the Arabic جاف *Jaf* or *Chaf*, "Dry, withered;" (like the Greek καρφος) and which, be it remembered, is used metaphorically, in a sense similar to Humbug by the vulgar. To chaff a man is, *vulgo*, to humbug him; for humbug, like chaff, is what may be scattered before the wind—what is light, trivial, or unfounded—an act of folly or knavery.

By the vulgar here alluded to I mean the many—the mass, who speak old English; and not the genteel or fashionable few, who speak a more recent dialect of that tongue, and of which dialect Dictionaries are always concocted.

There are in Sanscrit two different varieties of the same language, the *Prakrit*, the vulgar or spoken language, and the *Devanagari*, the elegant or literary language, of India. So in English we have the dialect of May Fair, and the dialect of Rag ditto; terms which belong to Dictionaries, and terms which belong to Slang. The latter may not be "*comme il faut*," but it assuredly is English, and fine old nervous English too.

Perhaps I may trouble you with a paper on this subject some day; but in the mean time, let me declare myself

Your affianced friend,

Saxon Dhu.

Exchequer Monomaniacs.

Every other day the Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of various sums of money, from unknown benefactors, "for the revenue of the country." We would advise Madame Tussaud to employ the Forresters to find these extraordinary people out. When discovered, Madame might then model them for her show: and as she now displays a batch of Notorious Criminals, she might, by way of contrast, exhibit a group of Celebrated Simpletons!

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE CORPORATION.

Lord Brougham appears to have got a spite against the London Corporation, and he takes advantage of every opportunity for giving them a dig from his place in Parliament. This is ungrateful in the extreme, when it is remembered that he has had the freedom of the City presented to him in a gold snuff-box. We understand that his Lordship has threatened to turn the box into a cigar-case, and to convert the freedom itself into spills for lighting his Havannahs.

MANNING THE NAVY.

In consequence of the difficulty of finding hands for manning the Navy, it is, we understand, in contemplation to issue tempting hand-bills similar to those which are put forth to attract recruits to the service of the East India Company. The bills in question usually commence with a declaration,—That

"A FEW FINE YOUNG MEN"

are required to do nothing more than ride about in handsome uniforms, and get promoted as fast as possible. There is generally a portrait of a dashing individual on a spirited charger, with a drawn sword, galloping away as pleasantly as if he were taking an airing in the Park, while the regimentals are profusely adorned with gold lace and massive epaulettes, instead of the yellow tape for trimming, and the bunch of common worsted on the shoulders, which are the real trappings of the soldier.

The following sketch of a hand-bill, designed to attract individuals to enter the Naval service, is respectfully submitted to the authorities at the Admiralty.

WANTED, A FEW YOUNG MEN

OF

Fine Roving Dispositions,

TO ENTER AS SEAMEN IN HER MAJESTY'S NAVY.

The gallant fellows will have nothing to do but to drink grog and chew tobacco while afloat; and ashore they will ride about in cabs like jolly tars, and spend their prize-money.

*** *No Land Lubbers need apply.*

A British Seaman will be in attendance to teach the nautical terms, as well as to give instruction to the Tars in the dancing of Naval Hornpipes.

THEATRICAL.

We understand that the managers of the principal Theatres are about to petition Government for protection. The public taste for blood having, of late, so greatly advanced—patronized, too, as it would seem, by certain noble lords and fashionables—and people being admitted gratis to trials for murder, it is not to be expected that they will pay their money for amusement at the playhouses. For instance, we put it to the common sense of the Legislature, how, while this is the case, can the Victoria compete with Newgate?

LOST. NOTHING REWARD.

Lost, in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's, a MS. written in French, of the Life of Voltaire. The finder of it is earnestly requested to bring it to Lord Brougham, as the French is of no use to any one but the author.

THE FROZEN-OUT SPORTSMEN.

Ierci ngly has the severity of the late intensely cold weather been felt by a class of poor fellows, who during its continuance have been entirely out of employment. To many of our metropolitan readers, whose lives are one continued round of business, and who can scarcely snatch a moment in the day from its requirements, it may be unknown, perhaps, that there exists a numerous body of individuals in the rural districts who can find nothing, absolutely nothing to do—but to hunt, shoot, and fish.

With from five hundred to some thousands a year, exempt from any necessity of getting their living, never having learned, and not knowing anything but what relates to sport, here they have been, for more than a month, in as bad a plight nearly as the frozen-out gardeners. Indeed, we may call them frozen-out sportsmen.

Every Londoner even, who has read *Punch's Almanack*, knows that partridge-shooting ends on the first of February. Shortly after partridge-shooting has ended, trout-fishing ought to begin; but the late frost has put it out of the question, and the fish will be out of season and good-for-nothing for the next month. Some favoured localities have been blessed with snipe, and wild-fowl on the coast have afforded partial relief. But what are snipe and wild-fowl to the destitute sporting population of England? It is well known that a "Southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning;" but here the wind has been North-easterly, and the sky brighter than blazes. No more battues, no hare-hunting, no whipping; in fact, "no nothing."

What are these unfortunate fellow-creatures to do? Some people may say,—read, write, or take up some useful pursuit. Yes; it is all very well for those who have mental resources or useful pursuits to follow; but what are they to do who have none? It is mighty fine for a father, blessed with a family, which he has to provide for, or with a profession or a trade, on which he depends for bread, or with a mind which he is disposed to cultivate, to talk; but what would he do, we should like to know, with a full purse and empty head?

PUNCH TO MR. FORREST.

Dear Sir,

Allow me, as an old critic, to very sincerely thank you for the handsome palsy which you have put upon *King Lear*. Had Shakspeare really known any thing of his art, he would—by two or three lines—have strongly marked the necessity of *King Lear's* shaking his head to show the age of the man. The poet, however, only half knew his business. You have been his best, his most practical annotator; and in your hands there can be no doubt of the senility of *King Lear*, seeing that he continually niddle-noddles his head like a toy mandarin. Considering the mere poetry of the part, the fact of *Lear's* great age might otherwise have escaped us.

Do you not think, sir, that a touch of lumbago, with—in the later scenes—a violent attack of gout, as indicated by flannel swathings, would also considerably assist the moral majesty of *Lear*, elevated as it unquestionably is by your capital palsy?

Yours, &c.,

PUNCH.

THE SWEETS OF OFFICE.

In consequence of the new scale of Import Duties to be imposed upon sugar, it is proposed to create a new department in the Custom House, to be called, The Discriminating Department. A number of small boys will be employed as tasters, to decide upon the relative qualities of sugar. A handbill will shortly be printed, addressed to the "Mothers of England," inviting them to bring their children, from the ages of 6 to 12, as candidates for this new appointment. We should like excessively to be present at the opening of the first tub, when these scions of "Young England" are installed into office. We will wager their eagerness to secure the best places will be quite equal to that usually displayed in Downing Street on the appointment of a new Ministry.

INFALLIBLE TEST.

As there is a quantity of bad money about, we cannot caution our readers too much against the risk of tendering any suspicious coin. The best way to try its value is to offer it to the Lord Mayor, and if it is returned to you, you may be sure it is bad.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London; and published by them, at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, March 22, 1845.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE IX.

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO GREENWICH FAIR.

EM!—So, MR. CAUDLE: I hope you enjoyed yourself at Greenwich. How do I know you've been at Greenwich? I know it very well, sir: know all about it: know more than you think I know. I thought there was something in the wind. Yes, I was sure of it, when you went out of the house, to-day. I knew it by the looks of you, though I didn't say anything. Upon my word! And you call yourself a respectable man, and the father of a family! Going to a fair amongst all sorts of people,—at your time of life. Yes; and never think of taking your wife with you. Oh no! you can go and enjoy yourself out, with *I* don't know who: go out, and make yourself very pleasant, I dare say. Don't tell me; I hear what a nice companion MR. CAUDLE is: what a good-tempered person. Ha! I only wish people could see you at home, that's all. But so it is with men. They can keep all their good temper for out-of-doors—their wives never see any of it. Oh dear! I'm sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman!

"Now, CAUDLE, I'm not in an ill temper; not at all. I know I used to be a fool when we were first married: I used to worry and fret myself to death when you went out; but I've got over that. I wouldn't put myself out of the way now for the best man that ever trod. For what thanks does a poor woman get? None at all. No: it's those who don't care for their families, who are the best thought of. I only wish I could bring myself not to care for mine.

"And why couldn't you say, like a man, you were going to Greenwich Fair when you went out? It's no use your'e saying that, MR. CAUDLE: don't tell me that you didn't think of going; you'd made your mind up to it, and you know it. Pretty games you've had, no doubt! I should like to have been behind you, that's all. A man at your time of life!

"And I, of course, I never want to go out. Oh no! I may stay at home with the cat. You couldn't think of taking your wife and children, like any other decent man, to a fair. Oh no; you never care to be seen with us. I'm sure, many people don't know you're married: how can they? Your wife's never seen with you. Oh no; anybody but those belonging to you!

"Greenwich Fair, indeed! Yes,—and of course you went up and down the hill, running and racing with nobody knows who. Don't tell me; I know what you are when you're out. You don't suppose, MR. CAUDLE, I've forgotten that pink bonnet, do you? No: I won't hold my tongue, and I'm not a foolish woman. It's no matter, sir, if the pink bonnet was fifty years ago—it's all the same for that. No: and if I live for fifty years to come, I never will leave off talking of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, MR. CAUDLE. Ha! few wives would have been what I've been to you. I only wish my time was to come over again, that's all; I wouldn't be the fool I have been.

"Going to a fair! and I suppose you had your fortune told by the gypsies? You needn't have wasted your money. I'm sure I can tell you your fortune if you go on as you do. Yes, the gaol will be your fortune, MR. CAUDLE. And it would be no matter—none at all—if your wife and children didn't suffer with you.

"And then you must go riding upon donkeys—you didn't go riding upon donkies? Yes; it's very well for you to say so; but I dare say you did. I tell you, CAUDLE, I know what you are when you're out. I wouldn't trust any of you—you, especially, CAUDLE.

"Then you must go in the thick of the fair, and have the girls scratching your coat with rattles! You couldn't help it, if they did scratch your coat? Don't tell me; people don't scratch coats unless they're encouraged to do it. And you must go in a swing, too. You didn't go in a swing? And I'm a foolish woman to think so, am I? Well, if you didn't, it was no fault of yours; you wished to go, I've no doubt.

"And then you must go into the shows? There,—you don't deny that. You *did* go into a show. What of it, MR. CAUDLE? A good deal of it, sir. Nice crowding and squeezing in those shows, I know. Pretty places! And you a married man and the father of a family. No, I won't hold my tongue. It's very well for you to threaten to get up. You're to go to Greenwich Fair, and race up and down the hill, and play at kiss in the ring. Pah! it's disgusting, MR. CAUDLE. Oh, I dare say you *did* play at it; if you didn't, you'd have liked, and that's just as bad;—and you can go into swings, and shows, and roundabouts. If I was you, I should hide my head under the clothes, and be ashamed of myself.

"And what is most selfish—most mean of you, CAUDLE—you can go and enjoy yourself, and never so much as bring home for the poor children a gingerbread-nut. Don't tell me that your pocket was picked of a pound of nuts! Nice company you must have been in to have your pocket picked.

"But I dare say I shall hear all about it to-morrow. I've no doubt, sir, you were dancing at the Crown-and-Anchor. I should like to have seen you. No: I'm not making myself ridiculous. It's you that's making yourself ridiculous; and everybody that knows you says so. Everybody knows what I have to put up with from you.

"Going to a fair, indeed! At your time——"

"Here," says CAUDLE, "I dozed off, hearing confusedly the words—hill—gypsies—rattles—roundabout—swings—pink bonnet—nuts."

A DAY'S HUNT AFTER HOT-CROSS BUNS.

WE paid a pilgrimage on Good Friday to the Chelsea Bun House, for the purpose of tasting one of the immortal buns. We arrived at the classic spot about one o'clock. There was an immense excitement in the whole neighbourhood. Little Chelsea seemed convulsed. Across the street floated a purple flag, with letters in white tape, disclosing to us the throbbing fact—"THIS IS THE ORIGINAL CHELSEA BUN HOUSE." On the balcony stood, in the pride of new gilding, a statue of Gog or Magog, or some one else, eating a wooden bun. His head towered above the second floor, and his pink kilt was beautifully thrown out by his yellow legs and red bluchers. Having feasted our eyes on this piece of Phidian sculpture, we endeavoured to procure a yet richer feast for our impatient stomach; but the crowd was so great that we could not get nearer to the shop than the pavement on the opposite side of the street. Cooks, housemaids, officers, ladies, tigers, pensioners, ostlers, and fat mothers with eight and ten children, were choking up the pathway, and the rush was so impetuous, we expected every minute to see a placard displayed at the garret window of "No more buns." We passed again at half-past four o'clock—the excitement was even greater, and when we left, at six, the rage and appetite for buns seemed unabated. Accordingly, we left in disgust, and must reserve till next year the digestion of the knotty point whether the Chelsea buns come up to our fond expectations, or are merely a mockery—a snare. Judging from a specimen we saw in the hands of a favoured charity-boy, we should say they were of an average richness, tolerably well coloured with sugar, and lavishly seasoned with plums; but it is criminal to play with the shadow when, in a twelvemonth, we can grapple with the substance. We will put by our speculations and our appetite till next Good Friday.

The Coming Man.

BEFORE the Fleet Prison is disposed of, we propose that it be prepared for the reception of PRESIDENT TYLER, that great apostle of Liberty, who is coming to England, we believe, next month. It is not likely he will bring any of his slaves with him, as the freedom of each would make the journey rather too expensive; but he can visit our principal factories, two or three of our largest workhouses, and slop-shops, just to remind him of his "home." What a treat, to be sure, a Poor-Law Union will be to the heart—the eyes, we mean—of a large slave-owner!

RATHER QUESTIONABLE!

A BENEVOLENT lady, lately advertising in the *Times* for a situation for her nurse, states, that the latter "would be glad to obtain a situation where a nurse would be required *to finish a child*." We hope she does not finish children with DALBY'S Carminative.

Quite Unnecessary.

AT the late meeting of the Royal Society at LORD NORTHAMPTON'S, a man was exhibited with an artificial steel hand, the invention of SIR GEORGE CAYLEY. We are informed that the worthy Baronet is now engaged in making an iron heart for the Poor Law Commissioners.

DEAD WEIGHTS.

THERE was an advertisement in the *Times*, the other day, for a couple of mill-stones. We understand that SIR R. PEEL answered the announcement, offering SIR JAMES GRAHAM and LORD STANLEY to the advertiser as a couple of mill-stones which he, SIR R. PEEL, would have no objection to part with.

PUNCH'S FAIRY TALES.

(WITH OBTRUSIVELY OBVIOUS MORALS.)

For the New Generation.

HEN Prince JOHN left the wood, he walked on joyfully, for he thought it would be easy to find the Three Impossibilities the Pigeon had sent him in search of; because in his Father's kingdom Impossibilities (which were sometimes called Bulls) were very often acted and spoken; and it was only a few days before, that Old King DAN himself had said he would die abroad and then come home again, and the sentiment had been thought exceedingly fine. "If my father," mentally ejaculated the Prince, "can go and die a martyr, and then come back as hale and as corpulent as ever to the country he dies for, why may not I cross the Bridge, and drink from the Fountain, and receive the Debt? the last especially, as receiving money is quite the *forte* of our family."

So the Prince journeyed on jauntily, up hill and down dale, many and many a mile, and whenever he felt tired he took out a curious bottle, inscribed with the talismanic letters, "K.I.N.A.H.A.N.S.L.L.," which was given him by Old King DAN when he registered his vow; and which always refreshed him so much, that after drinking from it he preferred veering about from side to side of the road, thus doubling his journey. At last, towards evening, the Prince came to a great river; and there on the bank stood an old, old man, with a long white beard reaching quite to his knees.

This old man the Prince knew at once to be OLD PARR, for he had seen him on a pill-box, the contents of which he had reason to remember.

"OLD PARR," said the Prince, "why do you stand and stare at those two old Towers in the river?"

"Alas, Prince," replied OLD PARR, "on those Towers I have gazed many a long day, ever since I was a very little boy. They were then meant to sustain a Bridge, but the Bridge has never been built, and I cannot cross over the stream."

"What do you want to do on the other side?" asked the Prince.

"I wish to visit the only friend of my youth who remains to me," said OLD PARR, with a trembling voice, "and who inhabits the Surrey shores, which are those you see beyond. His name is WIDDICOMB; we have not met for two hundred years."

Then OLD PARR began singing gloomily —

"There's a Tower of brickwork on Hungerford's stream,
And the workman is smoking there all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit by the river and hear the Man's song.

That Tower and its promise I never forget—
(For my Pills have prevented my heart's growing cold)
And I think—is the Working-man smoking there yet?
Does he still make believe he 's at work, as of old?"

"Hungerford!" interrupted the Prince, "did you say *Hungerford* Bridge?"

"I did," replied OLD PARR.

"And will you," said the Prince, "ever be able to pass over it?"

"I wait," said OLD PARR, "for

THE COMING MAN, WHO WILL NEVER ARRIVE;

till *he* is here, neither I nor any man else can cross that Bridge."

"And who is he?" asked the Prince.

"He is of the Caucasian nation," replied OLD PARR; "that ancient race, which keeps the rest of the world supplied with Poets, Philosophers, Statesmen, Old-Clothes-men, Painters, Musicians, Novelists, Historians, Tragedians, Comedians, Preachers, Singers, Dancers, Lawyers, Sheriffs'-officers, Cooks, Physicians, Undertakers, Soldiers, Sailors, Engineers, Arithmeticians"—

"Stop, for goodness' sake!" cried the Prince, "what a very long catalogue!"

"'Tis a true one," replied OLD PARR, "though the rest of the world knows nothing about it."

"I will leave you, then," said the Prince, "till the COMING MAN arrives. Farewell."

So the Prince left the Bridge, and went in search of the Fountains. But he now began to fear that if he was always thus to find Impossibility within Impossibility on his road, he might never arrive at the Utter Impossibility, Repeal-of-the-Union. Journeying on in this mood, he came to a curious stone tank, in the midst of which stood two large soup-plates of red stone, one above the other, and by the margin of the tank was a haughty-looking man, with the cabalistic numbers "D. 21" on his collar.

"D. 21," said the Prince, "what are those soup-plates I see yonder?"

"That," replied D. 21, "is the Trafalgar Square Fountain."

"Is it indeed?" exclaimed the now joyful Prince. "Can you tell me if I shall ever be able to drink from it?"

"Drink!" cried D. 21; then, sternly regarding the Prince, "Young man!" added he, "I have a very great mind to carry you to the Dungeon called the Station House, as being tipsy, and incapable of taking care of yourself. From that Fountain, as everybody knows, no man will drink, till we are freed from

THE TAX THAT WILL NEVER BE TAKEN OFF."

Then the Prince knew that he alluded to the Income-tax, and he felt inclined to despair. Sitting down, however, on the edge of the Fountain, he applied himself for consolation to his talismanic bottle. It was now night, the air was keen, and walking briskly on he came up with a poor widow and her fatherless children, who looked very cold and hungry, and were weeping and wailing piteously.

"My good woman," said the Prince, "what is the cause of your distress?"

"Alas!" replied the Widow, "I lent all my little fortune to the American Slave-driver, and left myself and my children penniless; for he will never pay it back, until the final departure of

THE BROOM THAT WILL NEVER LEAVE THE WOOLSACK."

Then the Prince's kind heart was touched, and he felt for a halfpenny to present to the widow and the orphans; but reflecting that Old King DAN was a more deserving object, he refrained with difficulty, and left them, and wandered on till he came in sight of a beautiful illuminated palace, in which there was music, and dancing, and revelry; and when he reached it, the great door opened, and a gentleman, superbly dressed, with sparkling diamonds on his fingers, and a great many brilliant colours in his handkerchief, came out of it. The gentleman was struck with the appearance of the Prince, and as he was of an inquiring disposition, he asked him without much ceremony who he was, whence he came, and what was his business.

"I am the son of Old King DAN," replied the Prince, "who is on the point of beggary, and has sent me over the wide world to obtain the talisman Repeal, or some other means of filling his pockets. May I ask you in return who are *you*?"

"I am the American Slave-driver," replied the gentleman; "and I shall be happy (for my undertakings have prospered, and I am well to do in the world,) to relieve the wants of my old friend King DAN, and to contribute towards the attainment of your glorious object. There, Prince, is a purse, which I trust may help you to realise that most valuable talisman, which I wish with all my heart you may get, Repeal!"

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed the Prince indignantly; (not, however, till he had pocketed the money;) "think not to receive thanks for this, either from me or from Old King DAN! He abhors thee and thy practices;—think of the widow and the orphans, villain! and of thy own children,

whom thou hast sold into slavery! For shame! Such rogues as thou art should not dare show their faces in a civilised land!"

So saying, the angry Prince left the American Slave-driver, (who looked very much astonished,) and procured himself a comfortable lodging for the night with part of the contribution he had received from him. The next morning, early, the Prince set out again, and he had not gone far before he overtook a funny fellow, with a curious cap on his head, which had bells attached to it, just like the one your mama will show you in a pretty print, called "The Folly of Crime," and, as the Prince and he were going the same way, they entered into conversation, and the Prince had soon told his companion all his adventures, and how he felt very doubtful of attaining the Utter Impossibility he was in search of. He then asked his fellow-traveller what were his own pursuits, and if he could give him any counsel or assistance.

"I am a Fool," replied his companion, "and I think you are much nearer to the object of your search than you fancy. For let us see whether you have not fulfilled all the conditions the Pigeon imposed upon you. When you found you could not cross the Bridge till the arrival of the COMING MAN, did you not *pass it over*, and proceed to the next Impossibility? And when told that you could not drink water there till the TAX should be taken off, did you not produce your talismanic bottle, and *drink at the Fountain?* Then, did you not *receive* from the American Slave-driver, as a contribution in aid of your undertaking, *the Debt which should have been paid to the Widow and the Orphans?*"

"It is indeed true," answered the Prince, who felt already much comforted by the Fool's reasoning, "that I have done all this. Wonderful Fool that you are!"

"Take my advice, then," said the Fool; "and do not fear that you will not eventually succeed in your arduous pursuit. Change caps with me; mine was the gift of a fairy, and has such useful qualities, and is so appropriate to your enterprise, that you may well call it the 'Cap of Repeal.' When you are at home again, present it, with my compliments, to Old King DAN himself."

So the Prince put on the Cap of Repeal, and thanked the Fool, and left him joyfully to seek the Sweet Dove; and as he went, the peaks of his cap fluttered gaily in the wind, and the bells seemed to be playing a merry tune. In process of time, he found the Dove, who received him very cordially, and asked him what progress he had made. Then the Prince told the Pigeon everything as it had occurred; and said that he hoped there was now nothing but the Pope of Rome's mischievous Bull between him and the attainment of the Utter Impossibility. But to his dismay the Pigeon answered,—

"Prince, he was indeed a Fool who persuaded you that you had succeeded; you have not fulfilled any one of the conditions I imposed upon you; for, has the COMING MAN arrived? Has the TAX been taken off? And has the BROOM ever left the WOOLSACK? Assuredly not: yet all these Impossibilities must be performed, before you can approach the others. So set out again on your travels over the wide world; but keep up your heart, and doubt not that you will eventually obtain the Utter Impossibility."

Then the Prince was very sorrowful; and he fancied he perceived a mocking tone in the Dove's last words, and even remarked that he lifted one of his feet in a peculiar manner to the tip of his beak before he flew away. So the Prince said (using the words of an old poet, who is out of date in his own country, but whose pretty plays are popular in France), "that he doubted the equivocation of the Pigeon, who told stories like truth."

Then he turned, and walked slowly home to Derrydown Palace, without the talisman; and as he went, the peaks of his cap waved mournfully in the wind, and the bells seemed to be playing a melancholy tune. When he arrived, however, to his surprise, Old King DAN received him very cheerfully, and was particularly delighted with the Cap of Repeal, which he put on with a very conceited air, and asked all his sons how he looked in it?

"My boy," said King DAN, "do not be cast down; you have brought money with you; and money, though received from the American Slave-driver (whom you very properly abused), is, after all, a much better thing than an empty talisman. Besides, if you have not obtained Repeal, you have at least brought me the Repeal Cap, which is a very great acquisition, and which I shall always be proud to appear in to the day of my death—

"'Hereditary Bondsman, know you not
Who would be free, himself must strike the blow?'"

Webster's Entire.

A DR. JOSHUA WEBSTER has invented a diet drink, which is advertised under the title of *Cerevisia Anglicana*. Cerevisia, ladies, means *Beer*; and Anglicana, *English*. We should like to know in what respect DR. WEBSTER'S diet drink differs from the Pimlico; or what analogy it bears to BASS'S. This medicine, we are told, has been long before the Public. Very likely. We never knew a Public House without Cerevisia of some sort in it; though we have not yet tasted DR. WEBSTER'S Entire anywhere.

PUNCH'S STATUE.

WE understand a memorial, innumerably signed, has been presented to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, calling for a statue of *ourself*, our *Suffolk Punch*, and our dog *Toby*, to be erected on one of the pedestals in Trafalgar Square. As national benefactors, we feel that we are liable to be placed in this very awkward position; but there is a consolation in knowing that we cannot be made more ridiculous than some of our fellow-statues in the same neighbourhood. We stipulate for nothing but the right of furnishing our own design, which we here subjoin; and we beg to announce that sealed tenders for the execution of the work, in conformity with the annexed plan, may be sent in to the *Punch* Office.

"A Local Name and Habitation."

A NEW Symphony, called *The Desert*, is advertised at the Italian Opera House. It strikes us Covent Garden Theatre would, for such a subject, have been a much more appropriate building; but perhaps the extreme solitude of the place would have detracted from the enjoyment of the "Desert," by leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination.

OLD BAILEY WEEPERS.

FOR the future, we recommend that onions should be sold outside all the criminal courts of England. They might be cleverly concealed in the folds of a handsome French cambric, and would be very serviceable to such barristers as are not blessed with a ready flow of tears to play on the feelings of an enlightened British jury.

THE MINISTERS AT GREENWICH FAIR.

In consequence of the satisfaction derived by the Ministers from their annual white-bait dinner at Blackwall, they made up a snug little party for a visit to Greenwich Fair, on Easter Monday. They visited a few of the shows; but the most congenial amusement appeared to be the roundabout, which was propelled by John Bull expressly for this occasion, as he was anxious to give the Ministers a turn.

There was a good deal of coquetting between Lyndhurst and Brougham, who were seen going down the hill together at an extraordinary rate. During the gambols, Brougham made a snatch—as if in fun—at some seals which Lyndhurst was carrying in a reticule. The movement was observed by some of the party, when Brougham turned the matter off by saying he was only anxious to assist Lyndhurst in bearing the weight of the seals, which must be very onerous. As the day advanced, the party commenced playing some odd freaks, when Peel contrived to slip away from them, leaving them to get as well as they could out of the mess they had fallen into.

THE SORROWS OF ELLENBOROUGH.

We have a deep sympathy for Lord Ellenborough. Poor Ex! Here has he been sitting in the House of Lords night after night primed with his wrongs, and yet he cannot—though he has tried hard enough for it—seize upon a decent opportunity to explode. He sits festering with disappointment. A night or two since his Lordship endeavoured, but vainly, to expatiate upon his injuries. Lord Campbell said something about East India pickles—or a gate—or some other common-place,—which Lord Ellenborough's sensitiveness associated with his Indian misgovernment, whereupon he rose "like a tower," and said—

"My Lords. I am glad the noble and learned lord has referred to my conduct in India. I am here to answer him or any man as to my conduct in that country, and I now wish to hear said in my presence that which has been stated in my absence."

And then Brougham—Lord Ellenborough's dear, candid friend—said, "I hope this will go no further." And, to the exceeding disappointment of the late Governor, it did not. And so his Lordship cannot be relieved! So he must remain a whitlow that nobody will prick!

"HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE."

The newspapers inform us that at Berlin the Prussian Government has established a chair of "musical history." We are extremely curious to know how the King's promise some four years back to give his subjects a free constitution will be expressed in music. We suppose by what is called—a *break?*

DISGUSTING VIOLATION OF THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

The *Times* says—

"On the night of Friday, the 27th December, a party of poachers were discovered by four watchers on land of Sir Robert Peel called Turnabout Field."

The ruffians were secured, and, it is needless to say, transported. The human mind turns away with horror at the idea of villains trespassing on Sir Robert Peel's own sacred and particular field. What could the scoundrels purpose to do there? Was not the ground already occupied! Could it be in better hands? Their punishment will be a warning to other knaves; and our admirable minister will henceforth be left unmolested on his own especial domain. We hear that Sir Robert is going to build a castle on this property.

A POPULAR DESIRE.

It is an actual fact that the Government has sent out a ship called "*The Graham*" to Sydney. "*The Graham*" Carries Letters. Of course they will *open themselves* on the way. Every well-constituted mind would wish not only that this, but that other Grahams should go to Sydney—and the longer they stayed the better.

INSTANTANEOUS REMEDY.

A new machine has been exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution, called "The Fire Annihilator," which, it is described, will extinguish the fiercest fire immediately. The machine, we have been told, is very simple, it being nothing more than a coalscuttle filled with Talacre coal.

THE CORPORATION TOURNAMENT.

It has been thought peculiarly ungrateful of LORD BROUGHAM—but what a man HENRY is!—that he should have attacked the City of London Corporation, defended, as it is at present, by the Man of Brass. However, it is evident, from the above, that BROUGHAM has done what everybody else has failed to do: he has made the champion *bleed*.

BROMPTON IN DANGER!

MR. PUNCH,

I am a Bromptonian—a dweller at the Athens end of London. I call upon you for counsel and relief. There is a great brick and mortar stir about us; houses are rising up like whole streets in a pantomime. Brompton air is resonant with the bricklayer's trowel! We are shooting out at all points of the compass. Well, of this itself I do not complain, but of its dire effects. We are invaded by a legion of doctors, brought hither by the carcases of houses. Every day brings a new arrival: every night is made more horrible by the accession of a red bull's-eye over the door, indicative of the slayer within. The very air is infected. We breathe nothing but rhubarb and senna, and the prolonged effects of this must be mischievous to all the inhabitants. Counsel something—advise something! Is there no law to indict doctors as a nuisance, when they shall be found more than three to one of every parishioner? for such I firmly believe to be the miserable condition of the hitherto happy denizens of Brompton.

Yours, THE NERVOUS MAN.

P.S.—The evil will, of course, not end with the doctors; for, as they multiply, it naturally follows that we must be overrun with undertakers.

HUNTER AND HUMBUG.

THE College of Surgeons has this year disappointed its members and the profession at large of a comfortable nap, by omitting to treat them to the "HUNTERIAN ORATION." This oration used to be delivered annually, by one of the council, in the Theatre of the College, and there was no farce like it in any other theatre in London; though its narcotic effects reminded one, by name, of "Animal Magnetism." It was a sort of historical panegyric upon Surgery and Surgeons in general, with particular references to living gentlemen, approximating to the puff. Its elements were the prosaic, the pompous, and the dry, in equal proportions, with a slight admixture of the awful, in the shape of JOES or jokes quoted at second hand from ABERNETHY. Some say that the council did not give it because they expected to be hissed by their audience: others aver that they forgot all about it: of which two assertions, if their collective memory is on a par with their collective wisdom, the latter is perhaps as likely as the former. DR. LYNCH, the other day at Exeter Hall, delivered *a* Hunterian Oration to the General Practitioners; but it wanted that amount of twaddle and rigmarole which characterise the genuine discourse.

The following may serve as a specimen of what might, or ought to have been at the College,

THE HUNTERIAN ORATION.

GENTLEMEN,

The oration which I have the honour of delivering to you, derives its name from the celebrated JOHN HUNTER. The statement I am about to make will surprise some of you; but the fact is, that HUNTER was an ass—I mean, that he was an ass in a practical sense; for you are aware that practice is our prime object; whereas, HUNTER'S practice was such, that he died quite poor; so that it clearly was not worth anything. You have all heard of snuff; it is a medicinal substance; well, this is what HUNTER was not up to: but we are. He prosecuted physiology: we pursue the main chance: he collected specimens: we collect fees: and we beseech you to aid our scientific labours, by calling us in to consult as often as you can. We, the Council, are the head of the profession, and the interest of that profession, that is to say, our own interest, is always running in that head. Do not however, confound this with sordid self-interest. We include amongst us the surgeons of the large London Hospitals; and having also the control of surgical education, we are naturally anxious to keep all the teaching in our own hands, on account of the knowledge we expect the pupils to get out of us, and not, believe me, of the money we hope to get out of them.

We admit no one as a fellow of our College, unless he has attended one of these hospitals for three years. Some say that it does not matter where a man gets the knowledge he possesses; it does matter to us, though, as the Yankees say, "a considerable sum."

We are told that our hospitals, with their vast funds, ought to have branch establishments in the country, for the benefit of patients requiring fresh air. Well; if anybody wishes us to let provincial opposition-shops or schools spring up against us, I can only say we wish he may get it. We want to keep the Profession respectable. Accordingly, we take the best houses, live in the first style, and drive the handsomest carriages we can; and in doing this, which comes very expensive, you ought to support us to the utmost. With the same view we get our own connexions and relations into offices, which in France are open to all sorts of low people, by examination. So, also, we exclude from our privileges those who possess the same diploma with ourselves, and another to boot; I allude to General Practitioners; for when the purity of our motives is so often questioned, we are reasonably desirous to keep ourselves pure surgeons. We may sometimes take a few patients out of your hands; but you will be too generous to mind that; and we assure you that we will do every amputation, or other job you may give us, on the most reasonable terms, consistent with etiquette and the state of the funds. Gentlemen, I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to me; which is such, that I am really surprised at it.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

36. *Every act shall be taken most strictly against him who made it.*—This is a very good maxim, but it is not faithfully carried out; for if it were, the framers of the Poor Law Act would be occasionally subjected to its provisions. The individual who made a brazen bull for the purpose of torturing others, and was himself the first victim to his new invention, had his Act taken most strictly against himself; and if Acts of Parliament were to be applied strictly to those who made them, it is probable that there would be considerable improvement in the quality of legislation. If I give A. B. a gold snuff-box, saying, "A. C., *take this*," it is a good gift, though I call him by a wrong name; but if I call him wrong names, and he, giving me a box on the ears, says, "B. D., *take that*," the gift is not so good as it might be.

37. *He who cannot have the effect of the thing, shall have the thing itself. Ut res magis valeat quam pereat.* It is better a thing should have effect than be void.—This maxim is somewhat ambiguous, but it means simply that where there is no meaning in a sentence, the law will make one, rather than refrain from interfering. Formerly, however, the better mode of reading the maxim would have been by saying, "he who cannot have the effects of the thing shall have the thing itself;"—for until arrest was abolished—and even still in some cases—if a broker cannot have the effects he will have the person, and if he returns *nulla bona*—which means literally nothing to bone—he could formerly bone the body.

WORKS OF THE COURT NEWSMAN.

Newspaper folio, 1845.

In reviewing the productions of the Court Newsman, we find it impossible to go through the whole of those voluminous bits of history he is continually giving to the world, and we must confine our criticisms to a few selections from the works of this very remarkable writer. Perspicuity in dealing with facts, and patience in recording them, are the two prominent characteristics of our author's style; and it must be admitted that no man has done so much for the small conventionalities of the court — embalming them in the literature of his country, like flies preserved in amber. There is comparatively little difficulty in dealing with the larger and more important of public events, but it requires the skill of an artist to invest with interest the official interviews granted to this person or to that, and to throw the graces of style into a mere catalogue of the guests received at the royal dinner-table. This is a point in which the Court Newsman peculiarly excels. He flings about the elegancies of diction with a profusion truly wonderful. What can be more striking and withal more true than the following, which we take at random from the Newsman's works:

"Her Majesty's Royal Charities were distributed on Monday and Tuesday last (being Passion Week) to the necessitous and aged poor."

With what singular art the introduction of a parenthesis marks the period of the year, and accounts for the distribution of Her Majesty's charities. The three simple words, "being Passion Week," answer all the purpose of an almanack. Perhaps in strictness, Monday and Tuesday can hardly be called Passion Week—inasmuch as a week comprises seven days — but putting part for the whole is a poetical license, which the Court Newsman—evidently a poet at heart—has a right to take advantage of.

The manner in which our author touches the interesting topic of the royal children is sometimes singularly beautiful. There is a fine passage in the *Circular* of the 20th of March, in which we are affectingly told that

"Prince Alfred and the Princess Royal were taken out walking."

Where is the British bosom that will not bound at the recital of this charming incident in the domestic life of royalty? Had the children been those of the homeliest of the Hobsons or the simplest of the Snookses, they could not have been subjected to more humble exercise than that which Prince Alfred and the Princess Royal are recorded as having partaken of.

It is not often that the Court Newsman has such an opportunity for developing his powers as an historian, as that afforded by the recent visit of the Queen and Prince Albert to the Bluecoat School. We have seldom read a more vivid account, or one more teeming with graphic beauties, than the description of the event alluded to. Every paragraph is a little *tableau*, and each sentence sparkles with a truthful brilliancy. What can be more exquisite than the following? It is a little panorama, in which tables and bluecoat boys, governors and wooden benches, pass before the mind's eye with wonderful rapidity.

"*The appearance of the hall was very interesting*; the building, which is about 200 feet long, 52 feet wide, and 47 feet high, contained near 900 scholars, ranged at long rows of tables; and great numbers of governors of the Institution occupied seats on either side of the hall.

We are thoroughly convinced that nothing in Hume or Smollett could sustain a moment's comparison with the extract we have given. As a comic writer we cannot rank the Court Newsman so high as we rate his abilities as a grave historian. We will, however, quote a passage, which ought to give its writer no contemptible rank as a humourist.

"The whole of the scholars then passed in procession before *the* Queen *and* Prince Albert, *the 12 Grecians (proceeding to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge) passing first*, followed by the 12 King's scholars, destined for the naval service. The other boys followed with their nurses in the order of their wards."

There is something exquisitely funny in the notion of the twelve Grecians proceeding to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, by passing before the Queen and Prince Albert, as if the illustrious pair were on the road to the places mentioned.

Before quitting the subject of the Court Newsman's writings, we will merely express a hope that this great unknown may some day follow the example of the author of "Waverley," and avow himself to the world. It is really almost a national question, "Who is the author of the *Court Circular*?"

THE WELLINGTON PET.

(AFTER HUNT—SLIGHTLY ALTERED.)

BOARD AND LODGING EXTRAORDINARY.

In a recent advertisement in a morning paper, headed "Grouse Shooting," a gentleman "renting some of the best moors in Scotland," notifies that he "wishes to meet with two or three guns to board and lodge in his house." We wish he may get the guns, and we hope they may pay their shot.

THE EXETER 'CHANGE BEADLE.

This unfortunate individual appears to be in danger of falling a victim to the solitary system. He wanders from morning till night between the iron gates of the arcade of Exeter 'Change, which offers no change, alas! to him, and his existence is one of such utter solitude that his fate might inspire another Zimmerman. When the gates are closed, he still continues his mournful promenade up and down; and the savage desolation of the spot, where no human footfall is ever heard, has rendered him almost wild, so that he looks through the bars with an aspect of fierceness at the persons passing the cage he is imprisoned in.

We earnestly entreat the proprietors of the Arcade to consider the consequences of enclosing a human being in a living tomb, excluded from all association with his fellow-creatures. It is idle to deck him out in a gaudy livery, the brilliancy of which only mocks the darkness of his fate, and throws a blacker hue upon the lot which has befallen him.

PEEL'S DIRTY LITTLE BOY.

DAME PEEL.—"Drat the boy! He's always in a mess!"

"PARTIES" FOR THE GALLOWS.

Newsvender.—"NOW, MY MAN, WHAT IS IT?"

Boy.—"I VONTS A NILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER WITH A NORRID MURDER AND A LIKENESS IN IT."

WHEN the miserable man TAWELL heard the death-shriek of his victim—when he hurried from the cottage leaving a corpse upon the floor—the iniquitous effect of his crime was, by no means, wholly developed. He fled a murderer; blood was upon his head: and conscience, like a fiend, crying to him. But the evil—the enormous evil done to society—was not wholly accomplished. The traders in blood and horror—the butchers of the press, for truly they are so—had to stimulate and feed the curiosity of society with pictorial illustrations of murder—and the world was to be familiarised with atrocity. And then came the disgusting, degrading exhibition on the days of trial. A well-dressed mob, jostling and elbowing to look upon a murderer—to listen to the most sickening details of hypocrisy and crime—as a matter of agreeable and healthful excitement. The tears that trickled down "the innocent nose" of MR. FITZROY KELLY when, wrestling with his swelling heart, he touched upon the domestic history of the prisoner, were to the audience much more delicious, more exciting too, than the emotion of any other actor—say the highest—at a play-house. Well, the murderer is convicted—is sentenced to be killed by the law. The law hangs the assassin as a punishment and an example: as an expiation of a wrong suffered by the dead—as a warning to the living. Now, what a mournful, miserable blunder is this public killing of a man for the alleged purpose of teaching the sacredness of human life! We subjoin an instance of the great moral good—by way of example—to be obtained from the punishment of death. The following is extracted from the *Morning Post*:—

"The *exasperation* of the inhabitants of Gravesend, where the parents of the murdered SARAH HART reside, is so great against TAWELL, *that parties have been already formed* to go to Aylesbury to be present at his execution."

How greatly must "the parties" be edified! Will they visit Aylesbury, awe-stricken, to be admonished by a terrible ceremony? Why no. The parties will be pleasure-parties. And for their exasperation—their virtuous resentment, we have little doubt they will compound between that and a little agreeable excitement. The pleasure-vans of Hampton-Court will, it is our belief, not contain more jovial merry-makers than the gallows-vans of Gravesend. In what a serious, teachable frame of mind will these pilgrims congregate before the gaol of Aylesbury!

By the way, it appears that the worthy denizens of the town were about to be defrauded of one of their most valued immunities. We give the subjoined from the *Times*:—

"In the town of Aylesbury, for ages past, Friday has been the execution-day; and great surprise, *if not dissatisfaction*, has been expressed by some of the inhabitants, because Tuesday had been named. The last man who was hanged at this town suffered for murder about eight years ago, prior to which no such penalty was paid for many years; yet the townspeople say, '*We always hang on Fridays*, up there, facing the Town-hall, with a scaffold we keep on purpose.'"

Thus, when a hanging can be had, the Aylesbury people will have it on a Friday; even as, doubtless, they stickle for pancakes on Shrove-Tuesday.

Poor SARAH HART! Miserable victim! Nevertheless, we question if her death by the hand of a murderer may be considered as so great a social injury as that inflicted by the execution of the assassin. On one hand we have a fellow-creature murdered—on the other a multitude brutalized. TAWELL growing grey at Macquarrie Harbour, would do far less evil than TAWELL hanging at Aylesbury.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS FOR MATHEMATICAL PRIZES.

Q. What is Horner's method of approximation?
A. Putting his thumb, for the sake of a plum, into a Christmas pie.
Q. What is a primitive root?
A. *Punch's* Root-too-tooit.
Q. What do you call a positive constant?
A. "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not," &c., in O'CONNELL's speeches.
Q. What is an arbitrary constant?
A. BROTHERTON's adjournment of the House.
Q. How do you find the difference of two or three quantities?
A. By keeping a cat, and allowing your servants followers.
Q. What is a variable element?
A. The fire in Talacre coal.
Q. What is the optical theory of interferences?
A. SIR JAMES GRAHAM's reading your letters.
Q. What is an imaginary quantity?
A. A pint of London milk.

INSTRUCTIONS TO RELIEVING OFFICERS.

UTIES of a Relieving Officer consist in relieving the poor in the spirit of the Poor Law—that is to say, he is to give as little relief with as much trouble as possible. For this purpose he should choose a convenient residence, say a dwelling equidistant about four miles from the house of the Union doctor, and from the extremity of his district. This will be very convenient for himself, as he will be troubled by few applications. It will be very inconvenient for his applicants—which it should be. Suppose a family to be starving; an order for food must be sent for, obtained, served, and then the food carried home. About three hours, at least, will thus have elapsed before the family can get anything to eat. This will teach them to take care how they get hungry again. In like manner, in a case of fever, three hours will be a nice time to wait—the patient will mind how he catches another fever.

The relieving officer is advised not to be too much at home; delay and disappointment tend to make paupers provident, and inculcate resignation on them into the bargain. Accordingly, he will also do well to make the most that he can of any technical objection to granting an order; in fact, he should never grant an order at all, unless under legal compulsion. The relief he affords should be as sparing as possible; he is not exactly to let his fellow-creatures perish, but if he does more for them, he exceeds his duty.

By following these directions, he will assist greatly in reducing the Poor's Rates, and thus approve himself truly a Relieving Officer, by relieving his respectable fellow-parishioners. No doubt, in the fulfilment of his mission, he will happen to have a death or two from starvation and want of medical attendance, laid, by sickly sentimentalists, at his door. He will be cursed by the needy, in the mistaken bitterness of their souls—an indignant Press will cry out upon him—unphilosophical common juries will occasionally cast reflections on his conduct. All these things he must expect; but the esteem of good men (in SHYLOCK's sense of the word), the favour of Somerset House, and, above all, the comfortable hope of his little salary being raised, will support him under his afflictions, and steel his heart to the execution of his duty.

VERY CONSOLING!

DR. RUSH, in a treatise on Sugar, maintains, that "in those countries where sugar is abundantly eaten, plagues are unknown." So that if sugar were abundantly eaten in England, we should get rid of the Polka.

Lives of some Eminent Physicians.

The subjects of the subjoined sketches have all occupied, or occupy, the situation of Physician-Extraordinary—and a very extraordinary sort of physicians they are—to the million. Their high scientific rank as experimentalists upon popular credulity will be a sufficient apology for laying their biographies before our readers. We shall begin with

Daffy.—This eminent practitioner was the discoverer of the Elixir which bears his name; and to which nothing in the Pharmacopœia corresponds; though Tinct: Gammon: Comp: if there were such a tincture, would come very near it. Daffy, or Taffy, was a Welchman, and we have no doubt that the nursery rhyme, which represents a person of that name and nation as being also a thief, relates to the subject of our memoir. For Daffy, it is said, flourished in the time of Merlin, the Magician, and stole, or cribbed, from that wizard the recipe for his specific; so that the "piece of beef," mentioned in the song, meant the bit of fat, so to speak, which he thus dishonestly boned. But it were as unjust to rob our Daffy of the honour of his discovery, as to deprive his great namesake, Sir Humphrey Daffy, or Davy, of that of the invention of the safety-lamp. The properties of the Elixir prove its author to have been no conjuror.

The genius of Daffy, no doubt, conceived it under difficulties—always great stimulants to genius. We believe, for our own part, that he devised it to meet a little bill. The pedigree of Daffy is traceable from Shenkin through the Ap Joneses to Caractacus, and thence to Adam. In justice to Daffy's memory, which has not yet been done to it, we hope some great composer will do a burlesque on the "*Elisir d'Amore*," to be called "*The Elixir of Daffy.*"

Dalby.—Dalby is thought to have been a female practitioner; at any rate, an old woman. She was one of the luminaries of the last century, and the prevailing superstition considered, it is wonderful that she did not shine in a tar-barrel, as a witch. She discovered the notorious Carminative: now, Carminative means a medicine which acts by a charm; in other words, by magic. The carmen, or charm, with which this medicine is administered, is "Lullaby baby," &c. There is no harm in that; but we cannot say as much of the Carminative: we have no children to try it on, and we should not think of doing so if we had. Dalby, according to tradition, discovered her Carminative by accident, having drunk something, by mistake, for brandy, that she found in the cupboard, at a surgeon's, to whose wife she was nurse. Her Carminative is one of those good things of which you may give a baby too much, in which case the child will want no second dose: but a little arsenic acts more speedily.

Godfrey.—This was also an individual of the fair sex, which, however, she did not adorn by any charms. Gullibility, labouring under dyspepsia, stands indebted to her for her Cordial. Surmise whispers that she was led to its discovery by a long series of experiments of the effects of cordials on herself; including gin-and-bitters, cloves, dog's-nose, doctor, and the like. The name of Godfrey is illustrious in connexion with Bouillon; and that of Mrs. G. is suggestive, if not of bullion, of its equivalent in hard cash in the shape of profits. Of her birth, parentage, and education, nothing is recorded; but we have all heard of Mother Godfrey, and certainly she must have been of an amiable disposition, to have earned the endearing nickname of Mother.

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITIONS.

Being desirous of furnishing the readers of *Punch* with a guide to the London amusements during the holidays, we determined to look in upon a few of the principal exhibitions; and having made for Piccadilly, we were attracted by a placard opposite Swan and Edgar's inviting us to pay a visit to the

MYSTERIOUS LADY.

On entering the room there was an air of mystery hanging over all the arrangements, but the most mysterious part of the business in our eyes, was how the exhibition could possibly pay when we ourselves comprised the whole of the audience. The room was very spacious, fitted up to accommodate about three hundred people, with double rows of chairs all round, but we—a couple of us—found ourselves alone with the proprietor. After waiting a few minutes to see if anybody else came—when nobody did—the exhibitor offered to show us a few rattlesnakes and some other odd trifles of a similar kind; but as we had some recollection of seeing a caravanful of people thrown into fits by a boa constrictor pulled out of a box as a *bonne bouche* in a show at Greenwich Fair, we declined the zoological part of the exhibition. We however proceeded to examine the contents of the apartment, and our attention was called to the portrait of a mammoth dog, who, we were told, used in his day to knock a man down by the mere wag of his tail, and we were therefore very glad to hear that the animal in question having died—was not among the treats in store for us.

After a short delay the Mysterious Lady made her appearance, having emerged from behind some white dimity curtains, which covered a recess at the end of the room. We received her with as much applause as could possibly be got up by a couple of walking-sticks and two pairs of Wellington boots. After which we selected two out of the three hundred chairs, and sat down to witness the performance.

The Mysterious Lady sat at some distance from us, and named the cards we drew from a pack presented to us for the purpose. We were then requested to state in a whisper what fish we should like for dinner. Being seized with a sudden *gout* for periwinkles, we specified in a very low tone of voice the salubrious fish alluded to. The Mysterious Lady was a little puzzled, but after guessing "cockles," she exclaimed "winkles," with the same air of delight evinced by the philosopher when he ran about ejaculating *Eureka* all over the neighbourhood.

We were then asked to notify in a whisper our favourite wine; when steeped as we daily are in Champagne, bored with Bordeaux, and satiated with Sauterne, we thought of and whispered the name of the humble Elder. The Mysterious Lady was again slightly puzzled, and evidently regarded us as a mysterious gentleman; but having first guessed Cider, she pounced upon Elder with remarkable readiness. Having turned her back, she described several articles put into a basket; a feat she performed in the presence of Her Majesty, who it is said threw down a copy of the Royal Speech, saying, "There! if the Mysterious Lady can make anything of that, she is indeed a wonder."

The exhibition will repay a visit, but from the look of the room when we were there it does not seem likely to repay the speculator. Allowing a shilling for coals, half the receipts of the performance at which we were present would be consumed by the firing alone, but it is to be hoped that the public does not always muster so thinly as on the occasion when We comprised in ourselves an entire British audience. Having seen the Mysterious Lady retire behind the bed-curtain, we repaired to the Egyptian Hall to witness the

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

This is indeed a very interesting exhibition; and, allowing for a few drawbacks, gives us a very good idea of the action. The field itself looks a good deal like an extensive door-mat, and the British heavy cavalry resemble those halfpenny tin soldiers which in our juvenile days we were in the habit of cherishing. There is the English line beautifully drawn up, with the runaway Belgians and Germans intended to form the left wing; but as that wing was of no use except to fly, the modeller has been saved the trouble of making it. The mode of showing that a man has been shot is exceedingly curious. He is represented with a little bundle of wool—intended to look like smoke—protruding from his bosom. A little gentleman made of tin with a leaden head was pointed out to us as Lord William Lennox, who, we were informed, came into the field as "an amateur," in which capacity he has since entered the field of literature. An individual smothered in wool was also referred to as Shaw the Life Guardsman, immortalised at Astley's in the Lambeth version of this glorious victory.

Lord William Lennox.

A dead soldier.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting part of the exhibition is the description given by the "Waterloo Men," two of whom are in attendance, to inform the public of the incidents. The following is as nearly as we could follow it, a specimen of the narrative, with which one of the veterans favoured us. "There between them two vacancies parallel with this here stick and flush with that ere gentleman opposite, is our columns. Advancing up right agin that bank, while Sir Thomas Picton—that's Sir Thomas Picton, that little figure among them guards—brings up the wan—but there you see is Kellerman's company dividing the wing, and them's the Scots Greys—you see them figures in the grey breeches. Further on we met the enemy's advance guard, straight agin the end of my stick, and then the Blues broke in upon them, as you see out there just under that bit of the frame of the model. Lower down in that hollow is the other part of the wing, and that's Sergeant Hewett, taking the standard out of the hands of the French officer. Where you see that scrimmidge is where we was with the British cavalry when Sir Dennis Pack's regiment routed them out in that direction. Down in the hollow you see Ponsonby's brigade. My eye, how they gave it 'em."

Such was the style of the very graphic account given by the "real Waterloo Man," which was, no doubt, wonderfully vivid to those who could make head or tail of it. As we were unfortunately not in that

category, we lost a good deal of the explanation of what is really an exhibition well worth going to.

Our next visit was to the British Institution, to view the

Exhibition of the Works of British Artists,

of which, as we cannot notice the whole 520 subjects, we must select a few for critical examination :—

18. *His Majesty George IV. visiting the Field of Waterloo, attended by his Grace the Duke of Wellington.*—This picture is by HAYDON ; and it is sufficient to immortalise the artist. No one could say that he will "die and make no sign," for he will leave behind him a sign, or what ought to be a sign, in this extraordinary picture.

25. *Reynard marking Partridges.*—There is a pleasing uncertainty as to the nature of the animal in this picture ; but following the example of a worthy predecessor, who, when he painted a lion, wrote under it "*this is a lion*," MR. HANCOCK has called his brute Reynard, and thus declared that a fox is what it was intended for.

123. *Liberation of Gilbert à Beckett.*—By the description attached to this picture we are told that "GILBERT À BECKETT, whilst fighting under the Norman banner in Palestine, was made prisoner," when "a Saracen Maid, becoming enamoured of him, contrived to effect his release." This makes a very nice picture ; but we are authorised to contradict the description in the most unequivocal terms, and to state that MR. GILBERT À BECKETT never fought under the Norman or any other banner, either in Palestine or elsewhere ; while the little bit of romance about the Saracen Maid is so far from the truth, that he never even had a Saracen Maid in his service. The person alluded to is doubtlessly LORD BATEMAN.

126. *A Study.*—This consists of some half-dozen mulattoes' heads, and it ought to be called "a brown study," if it were named properly.

129. *On the Holland's Deep.*—Though this picture is by the eminent STANSFIELD, we cannot say much for the sea, which looks more like milk-and-water than the briny element. It has just such an appearance as might be expected from a lot of smugglers having been detected in trying to "run" a cargo of magnesia, and having thrown it all overboard.

140. *Rhodes. The Colossus is presumed to have stood on the right of the White Tower.*—When we hear anything said of Rhodes, we naturally think of the Colossus, and a picture of Rhodes ; with the Colossus left out, is consequently a good deal like the tragedy of *Hamlet*, with the part of *Hamlet* omitted. The artist has left the Colossus to be painted by the mind's eye ; but it is not every one who can thrust a paint brush at a minute's notice into his mental vision to supply a gap in a picture.

145. *The Departure for the Battle.*—This is a representation of a tall hulking fellow in armour, with a flannel waistcoat put on over his steel breastplate, to show probably that he has a greater taste for being coddled up than for carnage. He is taking reluctant leave of a young lady in a Polka pelisse, (one of those usually marked 1*l.* 10*s.*,) and it is evident that the warrior in the flannel waistcoat would not go to battle if he had any means of procuring a substitute. He looks like a militia man who is called out, but does not receive satisfaction.

155. *Lorenzo and Jessica.*—This is a bit of composition in which Lorenzo's leg seems to form no part of his body. The picture might have been called—a fancy portrait of an Independent Member.

191. *Shakspeare's last Evening with his friends, Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton.*—Judging from the sort of entertainment SHAKSPEARE appears to be getting, it is not to be wondered at that he made that evening his *last* with his friends, BEN JONSON and MICHAEL DRAYTON. There is nothing to eat, and, apparently, nothing to talk about. SHAKSPEARE looks melancholy, while his friends regard him as if they were saying internally, "I wish he'd go," and altogether the affair has a most dismal aspect.

225. *The Forsaken.*—This is a bit of ETTY's happy caricaturing, and would have made an admirable large cut for *Punch*, for it represents a young lady pitched head-foremost over a precipice. If ETTY had made the figure Britannia, and the precipice Protection, we should, on the strength of the artist's name, have received the drawing if it had been offered to us. If Mr. ETTY means to continue to paint "in this style," we shall be very happy to hear from him.

279. *The Riddle.*—This is what it professes to be, and we accordingly give it up. We should recommend the artist to give it up also.

299. *The New Bonnet.*—It is not often we meet with a picture so unexceptionable, in every respect, as this would be, for a sign for a Cranbourne Alley bonnet shop.

THE NEW BONNET.

445. *Caractacus before Claudius.* — The artist has given us the old conventional notion of CARACTACUS—namely, a man nearly naked, with his hands encircled by a jack-chain. In the description we are told "CARACTACUS closed the melancholy train." One would infer from this that CARACTACUS had got a situation as policeman on the Birmingham railroad, and "closing the melancholy train," meant shutting the door of the second class carriages.

467. *A Concert of Cats.*—This picture contains a large variety of cats, including the Angola, the Tom, the Tortoiseshell and the Tabby. It is impossible to have selected a better subject for proving an artist's anxiety to come boldly to the scratch.

Such are a few of the pictures in this Exhibition, which comprises much that is good, more that is bad, and most that is indifferent. As we like not only to temper justice with mercy, but to season even mercy with a good lump of the saccharine of praise, we must not omit to say that *The Widow's Benefit-Night* (No. 59), is a perfect gem, by F. GOODALL, and that *A Scene from the Sentimental Journey*, by W. P. FRITH, (No. 442) is in point of conception and execution an admirable picture.

There are a few more of which we could make honourable mention, and we therefore advise every artist—though no artist will require the hint—to fancy that his is one of the pictures we should have specially praised if we had the space and time for doing so.

PUNCH'S RAILWAY PROSPECTUS.

GREAT NORTH POLE RAILWAY,

Forming a junction with the Equinoctial line, with a branch to the horizon.

Capital, two hundred millions. Deposit, threepence.

DIRECTORS AT THE NORTH POLE.

JACK FROST, Esq., Chairman of the North-west Passage.
BARON ICEBERG, Keeper of the Great Seal on the Northern Ocean.

DIRECTOR AT THE HORIZON.

HUGH DE RAINBOW, Admiral of the Red, Blue, and Orange, &c. &c.

DIRECTORS IN LONDON.

SIMON SCAMP, Esq., Chairman of the East Jericho Junction Railway.
THOMAS TRAPPER, Esq., Director of the General Aerial Navigation Company.
SIR EDWARD ALIAS, Non-Resident-Director of the Equitable Coal and Slate Association.

(*With power to add to their number, by taking in as many as possible.*)

THE proposed line will take the horizon for its point of departure, and, passing over the equator, will terminate at the North Pole, which will be the principal station of the Company.

It is calculated that sunbeams may be conveyed along the line by a new process, which PROFESSOR TWADDLE has been employed by the provisional committee to discover ; and the professor's report will be laid before the subscribers at the very earliest opportunity.

By bringing the equator within a week of the North Pole, and co-operating with the proprietors of the Great Equinoctial Line, the advantages to the shareholders will be so obvious, that it is hardly necessary to allude to them.

It is calculated that the mere luggage traffic, in bringing up ice from the North Pole to the London market, will return a profit of 65 per cent. on the capital.

Should any unforeseen circumstance occur to prevent the Railway being carried out, the deposit will be returned, on application to MESSRS. WALKER, GAMMON, and Co., Solicitors to the Company, at their temporary offices, in Leg Alley.

HONESTY.

AN old gentleman applied to an Insurance-Office to purchase an annuity of 300*l.* payable at the expiration of the Income-tax. The Office most honourably declined the purchase, on the ground that their table of averages containing no rate of insurance small enough for such a remote period.

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

THE *Standard* says that Sir ROBERT PEEL administered to BEN D'ISRAELI "the most terrific castigation" ever delivered by man. The *National* says SOULT thrashed WELLINGTON dreadfully at Toulouse.

Great National Exhibition.

We understand that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have it in contemplation to place a showman at Charing Cross, for the purpose of explaining the extraordinary exhibition which there presents itself. The difficulty experienced by the public in comprehending the arrangements renders this course exceedingly desirable, and, in order to aid so laudable a design, we beg leave to offer the following graphic description, in language adapted to the popular comprehension, to be spoken in the character of a showman by the functionary who may be appointed to the important office :—

"Aye !—Aye !—here ! Walk up and see the wonderfullest exhibition in all London. Look straight afore you, and you will see the National Gallery, with a lanthorn at each end, intended to throw a light upon the arts. Underneath is a grand hallegorical representation in honour of the naval greatness of England. Look to the right, and you will see an equestrian statue of George the Fourth, supposed to be in the uniform of the Horse Marines, so as to be in character with the nautical natur of the scene around. If you look a little lower down, you will see a pair of aquatic dumb waiters, waiting, like poor dumb creaturs as they are, for a draft of water to be supplied to them. If you look straightforard right afore your werry eyes, you will see a model of one of Palmer's patent candlesticks without the glass shade at the top. On the extreme summit is the himmortal Nelson a turning hof his back on the whole concern, and haxin the horse of King Charles what is his opinion consarnin of it. Aye !—aye !—here !—here !—be in time ! "

THE UNCLES OF ENGLAND.*

Perhaps of all the varieties of relationship into which mankind is divided, none claims our gratitude or obtains our *interest* so freely as Our Uncles. They may be truly said to represent the benevolence of the country ; for it is the business of their lives to lend. They amass wealth with no other object than to distribute it amongst their fellow-creatures in small loans, provided the security be good. Theirs is the delightful privilege of helping the needy and succouring the distressed, at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum. They set up tabernacles in bye-places to do "good by stealth ;" and—when the interest they take in, or rather from, the objects of their benevolence is too excessive to be hidden from the magistracy and the people—they "blush to find it fame." They are, in truth, a shrinking, modest, and—to judge from the frequency with which they give up business and live in the country—a retiring race. They tremble lest their good deeds should be blazoned too openly ; and, with a delicate regard to the feelings of the poor, screen their necessities from public gaze by inviting them to bolt themselves into small temporary habitations.

In this free, merry, and happy land the Uncles are numerous, though their nephews predominate ; for it is a law of nature that cozeners should be fewer than cousins. The Uncles of England are in fact the active agents of a grand system of Nepotism : they allure all sorts and conditions of men into the bonds of relationship, and are ever anxious to provide, that is to do, for them. The deed of family contract generally consists of a diminutive pasteboard indenture, and the ceremony observed is nearly the same as that anciently followed in love-plights ; only instead of a coin being severed the card is cut in half, each party keeping a moiety. By this affecting formula the pledge is taken, and the pledger taken in—amongst the large family of those who have so often occasion to speak in affectionate terms of "My Uncle." And no wonder ! for his first act is to provide you with a little ready-money.

Nor does his friendly care end here : his regard for your welfare is almost paternal. He checks extravagance, and enforces economy ; he takes care of your little superfluities, relieves your wife of the bother of locking up her jewels, and puts by your clothes in the neatest manner, so that you may not wear the nap off.

The manifold obligations I am under to my own private and particular Uncle here inspired me with the following poetical tribute to the virtues of the entire race. I honour and esteem them. They have been liberal relatives to myself and wife. But for them, we should have often gone without wine with our dinner, and been obliged to stay away from many an evening party for the want of means to pay the hackney-coachman. Thank Heaven ! in this favoured country, while one has a spare coat or a superfluous snuff-box, one need never want a sovereign to spend, or an Uncle to lend it.

* Being hints for a new work by the Author of the "Mothers," "Daughters," "Fourth Cousins," and "Grand Nephews" of England.

MY UNCLE.

Who, by a transmutation bold,
Turns clothes or watches, new and old,
Or any other goods, to gold ?—
My Uncle !

Who, by a duplication rare,
Makes Hunger's chattels (scant and bare)
Produce first cash, and then good fare ?—
My Uncle !

Who, when my credit got quite low,
Handed me cash on Jane's *trousseau*,
And lent a suite of paste for show ?—
My Uncle !

Who caused her silks our mouths to fill,
And made my full-dress shirt with frill
Discharge a fortnight's butcher's bill ?
My Uncle !

When creditors, a ruthless crew,
Had "small accounts just coming due,"
Who stopped their clamorous tongues ? Why you,
My Uncle !

And when attorneys round me pressed
With writs of judgment and arrest,
Who set for weeks their quills at rest ?
My Uncle !

Who lent us hundreds three and four,
And kindly kept our plate secure,
When we commenced our foreign tour ?
My Uncle !

Boulogne-sur-Mer, March, 1845.

INTERROGATORIES FOR PLAYERS.

What do actors and actresses mean by saying, "Skee-yi," "Blee-yew, "Kee-yind," and "Dis-gyee—ise," for Sky, Blue, Kind, and Disguise ? Are the ladies and gentlemen in question aware that all those words are words of one syllable, except the last, which has two, and of which they make three ? Are they ignorant of these facts, or do they think it fine or elegant thus to tamper with the Queen's English ? If they do, let Punch seriously assure them that they are mistaken ; he very much wishes that they would break themselves of this habit, which he can never go to a theatre without being annoyed by. Especially has he to complain of certain "Walking Gentlemen ;" to whom he would feel greatly obliged if they would pay a little more attention to their Walker.

ASTRONOMICAL RUNNERS.

The Astronomical Detective Force have been very active in pursuit of the new comet. He was last seen off Ursa Major ; and, after looking in upon Mars, was traced as far as Gemini. This sign, it has since been proved, he left, to enter one of the Houses of the Zodiac, where he stopped some time to have a pull with Aquarius. The last report is, that he has been lost in the Milky way. To ascertain this, Professor South is busy dragging it with one of Dollond's telescopes in its deepest parts. No reward has yet been offered by the authorities at Greenwich for his apprehension ; but we have not the slightest doubt ourselves, if they only leave the comet alone, that, like the sheep of little Bo-peep, "he'll come home and bring his tail behind him."

GALVANIC ABSURDITIES.

A celebrated Professor, of Brunswick-square, who may be called the Champion of the Galvanic Ring, declares that the circulation of the starry system is altogether so perfect, that the rings of Saturn must be "galvanic rings !" Bravo ! We shall next be told that the "ring at Astley's" is galvanic ; or we suppose this Professor, in his ardour to reduce everything to galvanism, would, if he were assaulted, call it "an assault and galvanic battery."

AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

The Victoria and Albert yacht has been sent out in company with some other vessels on a trial cruise ; the orders being that they are "to look for a gale." We understand that Dr. Reid offered to attend on board with his ventilating apparatus, to be ready in the event of Boreas making a default. The Doctor's anxiety to raise the wind cannot be for a moment doubted, though his ability to do so is quite another question.

LIBERAL REWARD.

EDWARD, EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, has presented a fine sword to SIR CHARLES NAPIER, Governor of Scinde, SIR CHARLES's own weapon being, no doubt, worn out in cutting down the enemy at Hyderabad and Meeanee.

As EDWARD, EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, thus generously rewards the officer who gained his Lordship's victories in India, let us hope he will pay a compliment to those who fought his battles at home.

LORD BROUGHAM is looking out for something handsome.

THE HANGMAN'S "MORAL LESSONS."

THE world has a great loss in the early execution of TAWELL. That world which, day after day, has looked for "the Salt-Hill murder" with an interest and curiosity scarcely awakened by the chronicler of the *Court Circular;* which has not felt itself quite at ease until assured of the kind of night passed by the assassin; whether he slept much or little; and whether, on rising for the day, he partook of breakfast with his wonted gusto, or delicately dallied with his tea and toast; whether his dinner was served him from an Aylesbury inn, or the prison kitchen; whether he read or wrote; whether he spoke much, or was taciturn; whether his spirits were placid and hopeful; or whether, in sooth, they desponded to the death.

The world, we say, has been too suddenly deprived of a subject of absorbing and most humanising interest, by the mortal manipulation of hangman CALCRAFT. The murderer, yet living, was made by the industry and benevolence of the press, a dainty daily dish to set before a most thinking public. *L'appétit vient en mangeant.* Every day brought with it a new relish to all matters, real and apocryphal, associated with the blood-shedder. For how many weeks have certain ingenious, industrious scribes, like the king of old, lived on poison! How have certain artists, to create and meet the public appetite, tried to paint the moral Ethiop a still deeper black; how have old iniquities, done by certain unknown somebodies, been sought out, and for a time been very confidently tried upon TAWELL, as assuredly belonging to him; and then ingenuously cast aside, confessed to be misfits! For a time, he was a sort of criminal dummy, on which any imagined wickedness might be hung. His first wife and sons died suddenly: they must have been poisoned by the husband and father! Oh no! their illness was lingering, and was watched by the most skilful physicians. Some years ago, a rogue in Quaker's drab cheated somebody in Cornwall: no doubt the rogue was TAWELL. The somebody having, by the grace of the *Pictorial Times*, seen TAWELL's portrait—travels, it may be from the Land's-End, to confront the original at Aylesbury. No: again a mistake. TAWELL is not to be seen; but it is proved that the Cornish rascal wrote a large, bold hand; whereas the murderer's calligraphy is small and delicate, and he is therefore judged to be not the man. All this, however, is of no matter. The blacking of yesterday is rubbed off, only to admit of new blacking to-day. It is necessary, for a great moral purpose, that the homicide should be kept continually in the world's eye; the world expects it, and naturally looks for some new particulars: every morning yearns for such relish with its breakfast bacon.

And after such fashion are we taught a horror of blood-shedding! We are called into the cell of the assassin; we are required to give earnest attention to his every look—his every syllable—to note down the cut and colour of his clothes; to chronicle in our memory what he eats and what he drinks,—that we may, with all our heart and all our soul, the more intensely loathe and abominate the "deep damnation" of his guilt. The more we know of the pettiest doings of a murderer, the greater our horror of murder! Our virtue is marvellously strengthened by the gossip of the condemned cell.

It would not accord with the "ends of justice," or the wounded dignity of human nature, to cast a veil over the miserable homicide from the moment of his conviction until the final expiation of his crime. Oh, no! we must have the daily chit-chat of the gaol. Such knowledge is a tonic to the world's goodness. And when the execution comes, certain worthy people, like the Gravesend pilgrims noticed in our last, travel to the gallows, that their virtue may be further sweetened by the dying breath of the murderer.

The crime, too, in proportion to its fiend-like wickedness, casts a peculiar interest about the evil-doer. Murder may be a poor, small, sneak-up crime, almost unworthy of the quill of the penny-a-liner. It may, too, assume a dignity and importance that, in his inspiration, shall astonish even him with new eloquence; now breathing words of fire, and now dropping syllables of honey.

We are told that, in the case of TAWELL, the governor of the gaol refused the proffered assistance of several convicts, desirous of trying their "'prentice hand" on the culprit at Aylesbury, and resolved—

"Contrary to his original intention, upon having the assistance of CALCRAFT, in order that *no unfortunate occurrence* shall attend the exit of one *to whom public attention is so earnestly and generally directed.*"

Had TAWELL been a small, very plebeian murderer, he might have been consigned to an amateur Jack Ketch. But no; the greatness of his atrocity had secured him a right to the very best professional assistance, although in the end the poor wretch was cruelly dealt with by the dullards in authority.

The writer, whom we have just quoted, next dilates upon the gallows itself—eloquently, tenderly:

"The gallows, which has not been in requisition since one THOMAS BATE was hung for murder on the 31st of March, 1837, needs but little fitting and adjustment. *Its huge black members* have been brought from their *obscure resting-place*, and examined *and dusted for to-morrow's service.*"

It is a great satisfaction—a great relief to an enlightened public, wrought beyond itself by a most laudable curiosity, to know that the gallows "is dusted!" We doubt not there are many enthusiasts who would treasure the duster, enriched with such interesting particles!

The gallows chronicler proceeds:—

"Two upright beams slip into iron fastenings at each end, and a cross-beam connects them. Upon the surface of *this sturdy rail* are three indentations, made by the ropes by which former malefactors have been hung. The equal distances between these bruises on the wood *were regulated by chalk-marks, which still remain.* The centre inequality *on the face of the gallows-tree* was made many years ago by a man of enormous weight, who was hung for sheep-stealing."

It is something for the world to know all this. They are savoury tit-bits of gossip, that whet and give a zest to the public appetite, hungry for a hanging. The world, however, has been well supplied of late with the great moral examples said to blossom on the gallows. SIR JAMES GRAHAM, with a benevolence that endears him to the country, and will hallow his name in its history, especially chooses the day of a great Christian holiday for an execution. On the two past Easter Mondays has he hanged a man, doubtless, with the excellent intention of awakening in the minds of holiday-makers a seriousness that shall healthfully act against the temptations of the season. First Newgate, and then Greenwich Fair and Stepney!

The *Times'* reporter, speaking of the execution of TAPPING, says—"The large majority seemed to have made their pilgrimage to Newgate the opening of a day's holiday!" Excellent SIR JAMES! He never neglects the pleasures of the people! Turning the *Times'* page, we next light upon two striking evidences of the great moral example of hanging: for, at Guildhall, a lad, named RICHARD LEE, is arraigned for stealing a silk handkerchief "while looking at the hanging corpse;" and JACOB LAZAMS, aged 26, is charged with filching an eye-glass "under the same circumstances." Truly, we think such pilfering shows the hangman to be a great moral teacher.

TAWELL was, it seems, executed in his Quaker dress. It has been said that the body of Friends petitioned against his assumption of their garb upon the scaffold. If true, we think they betrayed a sensitiveness unworthy of their high and simple character. Whilst, however, we do all honour to their many noble and virtuous qualities, we do not wholly sympathise with that alacrity which prompts them to the renunciation of an erring brother. A sect obtains a reputation for goodness somewhat cheaply, if it inexorably cuts off every transgressing member.

MR. SMITH'S REASONS FOR NOT SENDING HIS PICTURES TO THE EXHIBITION.

KNOWING much consternation prevails in the artistical world on account of MR. SMITH'S determination to withdraw from the Academy, he has kindly permitted us to publish the reasons of his retirement, as he wrote them to an affectionate relative at his native town of Bullock-smithy :—

"*Newman Street, March* 25.

"MY DEAREST AUNT,

"You ask me why I prefer to exhibit my pictures at my native Art-Union of Bullocksmithy, rather than to send them to the Royal Academy, London, where, as you state with perfect justice, they would be sure of the very first prize.

"'Our gracious Sovereign,' you say, 'is an acknowledged and enlightened patroness of the Fine Arts, and, in the course of her visit to the Royal Academy, would be sure to fix *the very first thing* upon my dear SEBASTIAN'S *charming and sublime* pieces.' And then you fall into an Alnaschar train of imagination, picturing me to yourself as hob-and-nob with all the Grandees at the Palace, making my fortune there—advanced to the honour of knighthood—captivating a maid of honour, &c. Fond dreams these of fond old women!

"That my works are of the first order, I acknowledge. Every man who frequents our club at the Thunderbolt and Snuffers, says so; I think so myself; and the Editor of the Art-Union has told me they are an honour to our age and country. That they are likely to please even Royalty I admit with loyal pride. The subjects are admirable, the drawing faultless, and the colouring—but I am too modest to speak about *that*.

"In a word, it is in order that our august Court may NOT see them that I prefer exhibiting at Bullocksmithy rather than in London.

"Suppose His Royal Highness takes a gracious fancy to them,—I speak with the utmost respect,—but I am a done man.

"Suppose he says to me, 'MR. SMITH, you are a man of astonishing genius; your picture from "The Vicar of Wakefield" is quite a new subject; send it to the Palace, and begin forthwith two pictures of four hundred figures, each as large as life, to be painted in fresco round a kennel I am building.'

"Suppose, I say, His Royal Highness graciously gives me the above order,—What can I do? I send my picture from 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and receive a cheque for ten pounds from His Royal Highness's respected Secretary. This is very well; but, my dear Aunt, old BOBUS, the butcher, of Bullocksmithy, would give me forty pounds for the very same picture. I yield in loyalty to no man on this earth. I adore my Queen, my Prince, and my Royal Family. When I see HER MAJESTY going to the drawing-room or to open Parliament, I hurrah so, that I am sure I wonder the horses are not frightened. When I sold my picture to an eminent publisher for 200 guineas (money, 5*l.*; new prints, 205*l.*), what did I take? Why, nineteen different portraits of my Sovereign, sixteen of PRINCE ALBERT, twelve (after LANDSEER) of the Royal dogs, and two of the Royal children. I have them all framed and glazed in my studio. I am notorious in the whole profession, and called loyal SMITH.

"Well, I say,—yielding in loyalty to no man, and adoring my Queen—I prefer selling my picture to BOBUS for forty, (please tell him he may have it at that price), rather than disposing of it to my august Sovereign for a fourth part of the sum. Why should I make my Prince a present of thirty guineas? I blush at the very idea.

"Now then, take the second proposition in the paragraph beginning—'SMITH, you are a man of genius, &c.,' which I suppose his Royal Highness to utter, upon seeing my works at the Academy. I have sent home the picture, and begin on the great composition. I fling the whole force of my tremendous intellect upon the piece. I labour five-and-twenty hours a day. I exhaust the Life Guards in models, and my purse in paying for them. I finish my work, and I get thirty pounds in a compliment.

"You are incredulous—but so it is. Four of the greatest painters in England were so treated last year; and though I yield to no man in ardent attachment to the House of Hanover, I own I prefer painting for BOBUS.

"And to crown all, my dear aunt, suppose (as you do) that I am one of the greatest painters that this country or Europe ever saw—a veteran in art, looked up to and honoured by my scholars—one to whose genius a nation, and surely a young Prince, may pay reverence; and suppose—poor as I am, yet anxious to pay honour where it is due—I make my young Prince a present of a noble picture—and suppose, in return, my young Prince has the picture *torn down from the wall, and its place filled by an inferior hand*—I should not like to see the rage in which my beloved aunt would be at such treatment of her SEBASTIAN, and without bating a tittle of my attachment to the Star of Brunswick, I must say that I should not be exactly pleased myself to encounter such treatment.

"I have thus made you acquainted with my reasons for preferring Bullocksmithy. I should not like my temper to be tried by any such event as that I have hinted at; and though nothing could shake my reverence for the House of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha, yet my feelings would be wounded were I placed in the above position.

"With my ardent love for everything connected with monarchy, I prefer thus to remain apart. I am a romantic being. I love to think of the golden days of our profession, when RUBENS rode with fifty gentlemen in his train, and an Emperor stooped to pick up TITIAN'S mahl-stick: and when LEONARDO came to see FRANCIS THE FIRST, he was not treated like a flunky, and RAFFAELLE, I have heard, was considered fit company for their Eminences of Rome. Just for once, I *should* like to hear of an artist being invited to Court—it may be a wild wish—it may be disrespectful to my Sovereign—but I can't help indulging in it. Enough of this, however—it is improper perhaps, under present altered circumstances, to speak of the treatment of RAFFAELLES and TITIANS by august Sovereigns now no more; yet I can't but say (always rallying round the glorious banner of the Guelphs as I do) I grieve to think that a Prince should be found in England, who patronises art by turning *our* TITIAN out of doors.

"Ever, my dear Aunt's
"Affectionate nephew,
"SEBASTIAN SMITH."

"P.S.—The basket of 'still life' came safe to hand. SNYDERS never painted a finer hare in his life."

LEGISLATIVE DIETETICS.

As the Swiss Legislative Diet is an object of such interest at present, our readers will thank us for the information we are about to furnish of the Legislative Diets of France and England, in a table of the quantities and qualities of refreshment consumed at the *buvette*, or bar, of the Chamber of Deputies; with a parallel return from our own BELLAMY'S, which we owe to the ever-ready courtesy of the head-waiter.

Buvette of the Chamber, daily.		*Bellamy's nightly.*	
Broth, (vegetable and weak) (equal to 10 quarts).	10 litres	Soup (animal and strong)	80 basins
Milk	8 do.	Brandy (with and without)	110 goes
Sirop de Gomme	6 do.	Liqueurs (various)	70 glasses
Groseille (gooseberry water)	4 do.	Gintwist (*à la Murphy*)	60 tumblers
Orgeat	5 do.	Pale Ale	40 bottles
Bordeaux	2 bottles	Port	90 do.
Burgundy	3 do.	Sherry, Claret, Hock, &c.	80 do.
Meat, &c.	0	Steaks, Chops, Cutlets, &c., (about 140 lbs of meat per noctam.)	

Perhaps the acrimonious and ill-natured tone of the French Deputies may be, in some measure, due to the acidity of their drink, and the innutritious qualities of their refreshments. The "Syrup of Gum" is, we are informed, principally consumed by Ministers and their official adherents, and it is to the sticky effects of this beverage (gum-water sweetened) that we may attribute the tenacity with which they stick to their places. The milk, (in the proportion of nine *litres* of asses' to one of human kindness), is, we believe, used principally by the Deputies of the *gauche*.

The English table exhibits a striking contrast to the French; owing in some measure, no doubt, to the fact of many of our excellent members dining and supping at BELLAMY'S, while the Deputies' *buvette* opens with the debates at two and closes, by sound of dinner-bell, at six. However Justice may fare, it is clear that Legislation goes on better after dinner than before it. Digestion requires coolness, and it is impossible to be malignantly patriotic after a well-dressed and heartily-eaten meal. Were it not for BELLAMY'S, the country gentlemen ere this would have been in open rebellion. If LOUIS-PHILIPPE wants to make the Opposition more manageable, he should try our plan. If he paid for the dinners of the ministerial party it would be all the better.

The absence of "whiskey" from the English table, is no doubt owing to the patriotic Parliamentary absenteeism of the Irish members.

SIR J. BOWLEY AND HIS CHILDREN.

We understand that, during the Easter Holydays, Sir Robert Peel gave an experimental entertainment, founded on the last new tariff, to the poor in his immediate neighbourhood. The provisions included most of the luxuries on which the duty has just been repealed, and the hospitable board groaned beneath the weight of whale's fins, fustic, and other similar delicacies, which the Premier's policy has rendered accessible to his poorer countrymen. Besides this munificent repast, every poor family was allowed two pounds of beef-wood, four ounces of divi-divi, a couple of hoofs, a quarter-of-a-pound of bees'-wax, and a quart of generous sanguis draconis to wash them down with.

We understand that the Premier will endeavour to introduce fustic as an article of general consumption among the labourers on his estate, and will distribute ginseng to all who will pledge themselves to eat it.

These are real proofs of what Sir Robert Peel has done for the poor man by the new tariff.

Genteel Christianity.

The dear delicious *Court Circular* contains the following announcement:—

"The Bishop of London held a confirmation on Maunday Thursday, of the *juvenile nobility and gentry*, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was present. About thirty of the juvenile nobility and gentry were confirmed. The Earl of Ripon and the Countess of Jersey were among the nobility present."

Who can say the church is in danger after this?

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

Alderman Gibbs has elected himself again as Churchwarden of St. Stephen's, Walbrook! We should not be at all surprised to hear of his going down to Westminster Abbey some fine morning, and crowning himself King of England.

Proverbs in Stones.

The inhabitants of Threadneedle Street are congratulating themselves upon the certainty of getting their old pavement back again. We only advise them "not to halloo before they are safely out of the *wood*."

Punch's Noy's Maxims.

HEN many join in one act, the law says it is the act of him who could best do it, and that the thing should be done by those of best skill.—Thus, if there are six supernumeraries standing on the stage, and one tragedian, during the act of a tragedy, they all join in the act, but it is the act of the actor and not of the supernumeraries. So, if there be nine tailors employed in making a coat, it is the act of one man, "For," says Coke, "if I am asked who made my coat, I cannot answer—Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, Doe, Roe, Thompson, Dobson, and Johnson, though it be true that they have all had a hand in it. But if Doe is the master, and Roe and the others are the men, I say that Doe made the coat; but otherwise, if Roe is the master, and Doe, with his fellows, the men, for then I say, marry, it was Roe that made my coat." By the bye, it has been settled that though property in tail cannot come to a man till he is of full age, a coat in tail may come to a youth of fourteen; and it is not usual to cut off the tail afterwards.

39. *When two titles concur, the elder shall be preferred.*—This maxim has given rise to some dispute, and a curious case was once put in the following terms:—"Suppose I have two sorts of wine, and the titles of both concur, both of them being called red wine, though one happens to be port, and the other elder." It then becomes a question whether the elder is to be preferred, a question, which all the best judges during the evening sittings have agreed to answer in the negative."

40. *By an acquittance for the last payment all other arrearages are discharged.*—Thus, a receipt from your tailor would be, *primâ facie*, a discharge to all your other debts, because your tailor's bill is the last payment you would think of making.

SUCCESS TO POISON!

The subjoined is an extract from a late number of the *Carlisle Journal*:—

The Spring Assizes.—At Carlisle, on the 25th ult., Thomas Robertshaw, commonly called "The Old Soldier," was tried on a charge of *causing the death* of John Coulthard, stonemason, aged 21, by administering to him three grains of corrosive sublimate and thirty of jalap. The prisoner had for some time been an irregular medical practitioner—a mixture of the physician and the apothecary. Here is a copy of one of his prescriptions:—"2 scroupls golep and gros of suflenent!" To a railway-labourer he recommended (according to the man's own account) about half a wheat-corn of "crow's supplement!" The jury convicted the prisoner, but recommended him to mercy! He was sentenced to four months' hard labour!"

Had the "Old Soldier" unlawfully killed a pheasant instead of a stonemason, four months' imprisonment, as the law stands, would have been a light punishment. The jury recommended him to mercy. Well; he certainly had the advantage of being tried by his peers, or fellows, for what but fellow-feeling could have made them so wondrous kind? There is only one thing which puzzles us more than their recommendation, and that is, that the Judge, Mr. Justice Coltman, attended to it. Either he must hold a stonemason's life very cheap; or else the "Old Soldier" must, to speak in the vernacular, have come himself over the Bench most prodigiously.

Next in criminality, we should think, to the man who administers what he knows to be poison, is he who gives what is poison for aught he knows. Really, when a good opportunity occurs of sending such gentlemen as the "Old Soldier" out of the country, it ought to be taken. It is the only mode that we have of getting rid of them, or are likely to have, if Graham's Bill becomes law. That measure will prohibit a quack from poisoning people under the name of doctor; but what will that matter to the "Old Soldier?" When he comes out of gaol, he need only adhere to his title to be empowered to prescribe "golep" and "crow's supplement" to anybody. But it is very hard, Sir James Graham, is it not, not to be allowed to take "crow's supplement" and "golep" if one chooses? You would give, would you not, to every "Old Soldier" a *carte blanche* for prescriptions, even of arsenic, or prussic acid, in any orthography, and no matter in what dose. You are partial to the veteran regiment that boasts of private Robertshaw. Surely, as you say, the pleasures of cheating and being cheated are equal, even when loss of money is accompanied by loss of life.

IMPORTANT THEATRICAL ARRIVALS.

Monsieur St. George, a French dramatist, is announced to be on the eve of arriving in England, for the purpose of supplying a programme for Balfe's next opera. We should have thought that the programme might have been sent over by the post for tenpence, without Monsieur St. George being at the expense of coming personally to England to superintend the matter; which seems almost as superfluous as if Day and Martin were to go over to Paris with a bottle of blacking to superintend the polishing of somebody's boots with it. However, as Monsieur St. George is coming, it is right that his reception in this country should be on a scale commensurate with his own genius, and the heavy debt that the English Drama owes to him.

The Dramatic Authors' Society will, it is expected, be foremost in giving him a hearty welcome, and there are even whispers of a dinner—though where it is to come from heaven only knows—being offered to the French dramatist by the body alluded to. In the event of the banquet coming off, the dishes will, of course, all be taken from the French, in compliment to the guest; and from the skill shown by some of the English dramatic authors in cooking up French dishes, a treat may be expected. It is understood that Mr. Balfe will preside at a barrel organ, and will play some of his own peculiar variations on other people's popular melodies.

Mr. Bunn will, of course, present Monsieur St. George with the freedom of Drury Lane in a private box immediately on his arrival in England.

THE MOMENT OF INSPIRATION.

A Butcher Rewarded.

The French papers tell us that Queen Victoria has sent, through our ambassador in Paris, a handsome gold snuff-box and a letter to the French butcher, M. Rolland, thanking him for the present *bœuf gras!* After him, it would not surprise us if even some of our English poets, in the hope of royal reward, turned butchers.

FRAMING HIS CALCULATIONS.

We can guess Sir Robert Peel's motive for taking the duty off glass. He wishes to try the experiment whether the revenue cannot be raised, like a cucumber, by means of that material.

THE FOUNTAINS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

"UMBRELLA! SIR? BUY OR BORROW ONE? YOU'LL FIND IT NECESSARY GOING TO THE FOUNTAINS."

We regret to state that these fountains are not likely to repay the extreme anxiety that the public has manifested regarding them. There has been a cry of water for the last few months, but it is found that the only effect of laying on the water is to inundate and splash the public to an extent that is truly frightful. When the fountains are in full play, the slightest gust of wind blows a quantity of liquid over the passengers, dealing destruction to their hats and bonnets. As it is found impossible to stand and admire the playing of the fountains without being subjected to a ducking, we should suggest that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests establish a sort of umbrella station for the purpose of letting out *parapluies* to those persons who are disposed to witness the grand exhibition. When the fountains first commenced playing, the sight would appear to have been somewhat affecting, for there was not a dry eye among the bystanders; but, on looking closer into the matter, it was found that the moisture arose from spray rather than sentiment.

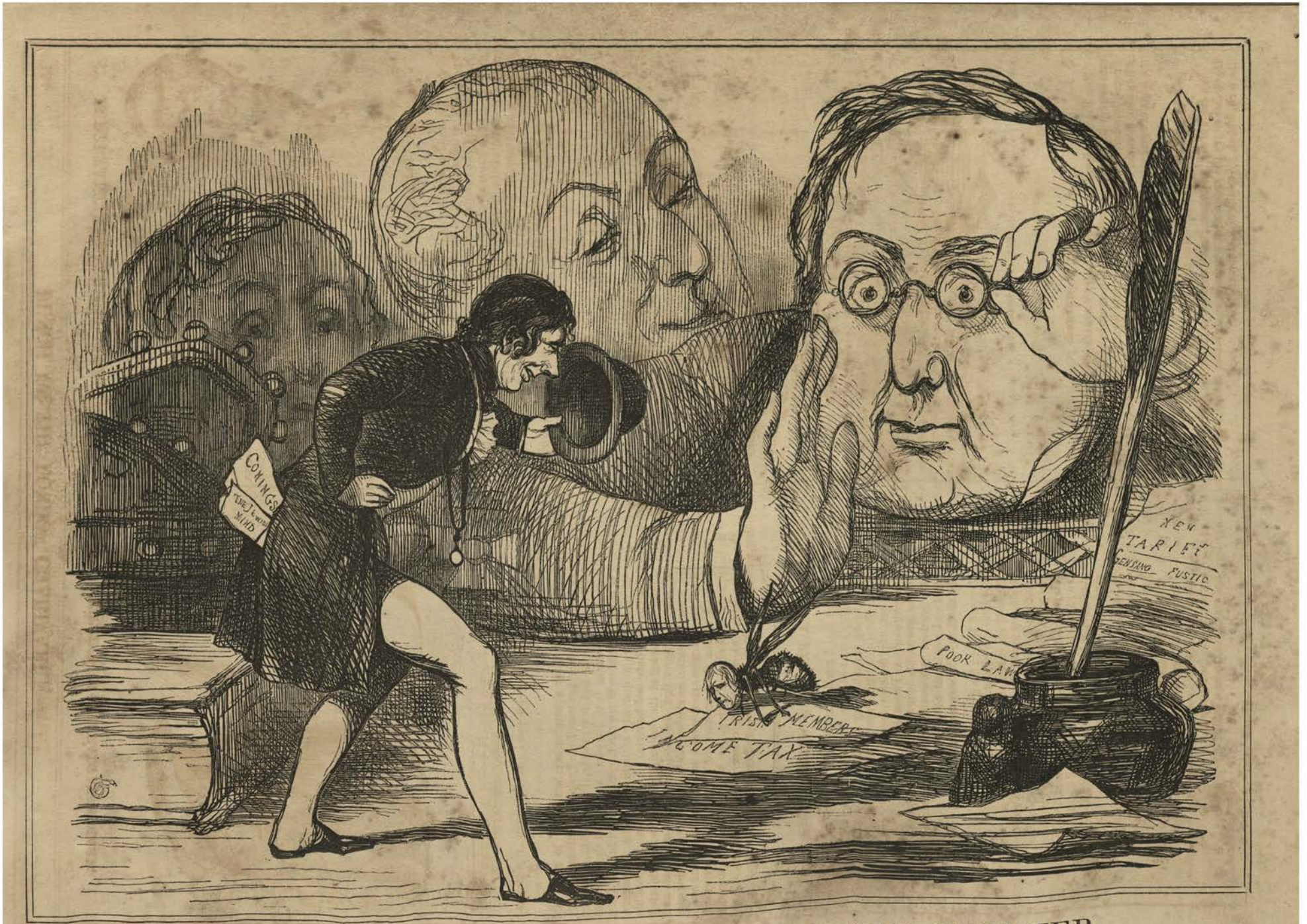
A PAINTER'S WISH.

I wish that I could Etty be,
A mighty man methinks is he;
And strong enough to try a fall
With Titian or with Peter Paul.
And yet, why deck a palace wall
As gorgeously as Peter Paul?
He'd love and honour from his prince,
My gracious lord would blush and wince;
And so I would not Etty be,
To shock my Prince's modesty.

I would I were the great Landseer,
To paint the best of dogs and deer;
I would not care for glory, since
I pleased my Queen and charmed my Prince.
And yet I must not wish for that,
To paint my gracious Prince's hat,
To paint his cane, his gloves, his shoes,
To paint his dogs and cockatoos,
And nought beside, would weary me;
And so I would not Landseer be.

Let famous Edwin still be free
To paint his Queen's menagerie;
Let Etty toil for Queen and Crown,
And princely patrons spoon him down,
I will not ask for courtly fame,
When veterans are brought to shame—
I will not pine for royal job,
Let my Mecenas be a snob.

Paul Pindar.



YOUNG GULLIVER, AND THE BROBDIGNAG MINISTER.

"They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat and made a low bow, and many of the crowd about me laughed, and many cried 'hear, hear;' and I could see that the master of the house, looking at me through his glasses, thought me a very spirited, yet withal very impudent, little creature."—*Gulliver's Travels (Variorum Edition).*

Wrongs of the Government-Office Slaves.

A SELECT if not numerous, and, to use a familiar expression, crack party of clerks employed at various Government Offices, met together the other evening at an equally crack tavern in the Haymarket. The object of the assembly was to agitate for shorter hours of business, which being in most cases from ten till four, that is to say, six hours out of the four-and-twenty, leave obviously but little time for rest, recreation, and study, to these overworked and underpaid young gentlemen.

Claret having been ordered to be placed upon the table, and cigars handed round to the company, MR. FITZDUDLEY LOUNGEFORD of the Treasury was unanimously voted into the chair, supported by MR. JESSAMIE, from the Foreign-Office, and MR. SPRIGG, from the Exchequer.

The Chairman having blandly recommended silence, said, that perhaps gentlemen would be good enough to hear ONSLOW.

MR. DRAGGETT ONSLOW (of the Stamps and Taxes) was no orator—which he regretted—in fact, was exceedingly sorry for—very. All he could say—but that, however, he would say—was, that six hours' work was positively horrid. It was really. He was one of those who worked six hours a-day—at least, he was all that time imprisoned in an office. Six hours a day might be very well for a horse; but he was not a horse. He was certain it was injurious to health. He often fell asleep at his desk; he knew that was very bad. By four o'clock, he felt quite exhausted; in short, regularly used up. He wished to improve his mind; but if he took up a novel or a magazine, he was obliged to put it down again. All he could do was to take a short stroll, or go and lie on a sofa. He would beg to propose a resolution that four hours' daily attendance at a public office was as much as could be expected of a human being.

MR. SAUNTER, (of the Colonial office,) in seconding the motion, observed, that in winter it was quite dark by four o'clock; so that for some months an unfortunate clerk never saw Bond Street or Regent Street, except on holidays, but by gaslight, so that, in fact, he might almost be compared to a Laplander. It was shocking.

MR. CLIFTON SWITCHER (of the Woods and Forests) had an idea. It was suggested by a remark of the last speaker's. That gentleman had adverted to holidays. They wanted more holidays. The mind ought to be cultivated; but the body also ought to be kept in condition. Exercise was the thing for that: especially horse exercise. Hounds never met on Christmas days and Good Fridays. He kept a thoroughbred, but to no

purpose; he might take a turn in the Park now and then of an afternoon, but what was that? Government Clerks were regularly cut out of the races; was himself wanted to make one in a steeple chase but the other morning—couldn't go. Why? Office at ten. He should say a couple of holidays a week would not be too many. The clerk might then participate a little in manly sports; at present he had nothing but boating; but what was boating? Not enough for himself at all events. Two years ago he weighed eleven stone, he now weighed twelve. It would never do to be running to fat like this.—He would move a petition for more holidays.

MR. BAGGES POPHAM would second the motion of his fellow-clerk. He had not had a day's shooting for months.

MR. JESSAMIE thought three hours a bore of sufficient magnitude, but would submit to four. Now, should they go to office later, or leave earlier? Four o'clock was late in the winter for leaving, certainly; but in summer it was soon enough, at least for Rotten Row. They should reflect on the necessity of refined pleasures to existence, of mingling in society for instance, and attending the opera. How horrid it was, after assisting at a *soirée*, to turn out and be at a dull office by ten! If they did not mind leaving at four, they would not need to go till twelve. That was the arrangement he should prefer, decidedly, but he would leave it to their decision.

The view of MR. JESSAMIE, after some discussion, was adopted, and it was determined to petition parliament for an alteration of the hours in all government offices to from twelve till four; and further, for one additional holiday, at least, every week. The petition to be presented by any member who could be found with face enough for the purpose.

GRAND MUSICAL NOVELTY.

WE understand that an eminent musician is about to compose an Ode Symphonie on the plan of that of FÉLICIEN DAVID, to be called

THE DESERT;

OR A DAY IN THE EXETER 'CHANGE ARCADE.

It will open with a movement in a major key indicative of the unlocking of the gate; and the wind instruments will then blend in one terrific burst, to represent the draft running in at one end and out at the other. There will then be a massive andantino for the ophicleide, expressive of the approach of the beadle, who will sing

An Ode to Solitude.

The next *morceau* will be

A LAUGHING CHORUS OF BOYS,

finely sustained through several bars—which will be, in fact, the iron bars at the Wellington Street North entrance.

After this comes a striking passage by the Beadle, followed by a running movement of the boys, and winding up with a

SOLEMN INVOCATION TO GEMINI.

The next part opens with a passage descriptive of the approach of market carts, and goes off with a delicious round for four voices, commencing

"Café! Café! ô doux breuvage,
Bon pour jeunesse et pour âge."

This is followed by a *tremolando* movement describing the passing of people with coffee cups and bread and butter plates, when the whole terminates with

A CRASH,

leading to a massive bit of sublime counterpoint descriptive of the Beadle turning out of bed for the purpose of dressing and going on duty.

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A VERY interesting paper was read at the Meteorological Society a few days ago, on the influence of the opening of Vauxhall on the weather of the Metropolis. It was stated as a well-known and perfectly-established fact that the actual opening of the gardens occasioned invariably a long continuation of wet, which only terminated with the closing of the season, and if an after-season was attempted—though the weather had in the interval been dry—there was sure to be a return of wet till the final close of the establishment. There had, however, been some doubt as to whether a mere announcement would have the same effect as actually opening the gardens, and a singular experiment had consequently been tried. A bill had been put out, promising to open the gardens at Whitsuntide, in order to ascertain the fact, and it turned out that the weather became very lowering. This, however, was only a temporary effect, and arose from the influence produced at once by the anticipation of the opening of Vauxhall; but as the bill began to take its proper effect—as a mere announcement at a long date—the weather, which had begun to threaten, became more settled.

This was the substance of the paper, which was received with tumultuous applause by a crowded meeting.

PLEASE TO OBSERVE THE ADDRESS.

THE old inscription used to be "Messages carefully delivered, and Carpets beat." But PRESIDENT POLK'S flourishing Address ought to have appended to it "MESSAGES CAREFULLY DELIVERED, AND *fustian beat*."

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE X.

ON MR. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTONS.

HERE, MR. CAUDLE, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say, you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

"Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house! You *didn't* swear? Ha, MR. CAUDLE! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wer'n't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, MR. CAUDLE, to know that.

"It's a pity you havn't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry '*oh*' at? I say once, MR. CAUDLE; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, CAUDLE, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than your's. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

"Yes, it *is* worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

"A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, MR. CAUDLE? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt: it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, CAUDLE, you'll think of me, then: for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, MR. CAUDLE; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me? That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, CAUDLE, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, CAUDLE.

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands: a decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. Why won't I hold my tongue? Because I *won't* hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you, men!

"But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too: such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, CAUDLE, no: not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be— when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

"You're not snoring? Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to,—and now, the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, MR. CAUDLE. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, CAUDLE! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, MR. CAUDLE, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! CAUDLE, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button——"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says CAUDLE, in his MS., "for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep."

HOW TO HEAT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HONOURABLE members seem to be greatly puzzled with this question, for however competent they may be to manage the affairs of the nation, they do not appear capable of taking care of their own. DOCTOR REID, under the sanction of the House, has been trying some experiments, with a view to heating it, with partial success; that is to say, he has so far succeeded as to convert the Reporters' gallery into a frying-pan, out of which, if the gentlemen of the press were to step into the fire, they would hardly suffer much by the change. May we offer a few suggestions for the effectually heating the House of Commons?

In the first place, a resolution might be moved, to the effect that the House of Commons is, and henceforward shall be, hot enough to all intents and purposes. An Act of Parliament, they say, is omnipotent; and if so, may control the laws of heat.

MR. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI might be requested to attack SIR ROBERT PEEL every evening till farther notice; when the Premier would probably evolve quite enough caloric to heat the House.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM might be encouraged to open more of MR. DUNCOMBE'S letters; and MR. DUNCOMBE to call him to account for the same, with similar results.

Means might be taken to get MR. ROEBUCK on his legs once, at least, in the course of each debate; and his temper would be sure to heat every part of the building.

COLONEL SIBTHORP, whenever the House is cooling, might be asked for his opinion about railways.

Some subject equally interesting with grease might be brought forward at each sitting, on which all hon. members might go together by the ears, to their great mutual increase of temperature.

Or lastly, should these plans fail, it would not be difficult to get MR. FARADAY, or somebody else who understands the subject, to set to work and warm the House by scientific means adequate to the purpose. We do not see why the House of Commons should be more difficult to warm than any other place, unless on account of the number of members in it who are so cold-blooded as to support the New Poor Law.

SIGNIFICANT GIFTS.

THE EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH has recently presented SIR C. J. NAPIER with a Damascene two-edged sword; it is suggested that the General should reciprocate the present with a dagger of lath.

DOG ANNEXATION.

JOHN POLK was put to the bar charged with robbing the Mexican minister of a favourite dog, named Texas. The circumstances of the case DON BERNARDO MURPHY stated to be simply these :—

Some months since, JOHN POLK sold his EXCELLENCY the dog (a very large animal, spotted black and white, that used to run under his carriage), subsequently a fellow, by the name of HOUSTON, a countryman of POLK'S, who had been in his EXCELLENCY'S service, absconded with the dog, and he had that day seen it at Greenwich Fair, whither he had gone in company with CHEVALIER BUNSEN. The animal was tied to a van, belonging to the prisoner, and from which he was haranguing and psalm-singing to the company at the fair.

POLICEMAN, X. 21, said—Please your Worship, there has been more picking of pockets round that ere psalm-singing wan, than in any part of the fair.

MR. ABERDEEN. Silence, Policeman. What has that to do with the complaint?

The Mexican Minister continued, in a very agitated manner, "I instantly recognised my dog, and gave the scoundrel yonder in charge to a policeman."

"Scoundrel!" the prisoner cried, (*a very sanctimonious-looking fellow, who held the dog in his arms*)—"Am I in a Christian land, to hear myself called by such names? Are we men? Are we brethren? Have we blessings and privileges, or have we not? I come of a country the most enlightened, the most religious, the most freest, honestest, punctuallest, on this airth, I do."

MR. ABERDEEN (with a profound bow). You are an American, I suppose?

POLK. I thank a gracious mussy I am! I can appeal to every thing that is holy, and, laying my hand on my heart, declare I am an honest man. I scorn the accusation that I stole the complainant's dog. The dog is *my* dog—mine by the laws of heaven, airth, right, nature, and possession.

DON BERNARDO MURPHY, very much agitated, here cried out—How yours? I can swear to the animal. I bought him of you.

POLK. You did. It 's as true as I 'm a free-born man.

DON BERNARDO. A man who was an old servant of yours comes into my service and steals the dog.

POLK. A blesseder truth you never told.

DON BERNARDO. And I find the animal now again in your possession.

POLK (*cuddling the dog*). Yes, my old dog—yes, my old Texas, it did like to come back to its old master, it did!

DON BERNARDO (*in a fury*). I ask your worship, isn't this too monstrous?

MR. ABERDEEN. Your excellency will permit me to observe that we have not yet heard MR. POLK'S defence. In a British court justice must be shown, and no favour.

POLK. I scorn a defence. The dog returned to me by a lor of natur—its wicked to fly aginst a lor of natur. If I sold the dog, and by the irresistible attraction of cohesion, and the eternal order of things, he comes back to me—am I to blame? It 's monstrous, heinous, reglar blasphemy to say so.

MR. ABERDEEN appeared deeply struck by the latter observation.

POLK (*continued*), I didn't steal the animal. Steal? Is a man of my character to be called a thief? I *reannexed* him—that 's all. Besides, what jurisdiction has this here court? what authority has any court on airth in a question purely American? My bargain with DON BERNARDO MURPHY took place out of this country—the dog came back to me thousands of miles away herefrom.

MR. ABERDEEN. In that case, I really must dismiss the complaint. Allow me to state my opinion, MR. POLK, that the dog is yours; I have no business to inquire into questions of annexation as you call it, or of robbery as his Excellency here (very rudely, I must think,) entitles your bargain. I entreat rather that gentlemen so respectable should live together in harmony; and—and, I wish you both a very good morning.

MR. POLK then left the office whistling to his dog, and making signs of contempt at DON BERNARDO MURPHY who slunk away in a cab. He had not been gone an hour when POLICEMAN X 21, came into the office and said, "Please your Worship, The Yankee *annexed* your Worship's Canadian walking-stick in the passage."

MR. ABERDEEN (*sternly*). Mind your own business, fellow. MR. POLK is perfectly welcome to the stick.

Presently another member of the force (O'REGAN by name) entered and swore the incorrigible POLK had stolen his beaver hat.

MR. ABERDEEN (*good humouredly*). Well, well, I dare say the hat wasn't worth twopence halfpenny: and it 's better to lose it than to squabble about it at law.

O'REGAN left the Court grumbling, and said it wasn't so in *Temple's time*.

PUFFING TESTIMONIALS.

THE following testimonials to the virtues of various quack medicines were written by a literary gentleman of some celebrity in the advertising columns of the newspapers. The style is unexceptionable, but the literary gentleman appears to have fallen into some trifling errors as to the nature of the specifics to which he ought to have referred the various prodigies he has been employed to chronicle.

"SIR,—I was afflicted for some years with corns, when a friend advised me to try your Macassar Oil. I used to take a bottle of it overnight, and another in the morning, until I have become quite another creature; and therefore you will scarcely believe me when I say that I remain,

"Your obedient servant,
"&c., &c., &c."

"SIR,—My hair had been dropping off at the rate of six handfuls a day, when an old friend of the family recommended me to try your Mineral Succedaneum, in the hope of stopping the further progress of the malady. I feel, Sir, that I owe you more than I can ever repay, and beg of you to send me a dozen boxes, which you will be pleased to add to the account. You have saved me, Sir, from all the horrors of a bald head, and you have gladdened the hearts of a doting wife and eleven anxious children. Go on, Sir, in your excellent path; and believe me ever,

"Your grateful, humble servant,
"&c. &c. &c."

"SIR,—I have long suffered from spots on my face; but, thanks to your valuable "Tally-ho! Sauce," I am now entirely free from the same. I send you my portrait, before and after taking a bottle, which you are at liberty to insert in *Punch*.

"Yours &c.,
"THE SUN."

BEFORE TAKING THE TALLY-HO SAUCE.

AFTER TAKING THE TALLY-HO SAUCE.

"GENTLEMEN,—I had been many years a victim to bunions of the most alarming magnitude, when accident threw into my mouth a box of your PARR'S Life Pills. I swallowed them with great satisfaction, but felt no particular effects from them, till a friend called my attention to a sudden giving way of the upper-leather of my boot, which sunk down almost flat; and on examining the cause, I found my bunions were rapidly disappearing. Thanks to you, Sir, and your PARR'S Life Pills, I can now dance the Polka half-a-dozen times before breakfast, and kick an impudent creditor down stairs, which I formerly was unable to do, on account of my bunions.

"Yours, &c. &c. &c."

"MISS LAURA KING presents her compliments, and begs to say that she suffered very severely from freckles, which kept her confined to her bed for nearly ten years. MISS LAURA KING was at last recommended by her maid—who received the suggestion from the sweep—to try a respirator. MISS LAURA KING begs to add that she has tried one of the respirators, and her freckles have so far disappeared that she is enabled to take gentle walking exercise once a day, and to play two short tunes on the piano in the evening. Mr. ——, the proprietor of the respirator, is at liberty to make any use of this communication which he thinks proper."

The '82 Club Uniform.

SMITH O'BRIEN, swaggering about in the green and gold of the '82 Club, said that those who wore it were the natural leaders of the Irish people, (hear, hear!); that the uniform only wanted a sword to make it completely military, (loud cheers); and that they were ready to assume the sword when their country required such a weapon, (hurrah!).

This threat of the sword had its effect at once, and dreadfully frightened —MR. O'CONNELL.

PEEL THE POACHER.

We have this day to record one of the most extraordinary cases of poaching that it was ever our duty in the character of public commentators to take notice of.

A respectable-looking person, who gave his name as Robert Peel, was brought up on a charge of having been found poaching on the manor of Mr. Richard Cobden. It appeared that the defendant had for some time past been lurking about near a field, called Free Trade, hitherto in the exclusive occupation of Mr. Cobden. There had been an awkward hedge round it, by way of protection; and at length the defendant, though called out to by some farmers who were watching his movements, broke down a great portion of this protection, and forced his way into Cobden's field. In the course of the examination it turned out that Peel, when he got into the field, did not make any attempt on the highest kind of game, which Cobden himself was in the habit of aiming at. The defendant was, however, proved to have brought down at one shot upwards of 400 different heads one day in February last, though every article was of so trifling a description, that it was quite impossible to place any value upon it.

On being asked what he had to say, Peel seemed a good deal disconcerted, and said he hoped, if he had been poaching on Mr. Cobden's manor, that gentleman would not complain, as he had often invited him (Peel) to do so. Mr. Cobden said he did not object, though he had rather that it should be done openly in the broad face of day. For his own part he did not wish to preserve anything that might be considered fair game, and he invited any one to join him in the field of Free Trade, which he did not wish to make by any means exclusive, for he was doing his utmost to break down the protection on all sides, so that all who felt disposed might unite with him.

Peel, having been advised that it would be better for him to enter the field in a fair and honourable manner, than to sneak about it, inside and out, as if he felt ashamed of what he was doing, was cautioned, and discharged.

PRIDE.

Page. "That poor devil ain't mixed much in society."

HUMILITY.

A gentleman carrying home his dinner.

SECOND-HAND TALENT

The mania for imitation is so strong, that no sooner does somebody do something which succeeds, than somebody else does the same thing in the hope of succeeding also. When Mr. Wilson began his vocal entertainments, and gave his "Nicht wi' Burns," half-a-dozen others began giving nights with this person and that, until it was actually proposed to give a night with Nero, introducing the solo he played upon the fiddle during the burning of Rome.

Mr. John Parry gets a reputation for singing a certain class of songs, when up starts a Mr. Trenklee, to do the same thing for half the money, and not one half or the half of half of the effect. Mr. Henry Russell comes from America, with a few songs about a ship on fire, and a maniac, when a Mr. Something Smith starts up—also from America—and brings into the market an opposition Ship on Fire, and an opposition Maniac. It is hard to tell which is the legitimate Ship on Fire—neither, by the bye, will ignite the Thames—and as to saying which of the two gentlemen is the old original Maniac, we must decline giving an opinion, though we admit the pretensions of both gentlemen.

We have sometimes thought that a

Nicht wi' Birt

of the Seven Dials, would make a most amusing entertainment. A man who, like Birt, has passed all his life among marbles and dying speeches, must have a large fund of anecdote which could not fail to interest the class of auditors he would be likely to gather round him. His "Toy and Marble Warehouse" would form an excellent subject for musical illustration by "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls;" and indeed there are several points which, in able hands, could be made much of.

A rapid glance might be also taken at Pitts, who was to Birt what Murray is to Longman. It is not generally known that Pitts was a great patron of talent; and if he heard muffins cried with a particularly melodious voice, he would call the party in, teach him three yards of songs, and send him out with a dozen or so, on sale or return, to make his own way to fame and fortune.

A Nicht wi' Pitts

would make one of the freshest and raciest entertainments ever presented to the public, and we strongly recommend it to those gentlemen who are in the habit of trading on the ideas of others, disguising them—to use a simile we have heard before—as gypsies do kidnapped children, by disfiguring them.

THE PRESIDENT'S OATH.

It is not generally known—and the touching circumstance ought to be published to the whole world—that the Bible on which Mr. Polk took the Presidential oath, was very handsomely bound for the purpose in the skin of a negro.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XI.

MRS. CAUDLE SUGGESTS THAT HER DEAR MOTHER SHOULD "COME AND LIVE WITH THEM."

MRS. CAUDLE'S DEAR MOTHER.

"Is your cold better to-night, CAUDLE? Yes; I thought it was. 'Twill be quite well to-morrow, I dare say. There's a love! You don't take care enough of yourself, CAUDLE, you don't. And you ought, I'm sure; if only for my sake. For whatever I should do, if anything was to happen to you—but I won't think of it; no, I can't bear to think of *that*. Still, you ought to take care of yourself; for you know you're not strong, CAUDLE; you know you're not.

"Wasn't dear mother so happy with us, to-night? Now, you needn't go to sleep, so suddenly. I say, wasn't she so happy! *You don't know?* How can you say you don't know? You must have seen it. But she always is happier here than anywhere else. Ha! what a temper that dear soul has! I call it a temper of satin; it is so smooth, so easy, and so soft. Nothing puts her out of the way. And then, if you only knew how she takes your part, CAUDLE! I'm sure, if you'd been her own son ten times over, she couldn't be fonder of you. Don't you think so, CAUDLE? Eh, love? Now, do answer. *How can you tell?* Nonsense, CAUDLE; you must have seen it. I'm sure, nothing delights the dear soul so much as when she's thinking how to please you.

"Don't you remember Thursday night, the stewed oysters when you came home? That was all dear mother's doings! 'MARGARET,' says she to me, 'it's a cold night; and don't you think dear MR. CAUDLE would like something nice before he goes to bed?' And that, CAUDLE, is how the oysters came about. Now, don't sleep, CAUDLE: do listen to me, for five minutes; 'tisn't often I speak, goodness knows.

"And then, what a fuss she makes when you're out, if your slippers arn't put to the fire for you. *She's very good?* Yes—I know she is, CAUDLE. And hasn't she been six months—though I promised her not to tell you—six months, working a watch-pocket for you! And with *her* eyes, dear soul—and at *her* time of life!

"And then what a cook she is! I'm sure, the dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I try hard enough to follow her: but, I'm not ashamed to own it, CAUDLE, she quite beats me. Ha! the many nice little things she'd simmer up for you—and I can't do it; the children, you know it, CAUDLE, take so much of my time. I can't do it, love: and I often reproach myself that I can't. Now, you shan't go to sleep, CAUDLE; at least, not for five minutes. You must hear me.

"I've been thinking, dearest—ha! that nasty cough, love!—I've been thinking, darling, if we could only persuade dear mother to come and live with us. Now, CAUDLE, you can't be asleep; it's impossible—you were coughing only this minute—yes, to live with us. What a treasure we should have in her! Then, CAUDLE, you never need go to bed without something nice and hot. And you want it, CAUDLE. *You don't want it?* Nonsense, you do; for you're not strong, CAUDLE; you know you're not.

"Im sure, the money she'd save us in housekeeping. Ha! what an eye she has for a joint! The butcher doesn't walk that could deceive dear mother. And then, again, for poultry! What a finger and thumb she has for a chicken! I never could market like her: it's a gift—quite a gift.

"And then you recollect her marrow-puddings? *You don't recollect 'em?* Oh, fie! CAUDLE, how often have you flung her marrow-puddings in my face, wanting to know why I couldn't make 'em? And I wouldn't pretend to do it after dear mother. I should think it presumption. Now, love, if she was only living with us—come, you're not asleep, CAUDLE—if she was only living with us, you could have marrow-puddings every day. Now, don't fling yourself about and begin to swear at marrow-puddings; you know you like 'em, dear.

"What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pie-crust! But it's born with some people. What do you say? *Why wasn't it born with me?* Now, CAUDLE, that's cruel—unfeeling of you; I wouldn't have uttered such a reproach to you for the whole world. People can't be born as they like.

"How often, too, have you wanted to brew at home! And I never could learn anything about brewing. But, ha! what ale dear mother makes! *You never tasted it?* No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home: father never would drink wine after it. The best sherry was nothing like it. *You dare say not?* No; it wasn't indeed, CAUDLE. Then, if dear mother was only with us, what money we should save in beer! And then you might always have your own nice, pure, good, wholesome ale, CAUDLE: and what good it would do you! For you're not strong, CAUDLE.

"And then dear mother's jams and preserves, love! I own it, CAUDLE; it has often gone to my heart that with cold meat you hav'n't always had a pudding. Now, if mother was with us, in the matter of fruit puddings, she'd make it summer all the year round. But I never could preserve—now mother does it, and for next to no money whatever. What nice dogs-in-a-blanket she'd make for the children! *What's dogs-in-a-blanket?* Oh, they're delicious—as dear mother makes 'em.

"Now, you *have* tasted her Irish stew, CAUDLE? You remember that? Come, you're not asleep—you remember that? And how fond you are of it! And I never can have it made to please you! Now, what a relief to me it would be if dear mother was always at hand that you might have a stew when you liked. What a load it would be off my mind.

"Again, for pickles! Not at all like anybody else's pickles. Her red cabbage—why it's as crisp as biscuit! And then her walnuts—and her all-sorts! Eh, CAUDLE? You know how you love pickles; and how we sometimes tiff about 'em? Now if dear mother was here, a word would never pass between us. And I'm sure nothing would make me happier, for—you're not asleep CAUDLE!—for I can't bear to quarrel, can I, love?

"The children, too, are so fond of her! And she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure, with dear mother in the house, I shouldn't care a fig for measles, or anything of the sort. As a nurse, she's such a treasure!

"And at her time of life, what a needlewoman! And the darning and mending for the children, it really gets quite beyond me now, CAUDLE. Now with mother at my hand, there wouldn't be a stitch wanted in the house.

"And then when you're out late, CAUDLE—for I know you must be out late, sometimes; I can't expect you, of course, to be always at home—why then dear mother could sit up for you, and nothing would delight the dear soul half so much.

"And so, CAUDLE, love, I think dear mother had better come, don't you? Eh, CAUDLE? Now, you're not asleep, darling; don't you think she'd better come? You say *No*? You say *No* again? *You won't have her*, you say; *You wont, that's flat?* CAUDLE—CAU-CAU-DLE—CAU—DLE—"

"Here, MRS. CAUDLE," says MR. C. in his MS., "suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep."

Rehearsal of the Trafalgar Fountains.

(By our own Correspondent.)

A SELECT circle attended a private rehearsal of the fountains, which took place at an early hour in the morning, when the press were invited to be present. We were received at the centre plug-hole by the principal turncock, who, at a given signal, turned on the water, when the dolphins, evidently affected with hydrophobia by long abstinence, began foaming at the mouth in the most fearful manner, and a gurgling noise was heard in their throats which spread consternation among the by-standers. The turncock, with considerable presence of mind, assured the lookers-on, in a neat speech, that they "needn't be afeard, it was only the newness of the pipes;" and we were then enabled to survey the scene with that calmness which our critical capacity required. The water shot up with considerable buoyancy, to the height of nearly a foot, when the enthusiasm of the spectators found vent in repeated cries of "Hear, hear," till a gust of wind blowing the spray towards the assembled crowd, a vigorous shout of "Shame" was immediately set up, and there were fears that the populace, in their indignation, would have torn up the balustrades by the roots from the soil of stucco they are imbedded in. The turncock, with singular tact, suddenly lowered the supply, and the company being requested to keep back, the fountain was soon brought into full play again.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

On the whole, we cannot say much for the exhibition; but as it is now open to the public, we recommend our readers to form their own opinions. In our eye—and a good deal came into both of our eyes—the water is rather muddy, and we recommend a filter being placed on the top of the dumb waiter, an arrangement that would be quite in keeping with the present design, and would greatly add to its utility. The fountains in Trafalgar Square have not the gentle softness of the one in the Temple, but they certainly surpass it slightly in volume. They remind us of a good-sized garden-engine, but we decline passing a definitive sentence until we have become better acquainted with their powers. We think it very likely that the Fountains will have a tolerably long run, but there should be a little spirit thrown into the water if the permanent approbation of the public is looked for.

"STANDARD" MORALITY.—MURDER AND MONEY.

THE moral, the pious *Standard*—the Christian representative of the English newspaper press—has indulged in a mixture of self-reproach and self-interest that mightily reminds us of the conscientious yearnings of ancient MRS. COLE! In the same breath does that notorious person talk of the Tabernacle, the healing words of the good MR. SQUINTEM, and the profitable wickedness of her house, St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The *Standard*, in like manner, is passionately penitent for its sin of publication in the matter of the murderer, TAWELL; yet, nevertheless, as the filth helps to bring in the daily 5*d*., the *Standard* must still trade in the abomination. Decency forbids this commerce in the chit-chat of the gallows—in anecdotes, true and feigned, of a blood-shedder—but then decency must give place to a sense of profit. The *Standard* would not deal in what it deems "loathsome, execrable," but that such dealing brings ready cash. IKEY SOLOMONS had no worse defence for his worst doings. The *Standard* confesses its guilt, but pleads poverty or avarice in extenuation. The plea is worthy of the *Standard* and the Old Bailey:

"Our readers [says the MRS. COLE of our day] cannot be at a loss for the ground of our heavy charge against the *Standard*, for every one of them has advanced that charge in his own reflections, and condemned us as we condemn ourselves.

"We speak, *of course*, of the offensive, *disgusting*, *and mischievous* report of the execution at Aylesbury yesterday morning."

The *Standard*, wailing and gnashing its teeth, avers that it did not supply the public with "a rational and useful consideration of the case," but entertained them "with the despicable remnants of the odious criminal's hypocrisy;" pandered to the most depraved appetite for blood and horror, and so did all that in it lay, to brutalize the reader. "It is all loathsome, execrable, whether we or others have been the parties guilty of it." Thus cries the *Standard*, smiting its penitent heart: but, then, it dives into its breeches-pocket, and bringing up the fivepences, the *Standard* smiles a ghastly smile at the profits of loathsomeness—at the ready money won by what is execrable!

Another murder—another profitable iniquity—has been committed in an infamous house in St. Giles's. This house is said to be the property of a gentleman residing in Euston-square. Nevertheless, the gentleman has sufficient humility to attend himself, every Monday, in George Street, to receive the rent paid for the den of abomination. "Very loathsome this, very execrable," cries the landlord, as he pockets the cash; "but then a house let for such purposes brings me most money." And then, with the profits of wickedness in his purse, the gentleman may retire to his gentility of Euston-square, and on the Sabbath-day vindicate his orthodoxy in a handsome pew of the parish church. Now we think this gentleman, the owner of the house in George Street, and the directors of the *Standard*, may meet and embrace. They know that what they deal in is infamous,—but then, is it not profitable? One takes money for a filthy house,—the others, for a filthy paper. However, the *Standard* says,—"We trust that the time is not distant when such outrages upon decency and good taste shall become impossible." After this bit of sincerity, we can fancy we hear the aforesaid householder, having pocketed his rent, exclaim,—"The time, I trust, is not distant, when my house will be indicted by the parish, and the nefarious tenants driven into the street." Doubtless, the yearning of the *Standard* for the light of reform is as sincere as the householder's desire for a paper lanthorn at broad day, and a significant notice to beware of bad houses!

The *Standard*, however, seeks to put off the blame on the tyranny of the penny-a-liners. "We, who assume to guide the journal and to conduct its 'leaders,' have really little power. Our fellow-servants, the reporters, are much more frequently in communion with our common master—the public. Probably they understand the *public taste* better than we do." And the *Standard* regrets that it must passively endure all they commit that is loathsome and execrable. What should we say to the penitential sighs and groans of *Old Fagin*, who, seated by his chimney-corner, and knowing nothing of the wicked world abroad, must nevertheless—whether he will or no—take upon himself all the stolen articles brought in by the *Artful Dodger*? Why, we should believe *Fagin* just as we believe the *Standard*.

"The reporters and penny-a-liners *are our masters*, and, what is worse, upon occasion *insist upon being our representatives*—a substitution that may be advantageous to our reputation on the score of ability, but which certainly does us little credit under the heads of good manners, good taste, or modesty.

After this, we can imagine *Mrs. Peachum* weeping as she picks the marks out of the stolen handkerchiefs brought to the lock by that Old Bailey penny-a-liner, *Filch*.

Fagin, however, cannot give up his business. If the *Artful Dodger* and *Charley Bates* will continue to steal, he must, "whether he will or no," continue to receive the stolen property.

"In thus frankly acknowledging our offence, we wish that we could promise not to repeat it; but if the public taste *remains depraved*, *we must*, *whether we will or no*, follow the *penny-a-liners* in pandering to it."

In the course of his essay, the *Standard* alludes to a recent work, *The Duality of the Mind*, by DOCTOR WIGAN; very justly characterising it as "one of the most able and original works that have appeared for many years." DOCTOR WIGAN'S theory is simply this: that man has two brains—two distinct organs—as he has two eyes, two legs, two arms. The *Standard* says, "there can be no doubt whatever of the 'duality' or 'plurality' of the newspaper mind." That the *Standard* has two brains, we think is evident upon its own showing. We would that we could hear DOCTOR WIGAN'S luminous discourse on the twin organs. We have no doubt that, duly considering them, he would—and in the most delightful way, too, for his book is as amusing as a novel—read us thereon a very charming moral lesson. The *Standard's* brains are laid open, and DOCTOR WIGAN begins his lectures. "This brain," says the DOCTOR, "is the orthodox, the moral, the pious brain; the brain conservative; the brain that is apt to get very hot indeed about Church discipline and Oxford infallibility, and gowns, and surplices, and our hallowed institutions, and the wisdom of our ancestors, and the merciless castigation now and then dealt by PEEL on D'ISRAELI—and this other, the twin brain, is the Old Bailey brain, the *Fagin* brain, the brain that makes its penny of what it deems disgusting and mischievous, and that helps to keep public taste depraved, because it gains money by the atrocity."

THE LATE FIGHT BETWEEN THE PREMIER AND YOUNG BEN.

WITHOUT a doubt the gallant "mill," which came off on the floor of old ST. STEPHEN'S, between these two heroes, has had a duration unprecedented in the annals of the P.R.; though not, perhaps, in those of the Parliamentary Ring. It lasted three weeks and four days; and we are not certain that it has ended yet. Indeed, we should have sooner published its particulars, if we had not been waiting for its termination. But "better late than never" is a good maxim; and on the strength of it proceed we to business, beginning with

The Men.

The Premier, whose patronymic is PEEL, is otherwise known as SIR ROBERT, *aliàs* PAWKY BOB. He is an old hand, having won various laurels, and now and then caught a Tartar. He fought in 1830 with RUSSELL, when JOHNNY was the victor; but in '42 he in turn beat the Bedford Pet. It is said that much of his success has been owing to adopting the latter's tactics. Probably the Premier, who is a bit of a "scollard," thinks that "*fas est et ab hoste doceri*," as the poet says. His style of fighting is cautious and wary, abounding in crafty dodges, and his dexterity in parrying is quite an example to youth. Instead of taking off his coat for action, he has a peculiar custom of turning it, which has given a new meaning to the verb "*to Peel*." He stands several inches higher in his own opinion than in that of any one else, but in this respect is much on a par with his opponent.

Young BEN, surnamed D'ISRAELI, has lately earned the cognomen of the Shrewsbury Slasher, as also that of "Coningsby" and the "Young Englander;" whilst by some he is yclept the "Coming Man." In one sense of the word he has been long known to the Fancy; namely, as a writer of fiction. But his fame on the boards of ST. STEPHEN'S is of recent growth. It is said that he aims at the Championship of Young England, which we wish he may get. He was formerly hand-and-glove with the Premier, though he has now declared war against his *quondàm* crony. In this he has certainly evinced pluck, as he was always classed among the light-weights, whereas PEEL is one of the heavy ones. But let us now come to

The Fight;

Which may be described as a stand-up business, as it arose out of a dispute in the old House, on TOM DUNCOMBE'S calling JEMMY GRAHAM to account for letter-opening. The men did not appear in good condition, but, on the contrary, decidedly ill-conditioned. They did not shake hands on meeting, but fists, in a manner the reverse of cordial. The Premier was attended by Sussex DARBY; whilst Canterbury SMYTHE did the needful for boy BENJAMIN.

FIRST ROUND, Feb. 20.—Hostilities were commenced by Young BEN, who coming boldly up to the scratch, and after making some little play, gave a smart hit at SIR ROBERT, as "the choleric gentleman," which told on the Premier's phiz, the latter instantly assuming the scarlet dye. After inflicting various other teazers on his adversary, he aimed a vicious left-hander at him in the shape of a charge, which was cheered as a regular smasher, but which, hitting an unoffending gentleman named BONHAM over his shoulder, turned out to be "no go." Luckily it did not hurt MR. BONHAM. PEEL'S monkey was evidently up; but this round he reserved his powder.

SECOND ROUND, Feb. 21.—Counters neatly put in by PEEL, who came down with a topper on the nob of his "candid friend." He also gave it him right and left, in return for the BONHAM blow, which so far stopped his potato-trap. BEN dropped on his knee, crying *peccavi*. This round the Premier had decidedly the best of it, and the odds were two to one on ROBERT.

THIRD ROUND, Feb. 28.—BEN again on his legs, having recovered his wind and senses. He let drive at his opponent right and left, as "the political martinet," in a style which was very much applauded. The Premier affected to receive these hits as flea-bites, but evidently winced at the punishment, delivering but a few feeble counters in return. BEN, regularly going in for mischief, planted a stunner on his *os frontis*, with an allusion to the Whigs' bathing toggery. PEEL floored. The Young Englander followed up his advantage with a lunge on the breadbasket, with reference to the Premier's friend CANNING, which completely doubled him up. PEEL piping, and obviously distressed. Betting ten to one on BENJAMIN.

FOURTH ROUND, March 17.—BEN hard upon poor SIR ROBERT, whom he got into chancery and fibbed for nearly twenty minutes, to universal satisfaction, as a trimmer; dismissing him finally with a tremendous stunner, as the head of an "organised hypocrisy." PEEL did not make a single hit, or even parry, but went down before every blow like a ninepin. His ogles, proboscis, and the rest of his facial region, exhibited severe marks of punishment, and the odds were now twenty to one against him.—Time had not been called when our Reporter left.

Remarks.

Young BEN, during the greater part of the fight, evidently had it all his own way. He first drew the purple fluid, and won most of the falls. He displays but few symptoms of punishment, and declares himself ready to renew the engagement any day. He has proved himself a hard hitter, if not a match for his opponent's science—of which, however, this time the latter displayed but little. The general opinion is, that the Premier is dead-beat; and the knowing ones suspect that if he comes up to the scratch again—which is doubtful—he will come off second best.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

41. *One thing shall enure for another.*—If this maxim intends to say that one thing means another, then we can understand its finding a place in legal literature. Among the illustrations given of this maxim is the following:—"The king pardons the not building a bridge, which is a pardon only of the fine for not building it, but the party must build the bridge, for the king's subjects are interested in it." Now this appears to be very much like the recent case at Hungerford, with this exception, that though it may have been unpardonable not to build the bridge, still the shareholders will never forgive themselves for having spent their money in building it.

42. *In one thing all things following shall be included in granting, demanding, or prohibiting.*—Thus, if a man purchases a field, the law will give him a way into it—for the law will always let in anybody who resorts to it. If a man grants me his trees, I may go into his land and cut them down and carry them away; so, if he grants me his corn, I may go and cut his corns, but it is not clear whether I can take a regular chiropodist with me for the purpose of doing so. If a man leaves land to another, he must not dig for a mine unless a mine is expressly mentioned; but if a mine has been leased, then he may dig—and dig, and dig—very often without finding the mine in question.

43. *A man cannot qualify his own act.*—Some acts cannot indeed be qualified, such as unqualified humbug, unqualified rascality, and other matters, of which the law is well cognisant. SHAKSPEARE speaks of a cup being "craftily qualified;" and there is no doubt that a man may sometimes qualify his own act, as when a milkman mixes up some water and chalk, he qualifies the mixture, which is his own act, with pure milk in homœopathic quantities.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

IT appears that on the day of TAWELL'S execution a large booth was erected close to the Chandos Arms, near the Aylesbury station—for dancing in the evening. Considering the growing moral influence that hanging has upon the masses, we would advise M. JULLIEN immediately to compose a set of Gallows Quadrilles. He might fitly dedicate them to MR. CALCRAFT.

THE BANKRUPT BLUES.

IT is with the blood tingling in our cheeks, and our countenance suffused with what the poet calls the

"Burning blush of shame,"

that we write the degrading words which stand at the head of this panic-striking article. The Blues, who have for many years preserved by their presence the peace of Knightsbridge, and pacificated the Parks,—the Blues, "whose flag has braved" for a considerable number of years "the weather and the wind,"—*the* Blues are Bankrupt!

Instead of being known as the First Life Guards, they must henceforth go by the name of the First Insolvents. They are no longer part of the heavy horse; but will go down to posterity with their schedules in their hands as the Heavy Defaulters. Instead of being present at fields, like that of Waterloo, their future field of battle will be Westminster Hall; and the actions in which they will be engaged will be actions in which the light artillery of DOE and ROE will be brought into play to deal execution among the harassed cohorts.

It is horrible to reflect that the bold troopers, who never truckled to foreign foe, and could unflinchingly face fire, should now tremble before a *fieri facias*. The word "PENINSULA" embroidered on their banner must be erased to make room for "PORTUGAL STREET," which must soon be the watchword of this unhappy regiment.

Already do we see in our mind's eye through our intellectual spectacles, a long and mournful cavalcade of the Blues going in procession to take the benefit of that Act, whose name is whispered in Whitecross Street, muttered in the Bench, and

"Caught faintly by echo in Fleet as it fell."

No longer will they be able to repel the hostile attack, but yielding to an incessant fire of parchment, they will be forced to surrender to the gallant officers who constitute the great effective corps of bombs, in the service of the Sheriff.

We understand that the revelations made before the military board empowered to inquire into the insolvency of the Blues are of the most humiliating and painful character; the following extract from the unpublished evidence will throw some light upon it:—

"Policeman Æ, deposed that he had been employed to watch the barracks where the Blues were quartered.

WHO'S AFRAID?

OR, THE OREGON QUESTION.

Looked in at the window and saw several of the soldiers with unpaid bills before them, tearing the hair frantically off their helmets. Observed one of the sergeants send out a picquet, consisting of one man, with several pairs of boots and some swords. Watched the picquet to the pawnbroker's. Saw the pawnbroker relieving the guard. This was done by the pawnbroker relieving the guard of the load he had got with him. Witness is sure the soldier laid down his arms: immediately after which, the swords were all drawn—up a spout, and witness saw no more of them."

Among the other evidence will be found that of one of the soldiers, whose testimony unfortunately removes all possibility of doubt as to the insolvent condition of the regiment; the trooper states, that instead of the officers having a mess to themselves, the regiment has long been in a mess altogether. That he, the trooper, has often mounted guard on nothing but a "baked tatur," and several of his comrades have dropped down on parade in a state of exhaustion.

That the regiment could not do duty at the Palace, but the porter was pestered with applications to deliver little bills into the hands of the soldiery. We understand that the following recommendations have been made by the military board entrusted with the investigation of this painful subject:—

1st. That the Blues should endeavour to find employment as supernumeraries at the theatres, and that the money received should be paid to the treasurer of the regiment.

2nd. That when the band plays in public a corporal should go round with a helmet to collect halfpence.

3rd That in cases where the Blues are employed at a review, a subscription should be made on the ground for the benefit of the regiment.

4th. That the officers should resort to Masden and Marsala at the mess, instead of the wines hitherto brought to table.

5th. That the entire regiment should turn into money all the gold lace on its coats, and wear worsted, by way of epaulettes, for the next three years.

We trust that by rigidly carrying out these arrangements, the regiment may yet be restored to solvency and respectability.

OFFICERS GOING TO A MESS.

THE FORCE OF NEGLIGENCE.

From the inefficiency of the "Detective" Police Force in discovering the perpetrator of any crime, it is the intention, we believe, to alter their title to the more appropriate one of the "Defective Force."

HINTS ON COSTUME TO THE GATE-KEEPERS OF ST. JAMES'S PARK.

As nobody has a right to be admitted into St. James's Park in his working dress, we print by (our own) authority, the following directions for the guidance of the gate-keepers.

Brown paper caps are inadmissible in any case, as decidedly proclaiming either the carpenter and joiner, plumber and glazier, carver and gilder, printer, or other wretch who would pollute the atmosphere of St. James's.

Fur caps are questionable, as raising a suspicion of pot-boy, in which case the wearer must be questioned as to whether he is a pot-boy or not, and if he stammers or hesitates, by no means to be let in. Cloth caps also, must be closely scrutinised, and if shabby, excluded, as denoting the errand or news-boy. Tassels and feathers, however, are to frank caps, being badges of youthful gentility. Discretion must be exercised as to the four-and-ninepenny Gossamer.

Shooting-jackets, velveteen or fustian, are to be turned back, unless they manifestly belong to a sportsman; though no sportsman has, strictly speaking, any business in St. James's Park, notwithstanding its wildfowl. If out at elbows, it is probably the working dress of some poor artist or author; and cannot pass.

The blue frock is a clear case of butcher, and must be repelled with indignation; as must also the smock-frock, which proclaims the carter or drayman; but care must be taken not to confound this with the blouse, lest an indignity should be offered to a foreign Prince.

Corduroys are to be rejected, except in the shape of knee shorts, and in combination with top-boots and other attributes of the good old English gentleman.

The gatekeepers should be mindful to survey all persons demanding entrance from top to toe, as Cantabs, Oxonians, and other young gentlemen of fashion, sometimes, for what is termed "a lark," wear hats which might be confounded with dustmen's or waggoners'. The fantail, therefore, is not to exclude, unless accompanied by leather leggings, or black half-gaiters, with worsted stockings and ankle-jacks.

Doubtful cases may occur, in which a working dress may be in the first style of fashion; as in those of members of the "swell mob." In such, with respect to the admissibility of the candidate, it will be best to take the opinion of the policeman.

PUNCH ON THE GALVANIC RING.

All persons afflicted with imaginary diseases are earnestly recommended by *Punch* to try a Galvanic ring. It signifies not whose ring, out of the large variety advertised, they may select, since the virtues of all are equal. These rings consist of a thin wire of zinc, soldered to a similar wire of copper; hence the quantity of galvanism they generate is next to nothing; certainly much less than that produced by a sixpence and a half sovereign lying in contact in a gentleman's waistcoat pocket. Its exact amount it would be difficult to compute, as the galvanic fluid has no weight: but giving a rough guess, we should say that it may be about the decillionth part of a suspicion. The tremendous effects on the system of this strong homœopathic amount of galvanism passing through the little finger may be conceived. But to quiet alarm, we may state that none whatever of this frightful torrent of galvanism, developed by the ring, passes through the finger at all. To be affected by galvanism, it is necessary that the part to be galvanised should lie between two opposite galvanic poles or extremities; now, as the finger is inside the ring, the galvanism is outside the finger. Thus, the finger is to the galvanic fluid as a person standing on the Isle of Dogs is to the fluid in the Thames. With what power an inappreciable force, ineffectually applied to the extremity of the body, must act in the cure of such a complaint as rheumatism, is obvious. In all positive diseases the Galvanic ring will afford a negative relief; and those who have nothing the matter with them may confidently depend on being cured by it.

FOR THE COURT CIRCULAR.

Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli didn't take out Master Robert Peel for an airing last week, but will do so on the very first opportunity. Master Robert is anxiously looking out for the promised holiday.

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF ART.

In order to secure this valuable blessing, artists have agreed to sell their pictures at ten times below their value.

WAGGERY OF THE BENCH.

JUSTICE "MAULED."

Justice Maule always had a pretty reputation for humour. Albeit his jokes were not so apt and piquant as the drollery of Mr. Apple-pip Kelly, they nevertheless distinguished him as a counsel possessing more than average fun—the wit of the Bar, as the reader must have observed, always going—for its quality and quantity—a very great way. Well, happily, the dignity of Judge has not, in the case of Maule, overlaid the drollery of the advocate. His humour still oozes through the ermine. The recent Warwick Assizes supply a striking illustration of this agreeable truth. One Thomas Rollins, as poor as beggary, was arraigned as a bigamist. His first wife had left him, and become no better than one of the wicked. Whereupon, Rollins took another helpmate; and, for such violation of the law, found himself face to face with Justice Maule, who, as it will appear, happened to be in one of his pleasantest humours. He told the culprit, and we doubt not with a gravity of face worthy of the original *Billy Lackaday*, "that the law was the same for him as it was for a rich man, and was *equally open for him*, through its aid, to afford relief." In the like way that turbot and champagne are the same to Lazarus as to Dives; if Lazarus could only buy the taste of them. Beggar and rich man have both the same papillary organs,—a dignifying truth for the outcast wanting a dinner! However, the droll Judge continued in his pleasantry:—

"*He* [Rollins] *should have brought an action* against the man who was living in the way stated with his wife, and *he should have obtained damages*, and then *should have gone to the Ecclesiastical Court* and obtained a divorce, which would have done what seemed to have been done already, *and then he should have gone to the House of Lords*, and, proving all his case and the preliminary proceedings, *have obtained a full and complete divorce*; after which he might, if he liked it, have married again."

There is a delicious vein of humour in this. It smacks of the grave, earnest fun of Swift. How the jest increases in volume as we follow the pauper from court to court—tarry with him awhile in the House of Lords—and finally see him "married again!" And then the Judge, in a sustained spirit of drollery, observes:—

"The prisoner *might perhaps object to this*, that he had not the money to pay the expenses, which would amount to *about* 500*l.* or 600*l.*—*perhaps he had not so many pence*—but this did not exempt him from paying the penalty for committing a felony, of which he had been convicted."

Of course not. Therefore, Thomas Rollins is in effect not punished for marrying a second wife, but for the turpitude of wanting "about 500*l.* or 600*l.*," by means of which he might have rid himself of his first spouse. In England, the bonds of Hymen are only to be cut with a golden axe. Assuredly there needs a slight alteration in the marriage service. "Whom God has joined, let no man put asunder," should be followed by these words, "*Unless paid about* 500*l.* *or* 600*l.* *to separate them.*"

However, we shall not easily forget Maule's irony to Rollins. We advise our readers—so far as their limited powers may compass it—to copy its spirit; and whenever solicited by a naked, starving wretch, to address him after the manner of Justice Maule; saying, "My good man, you are naked and famishing. How can you be so foolish? Go directly to Stultz for a fit-out; call at Storr and Mortimer's for watch and rings; immediately open an account at Coutts's, and then, driving to the Clarendon, sit down to every table luxury of life." And when the tattered pauper stares vacantly at your humour, give him a farewell nod of judicial gravity, and, after the manner of Justice Maule, thrusting your tongue in your cheek, walk with dignity away.

Liston, it is true, is lost to the stage. Still, let the world take some comfort,—Maule is on the Bench.

Captain Rous and the Ladies.

The Captain, speaking on the state of the navy question, advised that 5000 seamen should be constantly afloat in frigates, corvettes, and brigs; and that "their head-quarters should be Cork, for he could assure the house *by experience* that no squadron could be kept in good discipline at Portsmouth or Plymouth, *where the seamen's wives were constantly on board.*" Does the objection of the gallant member apply equally to the wives of captains, as to the helpmates of the common seamen? We hope not.

YOUNG ENGLAND ON GOVERNMENT.

The following views on Government are selected from the unpublished MS. of a young gentleman in a white waistcoat. They were probably intended for publication somewhere, but as they have not yet attained the honours of type, we award them a place in our columns without in any way committing ourselves to the opinions of the writer:—

"If we had the formation of a ministry, it should be a ministry of the pen, not of the portfolio. We would have a cabinet of authors: our Premier should be a novelist, and our Lord Chancellor should be a poet. The world might smile at this suggestion; but what can be more beautiful than the idea of wedding law to the lyre, thus softening the asperities of the one by the sweetness of the other? Is not poetry the very foundation of our legal system? for is not all law blended with fiction?

"To show how easily the poet and the lawyer may be combined, we subjoin a forensic judgment, which has been allied to one of the most charming pieces of fancy that ever emanated from the genius of the author of the 'Irish Melodies.' It is a decision on a point of pleading—one of the driest subjects that can be conceived; but still capable, by the treatment Young England would suggest, of being graced with poetic elegance. The judge, sitting in banco, is supposed to be delivering his judgment on a demurrer to the

"Air—'*Believe me if all those endearing young charms.*'

"Believe me if all those elaborate pleas,
You 've argued so ably to-day,
Could all be demolished with infinite ease,
Like the sums which the law melts away;
There would still be a point which this moment I see,
Let your eloquence urge what it will;
And though with your case I might wish to agree,
My duty 's more absolute still.

"It is not while Stephens and Chitty you cite,
And away from the cases you steer,
That I can determine that black shall be white,—
If I could I ought not to sit here.
The judge that is upright all favour forgets,
He no partiality knows;
As Denman will turn on the silk-toga'd pets
The same look that he gives the back rows."

Our City Article.

In the railway share market there is a tendency to go up, and it is probable that it will be all up with a great many in a week or two. In the foreign market yesterday was settling day, and pawnbroker's scrip was in extensive demand to meet the claims made by the bulls and the bears on the geese and the donkeys. In order to satisfy the public appetite for speculation, a few new lines have been projected, the shares in which require a deposit of only five shillings; and we understand that at several of the larger schools the woman who goes round with the sweet stuff is allowed to take a limited quantity of railway scrip in one corner of her basket, for the accommodation of juvenile jobbers.

Among a variety of other new schemes, we have heard of one which promises to be unusually popular. It is a new South of England Gretna Green Association, to facilitate runaway matches, by establishing a Gretna Green in the immediate vicinity of London. The expense of going so far north will thus be completely obviated, and the elopement will be brought within the reach of the humblest as well as the highest.

It is proposed to start an omnibus in conjunction with the South of England Gretna Green—the fare being one shilling for a happy couple; and if a bridesmaid is taken, she is to be charged extra as luggage. The only objection we can see to the scheme is, the probability of its putting an end to a good deal of the romance that now hangs over a runaway match; but sentiment ought to give way to the advantages of a sixpenny fare; and there is something inspiring in the idea of Elopement for the Million.

THE IRISH MARTYRS.

"The martyrs wore the uniform of the '82 Club."

We have received, and hasten to publish, the enclosed favour from Lady Morgan:—

At Kilkenny King Dan and his Marthyrs
Sat down to their platthers and jorums,
In lovely green coats and goold garthers—
Och sure they are sweet uniforums!
But there's martyrs besides those repailers
Who on the occasion displayed them—
The martyrs I mean are the tailors,
The tailors at Dublin who made them.

BEAUTIES OF THE COURT NEWSMAN.

OR the last week the writings of the Court Newsman have been of the average quality, but the names of some of the visitors at Windsor have been very trying to his powers of orthography. The presence at Court of the GRAND DUCHESS STÉPHANIE OF BADEN, attended by the BARON SCHRECKENSTEIN, must have made the Court Newsman rub up his MAYOR and dash into DILWORTH with all the ardour of youth, for such names as those we have just quoted must require all the aid to be derived from the spelling-books.

We regret, however, to find that our author, in throwing his soul into his orthography, has been, as it were, so spell-bound as to have forgotten his syntax, as the following paragraph will testify.

"HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUCHESS STÉPHANIE OF BADEN, the BARONESS DE STURMFEDER, and BARON DE SCHRECKENSTEIN, took *her* departure from the Castle this morning, for the Slough station of the Great Western Railway, on *her* return to town."

The Court Newsman has here fallen into the double error of rolling three people into one, and making a man a woman. He has said that three people took "*her* departure," and that these three—of whom one happened to be a man—were on "*her* way to town." We wonder if our friend the Court Newsman ever dines out, and if, having dined out, he sits down to his literary labours. We are aware that in such a vast undertaking as the *Court Circular*, mistakes will sometimes arise; but we must also bear in mind that there are spots in the sun, and that we can no more expect perfect clearness in that luminary than we can look for the united graces of style and diction, with an exactitude as to fact, in the productions of the Court Newsman.

We are sorry to say, that in the chapter he threw off a few days ago, there are some defects of a startling character. The opening passages of the circular are in their usual felicitous style, and the author flings about his gems of history with a profusion that none but a NIEBUHR could parallel.

There is a broad swelling tone of open narrative in the paragraph about the GRAND DUCHESS STÉPHANIE going in company with the BARONESS DE STURMFEDER and BARON ROTH DE SCHRECKENSTEIN to view the Tower, while there is a gushy vivacity in the manner of telling the pleasant fact, that "in the afternoon the GRAND DUCHESS visited her daughter the MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS."

These characteristic and graceful touches, recording the influence of the "home-affections," as GUBBINS in his MS. sweetly designates them, are unsurpassed in their way, and in their manner unsurpassable!

But we must now turn from the tone of enthusiasm to the growl of criticism, and ask *the Newsman* what on earth he means by saying that "SIR R. PEEL arrived in Town to attend the Council from Osborne House, Isle of Wight"? Did the Council come from Osborne House? or, if it did not, what is the meaning of the paragraph?

Again we are told, that "a deputation connected with the West India Colonies, consisting of MESSRS. CAVAN, CAVE, BARKLY, and COLVILL, had an interview with LORD STANLEY." Are we to understand that the Colonies consist of MESSRS. CAVAN, CAVE, and Co.? Perhaps, as somebody used to say,—*L'État! c'est moi!* MESSRS. CAVAN, CAVE, BARKLY, and COLVILL may say, "*We* are the West India Colonies."

These, however, are minor faults, which study—earnest and severe—may amend; and we take leave of the Court Newsman for the week with an acknowledgment that what he wants in grammar and exactitude, he fully compensates by his other literary attributes.

PUNCH'S POLICE REPORT.

BIGAMY.

A MAN, named PEEL, was yesterday brought before the magistrate, MR. BULL, at this office, charged with having intermarried with a female named FREE TRADE; his former wife AGRICULTURA being still alive.

Their Graces the DUKES OF BUCKINGHAM and RICHMOND, and a gentleman named FERRAND, proved the fact of the former marriage; but upon cross-examination, admitted a doubt as to whether AGRICULTURA was still living, intimating their suspicion that she had been destroyed by the ill-treatment of her husband.

A MR. COBDEN deposed that PEEL (who holds a high situation under Royalty), had within the last two years contracted matrimony with FREE TRADE, a young lady to whom he was himself engaged. He complained bitterly of PEEL as having stolen his sweetheart.

The Editors of the *Standard* and *Morning Herald* gave the prisoner an excellent character; but the disinterestedness of their testimony appeared very questionable.

MR. BULL said that the fact of the two marriages had been distinctly proved, and was highly discreditable to the prisoner; but as there was a doubt as to whether the former wife was in existence, he regretted that he could do nothing with the case; and cautioned the prisoner not to let him see him there again.

Wanted a New Place for Footmen.

WE have been requested by several Footmen in high places, under Butlers of the Aristocracy, to publish in behalf of their order, the following appeal to the Higher Classes.

"To the Nobility and Gentry. We, the hundersined, Liverymen of the West-End of London, attached to the Establishments of your Lordships and Honners, Respectfully sollicit the attenshun of your Distinguish'd Body to the Petishun of your Humble Servants. Witch umbly Showeth

"That one of the principle of the Important and arduse Duties of your Petishuners, is to atend their Patrons and Patronesses professionally to the Opera, which Generally appens at least two Nites a Week.

"That on these occashuns, Rain or Fine, your Petishuners have to Wait outside with their Carridges for witch they are not wanted, the Coachman being Sufficient.

"That at present they have no other place to wait in but the Hall below, where there is no Accommodashun, unless they resort to a Tavern, and drink bad wine, which they humbly consider is Demeaning to their

THE QUART BOTTLE

IN 1798. IN 1845.

Stashun in Society. Whereas the Royal Domestics are admitted by Virtue of their Offis to the Opera Gallery.

"That the influens of Musick and Dancin on the Mind and Feelins is Alow'd to be Extremely beneficial, Witch cannot be said of the Pottouse.

"That your Petishuners wilst on Duty behind your honourable Chairs have often heerd talk of Greasy and Cherry Toe, and are most Anxshus to have a peep at those sellybrated Phenomenins.

"Your Petishuners therefore, umbly beg that your Lordships and Honours will be Pleased to grant that your Lordships' and Honours' Servants be admitted to the Galery Along with her Madjesty's.

"And your Petishuners as in duty bound, will ever Pray &c.

(Signed) "JOHN THOMAS, &c., &c., &c."

We abstain from printing the rest of the signatures, which would intrench too much on the space which we are bound to devote to jokes. The prayer of the petitioners merits the attention of the Aristocracy; whose footmen, if admitted into the Opera Gallery, would fill it; and by thus keeping out the Public in general, complete the exclusive character of the place. Thus, too, will certain journals be enabled to get their Opera notices from real footmen; which will much enhance the tone of those criticisms.

ADVICE TO ILL-USED BENEDICTS.

IN all matrimonial quarrels (supposing a new bonnet to have failed), try the Electric Telegraph. It is acknowledged to be the quickest way of bringing the most distant couple together.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Policeman.—"HA! THAT 'S THE WAY YOU DRINK THE BEER WHEN YOU 'RE SENT OF A HERRAND!"

Genius.—"AND THE RIGHT WAY TOO—AIN'T IT?"

MRS. SNOBBINS, of Guildford Street, gave her second (and last) fashionable party for the season a few evenings back. The equipages were very numerous, and comprised nearly the whole of the cab-stand, from the Foundling Hospital. Among the fashionables present we particularly noticed MR. and MRS. SMALLBEER, and their accomplished daughter, who sang "Love Not;" while MR. JOSEPH STILTON, of the Stock Exchange, furnished a flute accompaniment. This sort of hilarity was kept up till a very late hour, when Sandwiches were handed round, and a tray of pint decanters, among which we particularly noticed one containing some of the once popular Masdeu. Dancing was then resumed, and about three o'clock, there being no signs of supper, the guests gradually departed. The "pink and gold" of the drawing-room had been cleaned with bread by MRS. SNOBBINS herself for this semi-festive occasion.

TAWELL'S CLOTHES.

WE are told by the *Morning Post*, that "a gentleman" went to Aylesbury the night before the execution to make a bargain with the hangman for the suit of black in which TAWELL was to suffer. ANXIOUS not "to lose one *shred* of that immortal man," the gentleman offered £25 for the black coat and trousers and silk vest which, being worn by a murderer in his death-struggle, had, of course, "magic in their web." It is a pity for the healthy moral tone of society, that the gentleman was disappointed in his mission; the precious apparel being consigned to the consuming earth. "It was hinted that the clothes were required as an additional attraction for a certain public exhibition in the metropolis!" We have no doubt that they would have made, according to play-bill flourish, "a tremendous hit." How gentlemen, and tender, delicate ladies—sensitive souls that squeal at a black beetle, or the "most monstrous mouse"—would have flocked to gaze on the buttonless wonder! The real coronation robes of GEORGE THE FOURTH would have been poor as linsey-woolsey contrasted with the super-saxony of JOHN TAWELL. The murderer's raiment would have been interesting, curious as the skin of some newly-discovered animal; some terrible novelty of the carnivora. We would have had him exhibited with a phial in either hand: in one vessel, prussic acid; and in the other MR. FITZROY KELLY'S tears, preserved—as *Cockletop* avouches of the tear of CLEOPATRA—in spirits. It may after this seem spiteful in us to rejoice at the disappointment of those good people who lap blood as cats lap milk; and never feel their morals so much strengthened and refreshed as when they feed upon murder. Nevertheless, we are glad that poor GEORGE THE FOURTH is not to be elbowed out of notice—dethroned from even ordinary observation—by the waxen *vera effigies* and real habiliments of that rare, sleek black tiger, JOHN TAWELL.

As we have an exhibition, in which the vilest wretches are made the most prominent subjects of attraction, we should like to have a rival show, in which should be exhibited resemblances of only the most virtuous of the earth. But no; small chance of success would JOHN HOWARD have against JOHN TAWELL. Mere virtue is unsalted water-gruel; now, crime has in it a fine, fruity flavour.

PUNCH'S RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

WE have much pleasure in laying before the public a prospectus of a new railroad scheme, which bids fair to open out quite a new era in railroad annals. The intelligence has reached us from a correspondent who "begs leave to trouble us with a line," the merits of which will be best understood by the following—

PROSPECTUS

Of The Grand Antipodean and Hemispherical Junction Railway, between Glasgow and Sydney.

The projectors of this railway have determined on carrying out the recommendations of the Board of Trade in favour of the most direct lines, and on taking a terrestrial globe—such as those used at schools—it will be found that an iron rod stuck into it at Glasgow and driven completely through, will come out at Sydney. It is, therefore, obvious that the most direct road to the antipodes would be a straight tunnel carried through the centre of the world direct—forming a great truck line, from which branches might be carried to all the mines in every part of the earth, so that gold could be brought straight from Golconda to Glasgow, and thence by railway to the London market.

The benefit to the potteries can only be conceived by those who know the value of clay brought up in its pure state from the centre of the earth, while the chance of all the precious metals which may be come upon in the course of the cuttings will be another of the peculiar advantages of this undertaking. It is obvious that the principle of gravitation will cause the trains to travel at a rate hitherto wholly unattainable, as far as the centre of gravity, to which point it is proposed to carry the line at present. There will consequently be a succession of down trains only, in the first instance, but the up trains will be put on as soon as a magnetic apparatus, now under consideration by the Provisional Committee, has been completely organised.

It will be seen that no steam being necessary, no explosion need be apprehended, and there being neither smoke nor hot water,—the latter being often productive of bubbles,—the usual fate of many railroad projects cannot in this instance be looked for.

Parties desirous of spending a short time at the centre of gravity,—for the purpose of inspecting the interesting relics with which that favoured locality abounds,—will have an opportunity of doing so, but there will be fast trains running right through without stoppage, the momentum acquired in the descent of the down trains being quite sufficient to convert it into an up train without any additional power.

Further particulars may be obtained of FUDGE, BROTHERS & Co., Brokers, Glasgow.

April 1st, 1845.

Erratum.

PAUL PINDAR, whose poem, called "A Painter's Wish," we published in the last number, writes an indignant letter complaining of a misprint in his ballad. Speaking of our admirable painter ETTY, he wrote, "and Princely patrons spurn him down," (which they did, and no mistake,) when we printed, "*spoon* him down," which we confess to be absurd. "Spoon him down, indeed," says PAUL, "Spoon yourself, *Mr. Punch*," and adds further ribald vituperation. As we made the mistake, we are bound to correct it, but as for the *spoon*, we thrust it contemptuously back down PAUL'S own throat.

GROSS INSULT TO THE COURT.

A TRADESMAN at Birmingham lately offered MR. TURNER five thousand pounds for three pictures. If tradesmen are allowed to go on in this way, all royal patronage of art must end.

NOTE.—We have our private opinion of the tradesman who made, and the artist who *refused*, the above offer, but that is neither here nor there.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XII.

MR. CAUD LE, HAVING COME HOME A LITTLE LATE, DECLARES THAT HENCEFORTH "HE WILL HAVE A KEY."

ON my word, MR. CAUDLE, I think it a waste of time to come to bed at all now! The cocks will be crowing in a minute. Keeping people up till past twelve. Oh yes! you're thought a man of very fine feelings out of doors, I dare say! It's a pity you haven't a little feeling for those belonging to you at home. A nice hour to keep people out of their beds! *Why did I sit up, then?* Because I chose to sit up—but that's my thanks. No, it's no use your talking, CAUDLE; I never *will* let the girl sit up for you, and there's an end. What do you say? *Why does she sit up with me, then?* That's quite a different matter: you don't suppose I'm going to sit up alone, do you? What do you say? *What's the use of two sitting up?* That's my business. No, CAUDLE, it's no such thing. I *don't* sit up because I may have the pleasure of talking about it; and you're an ungrateful, unfeeling creature, to say so. I sit up because I choose it; and if you don't come home all the night long—and 'twill soon come to that, I've no doubt—still, I'll never go to bed, so don't think it.

"Oh yes! the time runs away very pleasantly with you men at your clubs—selfish creatures! You can laugh and sing, and tell stories, and never think of the clock; never think there's such a person as a wife belonging to you. It's nothing to you that a poor woman's sitting up, and telling the minutes, and seeing all sorts of things in the fire—and sometimes thinking that something dreadful has happened to you—more fool she to care a straw about you!—This is all nothing. Oh no! when a woman's once married she's a slave—worse than a slave—and must bear it all!

"And what you men can find to talk about I can't think! Instead of a man sitting every night at home with his wife, and going to bed at a Christian hour,—going to a club, to meet a set of people who don't care a button for him, it's monstrous! What do you say? *You only go once a week?* That's nothing at all to do with it: you might as well go every night; and I dare say you will soon. But if you do, you may get in as you can: *I* won't sit up for you, I can tell you.

"My health's being destroyed night after night, and—oh, don't say it's only once a week; I tell you, that's nothing to do with it—if you had any eyes, you would see how ill I am; but you've no eyes for anybody belonging to you: oh no! your eyes are for people out of doors. It's very well for you to call me a foolish, aggravating woman! I should like to see the woman who'd sit up for you as I do. *You didn't want me to sit up?* Yes, yes; that's your thanks—that's your gratitude: I'm to ruin my health, and to be abused for it. Nice principles you've got at that club, MR. CAUDLE!

"But there's one comfort—one great comfort; it can't last long: I'm sinking—I feel it, though I never say anything about it—but I know my own feelings, and I say it can't last long. And then I should like to know who'll sit up for you! Then I should like to know how your second wife—what do you say? *You'll never be troubled with another?* Troubled, indeed! I never troubled you, CAUDLE. No; it's you who've troubled me; and you know it; though like a foolish woman I've borne it all, and never said a word about it. But it *can't* last—that's one blessing!

"Oh, if a woman could only know what she'd have to suffer, before she was married—Don't tell me you want to go to sleep! if you want to go to sleep, you should come home at proper hours! It's time to get up, for what I know, now. Shouldn't wonder if you hear the milk in five minutes—there's the sparrows up already; yes, I say the sparrows; and, CAUDLE, you ought to blush to hear 'em. *You don't hear 'em?* Ha! you won't hear 'em, you mean: *I* hear 'em. No, MR. CAUDLE; it *isn't* the wind whistling in the key-hole; I'm not quite foolish, though you may think so. I hope I know wind from a sparrow!

"Ha! when I think what a man you were before we were married! But you're now another person—quite an altered creature. But I suppose you're all alike—I dare say, every poor woman's troubled and put upon, though I should hope not so much as I am. Indeed, I should hope not! Going and staying out, and—

"What! *You'll have a key?* Will you? Not while I'm alive, MR. CAUDLE. I'm not going to bed with the door upon the latch for you or the best man breathing. *You won't have a latch—you'll have a Chubb's lock?* Will you? I'll have no Chubb here, I can tell you. What do you say? *You'll have the lock put on to-morrow?* Well, try it; that's all I say, CAUDLE, try it. I won't let you put me in a passion; but all I say is,—try it.

"A respectable thing, that, for a married man to carry about with him,—a street-door key! That tells a tale, I think. A nice thing for the father of a family! A key! What, to let yourself in and out when you please! To come in, like a thief in the middle of the night, instead of knocking at the door like a decent person! Oh, don't tell me that you only want to prevent me sitting up,—if I choose to sit up, what's that to you? Some wives, indeed, would make a noise about sitting up, but *you've* no reason to complain,—goodness knows!

"Well, upon my word, I've lived to hear something. Carry the street-door key about with you! I've heard of such things with young good-for-nothing bachelors, with nobody to care what became of 'em; but for a married man to leave his wife and children in a house with the door upon the latch—don't talk to me about Chubb, it's all the same—a great deal you must care for us. Yes, it's very well for you to say, that you only want the key for peace and quietness—what's it to you, if I like to sit up? You've no business to complain; it can't distress you. Now, it's no use your talking; all I say is this, CAUDLE; if you send a man to put on any lock here, I'll call in a policeman; as I'm your married wife, I will!

"No, I think when a man comes to have the street-door key, the sooner he turns bachelor again the better. I'm sure, CAUDLE, I don't want to be any clog upon you. Now, it's no use your telling me to hold my tongue, for I—What? I give you the head-ache, do I? No, I don't, CAUDLE: it's your club that gives you the head-ache: it's your smoke, and your—well! if ever I knew such a man in all my life! there's no saying a word to you! You go out, and treat yourself like an emperor—and come home at twelve at night, or any hour, for what I know,—and then you threaten to have a key, and—and—and——"

"I *did* get to sleep at last," says CAUDLE, "amidst the falling sentences of 'take children into a lodging'—'separate maintenance'—'won't be made a slave of'—and so forth."

A WESTMINSTER DODGE.

DEAR PUNCH,

I CANNOT, for the life of me, refrain from letting you into a trick which SIBTHORPE has put us up to, to get off the bore of serving on the Railway Committees. You can't conceive the nuisance of it. It's all very well for PEEL to talk about the duties of members, but I know that I, for one, never bargained for anything like this when I came in for ——.

Night-work is all very well; one's hand is in at that, and it's easy enough to drop in for a division from one's club, or a ball—but as to listening for hours together to a lot of engineering stuff, and all that sort of thing, it's a different business altogether. Well, I'll tell you how myself and a dozen more manage. *We take a share a piece in every railway that comes before the House, and then when the bill comes on, you know we can't sit on the Committee, being interested in the concern.* It's the only way of taking any interest in it, I can tell you. Isn't this artful? SIBTHORPE put me up to it, and I gave the hint to half-a-dozen of the young hands who had no more relish for the Committee work than I have.

Ever yours,

A YOUNG M.P.

P.S. I send you my card, as the *Times* says that's the way to authenticate one's communications.

DE LUNATICO, &c.

We feel it our duty, before it is too late, to call the attention of the proper authorities to the consequences that may arise from the solitary system, to which, in all its horrible severity, the beadle at Exeter 'Change Arcade is at present subjected. This unhappy being is shut out from his fellow-men, and doomed to wander under the gloomy arches of a desolate arcade, where human footsteps scarcely ever tread. We tremble to think of the consequences that may ensue, if "a man and a brother," such as we gladly own the beadle of Exeter Arcade to be, is suffered much longer to remain in a solitude apparently as hopeless as it is unbearable. We have ourselves passed through the Exeter 'Change Arcade, and can answer, therefore, for the truth of our fears.

We at first doubted whether he was actually the beadle, for he had doffed his splendid livery, and wore his private clothes, his instinct having probably told him that in the gaudy silver-laced coat he was, as it were, merely decked for the sacrifice. This change of costume may, however, be an indication of a giving way of the intellect, for we are all thoroughly aware that stage insanity ordinarily shows itself in varying the usual way of dressing one's-self, by attaching a trimming of straw to the victim's customary habiliments.

When the illustrious Braham sang "Mad Tom" in character, he always had a truss of straw sent in to the theatre to supply the character; and the young lady who plays *Ophelia* always borrows a few wisps from the livery-stable nearest to her lodgings. If the Exeter 'Change beadle should get hold of a bundle of straw, all will be up with him. We fancy we see him now, like *Edgar* in *King Lear*, rushing about in a state of distraction, exclaiming "Tom's a cold;"

> "Pillicock sat upon Hungerford Bridge,
> *C'est ça, c'est ça*, let him pass by;"

and indulging in other beautiful little touches of mad nature. We call upon the trustees of the Arcade, or the Marquis of Exeter—to whom, we believe, it belongs—to save a fellow-creature's intellect while there is yet time, by making the place a colony instead of what it is now,—a desolate penal settlement for one unhappy prisoner.

A Candid Confession.

Colonel Sibthorpe made a very sensible but somewhat touching admission the other night in the House of Commons. In speaking of himself and Mr. Hume, the honourable member pathetically observed that "they were both fit to be laid upon the shelf." We think Sibthorpe should have been content to have spoken for himself. His own title to the repose of the shelf, no one would for a moment think of disputing; but Hume is not the mere lumber that the Colonel evidently feels himself to be. It was not long ago that Sibthorpe indignantly refused to submit to the shelving process that the electors of Lincoln suggested to him; but the experience of the present session seems to have converted him to a belief in his own utter uselessness.

The Commission of Fine Arts.

At a sitting of the Committee of the Fine Arts, last week, Mr. Punch *was introduced, and spoke to the following effect:—*

"My Lords, Mr. Rogers, and Gentlemen,

"I was out of town for the Easter holidays when my publication appeared, containing a letter from a person signed 'Smith,' and some verses from another artist probably, strongly impugning the conduct of an illustrious member of your body, who, it is averred, ordered a picture from one of our most famous painters; paid for the picture about a tenth part of the price which a publisher would have given for it; and then, on some delicate scruples, had the picture (a fresco) hacked out of the wall. As for delicacy, that, of course, is a matter of taste. I can only say that I saw the sketch of the picture last year; that it was a noble specimen of English art; that my wife, Mrs. Judy, saw it; that Mrs. Caudle saw it; and that it elicited nothing but admiration from those pure and high-minded women. (*Cheers.*)

"But, gentlemen, it is with regard to the atrocious statement, that the picture was chipped out of the wall, that my indignation has been roused; and I have turned off every printer, publisher, sub-editor, and printer's d-v-l in my establishment, who was concerned in propagating so monstrous a fable. (*Hear, hear.*)

"I cannot believe that a great picture was sacrificed in this way, or that a noble old painter was so shamefully insulted. I believe that no monarch in any Court of Europe, absolutist or constitutional, big or beggarly, from the Tuileries or St. Petersburg down to Saxe-Meiningen, let us say—for fear of being personal—would dare to commit so gross a breach of politeness. How, then, is it possible that the first of our aristocracy (which is the first of the world), that one who is at the head of our fashion—a model of generous good-breeding—one who must be a pattern of courtesy—could so forget himself as to 'bring a veteran to shame'? A great prince insulting a poor artist, is like a lifeguardsman bullying a little baby. There is something cruel in the mere idea. The poor thing can't resist: it was only meant for caressing and kindness, to be dandled on the giant's knee, not pommelled by his great fist. A thrust of his finger might kill the child. But what should we say of the six-foot Samson who did the deed?

"The idea is revolting and impossible. The story must be absurd from first to last. The first gentleman in England *can't* have done what is alleged against him. To suppose that a great Prince should ask a painter for a picture is possible—the artist would naturally be too happy to oblige such a personage, and send in his picture with pleasure. But here all supposition stops. I won't believe that the first gentleman in England begs a picture of an artist, and shows his sense of obligation by sending him a tenth part of the value of the work. Such conduct is not even decent; it is not merely deficient in common gratitude, but in common politeness. Much more, then, do I discredit the cruel charge against my betters—that a great Prince, after having got a picture for nothing, after having manifested his gratitude in the way named, should end by having the picture taken down, and its place painted over by an inferior hand.

"I say it is impossible. Between a great Prince and a poor painter there is as much social difference, as there is bodily discrepancy between the guardsman and the baby. One so high-placed can't stoop down to crush one so lowly. What is a royal Prince who knows his business? what is he paid for? To be a splendid ceremony—to smile and be kind to everybody—an aristocratic Simpson as it were—a walking politeness and splendour. We place him glittering above us: his part of the job is to shine and be splendid like the sun—the sun, which shines not only on mountains, castles, elephants, and such big things, but kindly illuminates a cock-sparrow in a gutter, and warms a worm on a dunghill.

"Now, as you Gentlemen are engaged upon a committee of the Fine Arts, and as they look to you for patronage and protection, I beg and pray that you will have this story officially contradicted, or I shall (through Mr. Duncombe) present a petition to parliament for a *reform of your body*. I care for my country so much, that I am obliged to know what other nations say of her; and am often, too often, perhaps, asking myself what will be a Frenchman's opinion of such and such a thing?

"In matters of art, this question occurs to me very often, and as I must confess, very awkwardly. What *can* the Frenchmen say about Tite's Exchange, or the fountains in Trafalgar Square? What *would* they say if they were to hear that one of our greatest artists has been treated in the fashion above spoken of? They would say our patrons were worthy of our Art, and have a sad notion of one and the other.

"I call upon you then to disown the allegations above brought forward—allegations which I myself totally disbelieve. I don't believe that a generous British Court asked for a picture, didn't pay for a picture, and ended by removing it from the wall. I hear there are other pictures on that wall; if His Royal Highness Prince Albert has a fancy to part with them, I shall be happy to take them off his hands at double the money which he paid for them."

Here, amidst a great uproar of shrieks, yells, hisses, cries of "treason," "turn him out," &c., *Mr. Punch's* Speech was concluded by his being hustled out of the committee-room by the policeman.

ODE,

BY AN AGRICULTURIST, ON A VERY DISTANT VIEW OF PROTECTION.

THE SOLEMN SWELL.

A SINKING at my heart I feel ;
My hopes have heard their final knell ;
When listening to that awful PEEL,—
Oh, how I hate that " Solemn Swell."

The promise, couched in friendly strain,
Was hollow as the brazen bell ;
I will not trust the Peal again,—
I cannot bear " the Solemn Swell."

Applauding once, my friendly hands
Acted the part of clappers well ;
That PEEL no more my aid commands,—
Would I could stop that " Solemn Swell."

DIVERTING PASTIME FOR SPRING.

GET a small piece of wood, and point it at each end till it is reduced to this shape—

This piece of wood you will take with your playfellow to some narrow street, through which a great many persons have to pass. From nine to ten in the morning, or from four to six in the evening, will be found an excellent time for the sport, as then there are sure to be a number of gentlemen going to and coming from the City, in the outskirts of which we assume the diversion is pursued. Each player in turn strikes the " cat " (so the pointed wood is called) with a stick, and when it ascends into the air, directs it with another blow, when it may afford the greatest possible annoyance to the passengers. The rules, which are very simple, are as follow :—

1. He that strikes a passenger in any part of his person, not being his face, scores one.

2. He that strikes a passenger in the face with the flat side of the " cat," scores two.

3. He that sends the point into the face of a passenger, scores three, and is allowed one go more.

4. He that first scores 12, according to the above rules, is declared winner, though the game may be won at a single " go," by sending the point into a passenger's eye, this being considered the grandest move of all.

If there are no passengers, it is still possible to have a pleasant game, by deciding that he who first sends the " cat " through a neighbouring window is the winner.

LORD ABERDEEN IN DANGER.

WE begin to be alarmed for LORD ABERDEEN. We have always considered his Lordship to be a very respectable, very heavy, very conscientious sort of man. It was our belief that he always paid his decent devotions to truth ; and was therefore sufficiently susceptible to the good opinions of his fellow-subjects. This belief begins to grow weak within us. We have parlous fear that "PEEL's dirty boy" GRAHAM has been corrupting the Foreign Secretary. Sure we are, that boy will be the death of the Cabinet, if PEEL do not look about him. However, we subjoin the paragraph that has made us suddenly anxious for ABERDEEN. A night or two since his Lordship said :—

" Altogether, I am accustomed almost daily to see myself characterised as pusillanimous, cowardly, mean, dastardly, truckling, base. I hope I need not say that I view these appellations with indifference ; *I view them, indeed, really with satisfaction ;* because I know perfectly well what they mean, and how they ought to be, and are, translated. I feel perfectly satisfied that these vituperative terms are translated as applicable to conduct consistent with justice, reason, moderation, and with common sense ; and I therefore feel, as I said before, really not indifferent, *but positively satisfied, when I see such observations.*"

Now, we do not like a man to be satisfied at being called cowardly and base ; we do not sympathise with the satisfaction that sees truth blackened and belied. We have no admiration for the statesman who delights to place himself in a moral pillory ; and, whilst epithets noisome as ancient eggs are flying about him, we do not venerate him for declaring that the missiles are fragrant, refreshing ; things that his nature most rejoices in !

But the fact is, LORD ABERDEEN is suddenly infected with a morbid ambition to rival SIR JAMES GRAHAM. We are sorry for this : for it is painful to see a man engaged in a hopeless task. There can be but one GRAHAM. No minister, do what he will, can ever approach him. The greatest success would be to masquerade for a time as something like the Home Secretary ; nothing more : in the same way that the smutched player may, for a few hours, seem *Othello ;* but how different from the born blackamoor ! No, ABERDEEN ; there is a point of shabbiness which becomes genius ! One minister has attained this point ; it is in vain that you try to displace him, or to share the eminence with him. *Two* sweeps cannot sit on one chimney-pot !

We are told that CHARLES THE SECOND, being in his exile denied the luxury of fresh oysters, could not ever after abide them unless highly tainted. When most filthy, they were to him most delicious. Now, to GRAHAM, reputation is as one of these oysters. When most offensive to the world at large—when men most carefully hold the nose at it—then does GRAHAM think his oyster most delectable —then does he lick his lips at it, looking heroical contempt at the disgust on the faces of all around him.

Good LORD ABERDEEN, do not affect satisfaction at a " cowardly, mean, dastardly " reputation. You deceive yourself ; you cannot swallow such an oyster ; for you have not the stomach of a GRAHAM.

A VERY FOOLISH COUNCILLOR.

WE learn from the *Leeds Mercury*, that a " MR. COUNCILLOR JACKSON," at a council meeting, reproached a MR. COUNCILLOR SHACKLETON, " by twice taunting him with wearing the same garb that TAWELL wore." Poor creature ! We trust, however, that there will always be so much charity in Leeds, that no man there will ever taunt COUNCILLOR JACKSON'S children—if he have any—with bearing the same name as their unfortunate father.

A SCENE IN HYDE PARK.

THE RIDICULOUS AND THE SUBLIME.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

It has often been a subject of regret that the spirit of sporting should not be directed to some more useful purpose than the mere racing of a parcel of horses, in which the merit belongs less to the man who rides than to the brute who is ridden. We are happy to say that the human faculties are likely to supersede the mere animal instincts as the subject of wagers, and we have already an instance to record of sportsmanship having been devoted to the improvement of the noble art of cookery. It may be known to many that there has long been an honourable rivalry between the proprietors of Joe's Coffee House and the Cheshire Cheese, as to the respective merits of the cooking of the chops at these establishments. Ben, the proprietor of the Cheese, has often been heard to declare with much energy that he would cook a chop with Joe for any sum that might be named; and a few friends of the turf—we mean the gridiron—having taken an interest in the matter, it was arranged that a match should come off to decide whether Joe or Ben should henceforth be considered as the chop champion.

The preliminaries being all arranged, the combatants entered the kitchen, and took their ground opposite the fire.

Ben seemed to be in excellent condition, and went smilingly up to the kitchen-fender, while Joe walked with a firm step and a serious air, as if he "meant mischief." Betting was about equal, and the men having tossed for choice of gridirons, Ben was fortunate enough to win, which turned the odds slightly in his favour. Joe, however, looked confident, and his backers were not discouraged. The ceremony of weighing having been gone through, so that the chops should be exactly equal, the signal was given, when, after a few false starts, the chops bounded on to the gridirons, and the men were fairly off. Joe went away at a slapping pace, but Ben unfortunately got into the ruck of a large black coal, when, giving the chop a spur with his fork, he soon recovered his position, and betting became again equal. The men turned at about the same time, so that the first heat afforded no criterion by which any surmise of the probable winner could be ventured upon; and as the match got near the close, the excitement became tremendous. Shouts of "Now then, Joe," "Go it, Ben," resounded all over the kitchen, and it was at one time thought Joe would have won by a neck, in consequence of a bit of the scrag of Ben's chop having failed to get the heat of the fire, but Joe, with admirable skill and wonderful presence of mind, gave the gridiron a shake, which brought him triumphantly up; and amid the loudest cries of "Well done both," the two chops reached the dish—cooked in magnificent style—at the same moment.

After the match a select party sat down to enjoy the steaks, which had been held by the regular stake-holder in the adjoining kitchen. In the course of the evening, several loyal toasts were given, the following being among those that were drunk with the greatest enthusiasm:—

"The gridiron, and may it protect us from foreign broils."

"Harvey's, the only true sauce of legitimate cookery."

"Our chops and our children."

BRAVE, OXONIA.

A Parody.

When Oxford first, by line and rule,
Arose in great King Alfred's reign,
This was the charter of the School,
And Heads of Houses sang the strain:
Brave, Oxonia: Oxonia, brave the storm;
Oxford never, never, never, never, will reform.

Bigots that thine own less blind,
In with the March of Mind shall fall;
But thou shalt ever lag behind,
The joke and wonder of them all.
Brave, Oxonia, &c.

Still more pig-headed shalt thou rise
From each show-up, from every blow,—
Even as the Donkey, who defies
The cudgel plied to make him go.
Brave, Oxonia, &c.

Gross Ingratitude of the '82 Club.

A Mr. John Reilly, of Dublin, has been black-beaned by the '82 club for this great offence—he is a tailor! Now when we consider the great impetus that has been given to the cause of repeal by the green uniform of the '82 club—when we reflect that Ireland will be won for Irishmen not by sword and bayonet, but by needle and thread, exercised upon verdant broad-cloth—when the goose of O'Reilly, somewhat like the famous geese of the Capitol, will save Erin from the Saxon—(for all this, Mr. O'Connell has assured us, will be peacefully compassed by '82 gentlemen donning the livery of grasshoppers)—we consider O'Reilly's treatment by the club as not only ungrateful, but unnaturally rebellious. It is as if a lot of puppets should cast off their showman. One excuse, however, has been charitably suggested for the '82. It is this. Many of them may be endowed with too fine a sensibility to be continually meeting their creditor.

THE PREMIER'S FIX.

FREE TRADE AND AGRICULTURE.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

44. *The construction of the law may be altered by the special agreement of the parties.*—This maxim is more often illustrated by the exception than by the rule; for though the agreement of the parties may alter the construction of the law, it is the disagreement of the parties that causes the law to have a number of various constructions put upon it. The law is, in this respect, very accommodating, for it allows a good deal of latitude in the constructions it will bear for the parties to quarrel about.

45. *The law regards the intent of the parties and will imply their words thereunto.*—When "parties" want to do a straightforward thing, if it is to be legal, the law gives them a roundabout form of doing it. The parties then find that they cannot understand their own meaning, when the law again comes in to tell them what they do mean, which often terminates in the law attaching to its own intricate rigmarole some meaning which the unfortunate "parties" never dreamt of.

46. *An intendment of the parties shall be ordered according to law.*—This maxim being a law maxim, is characteristically at variance with the one that immediately precedes it. We are told by maxim 45 that the law regards the intent of the parties; while maxim 46 informs us that the law will sometimes throw the intendment of parties completely overboard. Thus, if a man makes a lease to a man and his heirs for ten years, the heirs will not have it, though he intended they should; and it may be laid down as a general rule, that, if a man wants his intention carried out, he must not attempt to state his intention clearly in his own way, for if he does, it is ten to one that the law will find some means of thwarting it.

47. *Qui per alium facit, per seipsum facere videtur. He who acts by another is held to act by himself.*—Thus, if I give my authority to my bailiff to sell my sheep, it is I who sell them; but if I do not pay my rent, it is possible that somebody else's bailiff may come and seize my sheep and sell them for me. If a servant sell me cloth, warranting it to be of a certain length, and it turns out to be less than he said, he has gone the length of deceiving me; and the long and the short of it is that an action lies against the master, because the servant lies against me on behalf of the master. This is, perhaps, as broad as it is long, unless it be a yard of broad-cloth, in which case it will not be so long as it is broad, by several inches. The maxim, that he who sets another to act is supposed to act himself, cannot always hold good, for there are some things in which this is impossible. Thus, I cannot allow my servant to eat my dinner for me when I am hungry, on the principle that *qui facit per alium facit per se*, for it would not be a good satisfaction of the claims of my appetite, which can only be met in full by myself in person.

OLD BAILEY BLOSSOMS.

THE great and doubtless laudable attention bestowed by an enlightened British public on the smallest details of murder—the anxiety which it constantly evinces to know everything of a man when he has once painted himself in human blood, as a companion for demons,—promises to awaken much spurious talent in a class of men henceforth to be considered as public writers, and, according to the *Standard*, the real masters of the press. No sooner does a great genius display himself than he immediately calls into life a swarm of imitators. No sooner, for instance, did *Jack Sheppard* appear to delight and instruct us, than twenty other brave, unfortunate, elegant felons were pounced upon by mere ink-spillers, who made them look like so many "gilt twopences" beside the great luminary of the gibbet. Everything about *Jack* was gay, dashing, and *débonnaire*. The pen that recorded his adventures played like a sunbeam about him. The vulgarest things, by association with him, were changed into something "rich and rare." His manacles were made precious as virgin gold; and we were certain that the halter which throttled him was never grown in vulgar hemp-field, but was elaborated by delicate silk-worm. We shrunk from the Newgate birds of smaller, imitative novelists; but *Jack* was a pet even for drawing-rooms and young ladies' seminaries.

The like morbid yet hopeless ambition that, on the appearance of *Jack*, sent small men for inspiration to the *Newgate Calendar*, has brought upon us the voluminous correspondence of certain persons, anxious—vain anxiety!—to vie with the distinguished pens that have given at least a week's immortality to the breakfasts and dinners of TAWELL—to his brief sentences—his transient smiles—his meekness, his exceeding benevolence! From this correspondence we select a few paragraphs; at the same time averring that in breadth of colour, in *gusto*, in sentiment and delicate handling, they are poor indeed, compared with the matter and style which have recently cast a felonious glory about the assassin of Salt-Hill, and his worthy associate, HOCKER. It will be seen that the writer assumes a murder, whereon to exercise the ingenuity of his goose-quill:—

"HORRIBLE MURDER.

"(*From our own Correspondent.*)

"Yesterday evening a most barbarous, yet interesting, murder was committed in the neighbourhood of ————. In the whole annals of crime there is, perhaps, nothing so calculated to excite the liveliest feelings of emotion—to awaken curiosity—and to stimulate our disgust for all that is atrocious—than the barbarous, brutal, vindictive, curious assassination, which it is our painful—our extremely painful—duty to narrate.

PORTRAIT OF THE MURDERER.

"The interesting scene of the horrid act is in one of the meadows adjoining ——. Some notion may be conceived of the thrilling interest excited by the atrocity, when we state that daisies gathered in the mortal meadow found eager purchasers at eighteen-pence a bunch; and that a quick-set hedge, a few paces from where the body was discovered, has been cut into tooth-picks, and sold at a shilling each. We observed one enthusiast who had possessed himself of a frog, found in the ditch abutting on the spot of horror, who refused a guinea for the interesting reptile. A few tadpoles from the same ditch found a lively market at half-a-crown a piece. We had almost forgotten to state that the unfortunate victim is a man of most respectable connexions.

"The name of the unfortunate assassin is HYACINTH ROSELY. Feeling that at the present moment he must very justly engross the liveliest attention of society, we have, regardless of expense, engaged an artist of celebrity to execute the

PORTRAIT OF THE MURDERER,

to adorn our pages, that a likeness of the abhorred miscreant may find its way into all families for the especial Sabbath delight and edification of ladies and children. It will be seen that the countenance of the murderer wears an expression of extreme benevolence. An habitual smile of kindliness and charity plays about his mouth; and his hair, which is of the silkiest texture, called forth audible admiration from several well-dressed ladies who were fortunate enough to gain a furtive glimpse of him. His hands are of singular whiteness, and his nails of that favoured shape denominated filbert. Indeed, beholding the extreme delicacy of his hands—he wears a galvanic ring on the left little finger—it demands a herculean effort of the imagination to conceive that such hands could, by any possibility, be steeped in the blood of a fellow-creature. We never beheld hands more likely to rebut such a prejudice."

"EXAMINATION OF THE MURDERER.

"Yesterday, HYACINTH ROSELY was brought up at this office, which was crowded at an early hour. We were delighted to observe several of the nobility present—lords being, by virtue of their rank, on the free list of the Bench,—a privilege some of them rarely forego on any great homicidal novelty.

"The prisoner was dressed with scrupulous neatness; and his manner was remarkably prepossessing. Indeed his appearance seemed, to us, to have materially improved; it being a remarkable physiological fact that the blacker the crime proved against a murderer, the handsomer every day he becomes. He took snuff with a combined elegance and meekness

that won all hearts. When it was evident from his manner that he was without a pocket-handkerchief, twenty at least were offered him by ladies and gentlemen in court. He accepted the cambric of Lord———, with a grace that would have done honour to St. James's. It was with difficulty that the worthy magistrate repressed the loud expressions of applause from the by-standers.

"The prisoner, on being told that he stood committed, charged with 'Murder,' made a most graceful bow to the Magistrate, laying his hand upon his heart, as though wanting words to express the depth of his emotion.

"The prisoner was conveyed to a cab, which drove off to Newgate amidst loud cheers from the crowd gathered outside. One enthusiast flung an old shoe after him, as he said, 'for luck.'"

"Various reports are afloat that, it is feared, fatally connect ROSELY's name with other horrors. A colliery explosion, attended with great loss of life, that happened somewhere many years ago, it is confidently believed, may be traced to him.

"It will be remembered that the Thames Tunnel was, more than once, inundated by the river. It would be unfair to the prisoner to give currency to the stories that attribute the calamity to the unfortunate ROSELY.

"His conduct in prison is, we are happy to say, of the most exemplary kind. The governor (who has made him extremely comfortable) never visits him that he does not, with a radiant beam upon his brow, say, 'Good morning.' Yesterday, he had a sole and two Maintenon cutlets for his dinner. He complains much that the prison discipline does not allow him his customary claret. It is to be hoped that the prison surgeon may be induced to sign a certificate to obtain for him the generous beverage."

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* * * "In the whole history of crime there, perhaps, was never so much excitement as on ROSELY's trial. We can only compare the rush at the doors to the rush at the gallery the first night of a pantomime. There only wanted the women with "choice fruit and bill of indictment" to have completed the illusion.

"Mr. OILY GAMMON has wonderfully advanced his reputation by his defence of the prisoner. He has shown himself a perfect master of the human heart. Now, he convulsed the Court with jokes, to which the brightest things in JOSEPH MILLER are pale and paltry—and now he wept to such a degree that it was thought lucky for him he had provided a relay of pocket-handkerchiefs. Once or twice it was feared that the prisoner at the bar would defeat the ends of justice by dying with laughter."

"As ROSELY's last hour approaches he becomes more serious. He no longer hums the Polka. Winning and sportive as was his affability, it is as nothing to the sweet seriousness that has now taken full possession of him. The turnkeys are enchanted. Several gentlemen have addressed the governor, requesting that ROSELY should not be executed in a Tweed wrapper, such execution being likely to bring disrepute upon that very economic garment. The governor has, however, declined to interfere."

"The gallows has been beautifully decorated with French polish. CALCRAFT, the hangman, was seen, the night before last, to enter a perfumer's shop, and purchase a bottle of lavender water!"

"When ROSELY woke in the morning he slightly coughed. The Sheriffs * * * * *"

But here we close our extracts. It will be seen that we have in no instance given a continuous narrative, but have merely taken isolated passages. However, on reperusing them we find that they have no more the rich flavour of what has recently been done than milk-and-water smacks of Madeira.

MR. JOHN COOPER,

PRINCIPAL and only Tragedian of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, has the honour to announce a series of readings from the plays of

ROWE, LILLO, AND OTHER DRAMATISTS.

The series will commence with the popular tragedy of *George Barnwell;* and in order to give effect to this fine moral lesson for London apprentices, MR. COOPER will wear the original ducks as worn by him in the palmy days of the British drama.

Apprentices will be admitted half-price on showing their indentures to the money-taker.

MR. COOPER will also, on the occasion of his benefit this week, give a reading from *John of Paris*, in which he will introduce a new scene written expressly for him by M. ST. GEORGE, the great French dramatist, who is expected in this country to write the programme of an opera for MR. BUNN, who will make an humble attempt to put it, (for positively the first time,) into English.

A WORD IN THE EAR OF MR. POLK.

EARKEN, MR. POLK, President of the United States of America, to a friendly whisper of advice from *Punch*. You have been lately expressing an intention of seizing on the Oregon Territory; and, in defiance of the British Lion, appropriating the lion's share. You have thereby caused the said lion to wag his tail, and roar. Attend to that roar, MR. POLK — mark that tail—be warned, and beware! Run not your head into the lion's mouth. In other words, do not engage yourself in a contest with Great Britain.

In the first place, you want money to buy powder and shot; you have no national Uncle, nor anybody else to lend you a sixpence, for those who lend sixpences expect to see them again.

Secondly, MR. POLK, there is a circumstance on which it behoves you well to ponder. Among your glorious institutions, that of SLAVERY is very conspicuous. You have a large negro population. That's a fact, sir, as your countrymen say; a great fact. You will hardly venture to arm your negroes. You dare not trust your slaves with arms. It would not be against the friends of freedom that they would direct those weapons. Would you expect them to fight for their chains and drivers, and to defend the law of Lynch? Do you calculate that they would rally round their whipping-posts, and be faithful to their colours,—the STRIPES?

On the contrary, does it not occur to you that England might present them with their freedom in cartouch-boxes? We should need to send few men to Kentucky, if we sent plenty of muskets. Liberty, remember, is inscribed on the British flag; it would be awkward for you were we to hoist that flag in America.

You are yourself a slave-owner, MR. POLK. What would be the effect of a proclamation of the O'CONNELL species, addressed to your "hereditary niggers"? Think of that, MASTER POLK. No, sir; vapour, hector, bully, bluster, swagger, as much as you please. Shake your fist, cock your chin, make faces, take sights across the Atlantic at the "Britishers," and welcome. You will only divert us—ourselves especially—by affording us subjects for jokes and caricatures. In a word, talk as long and as big as you like about going to war; but don't do it. If you do, depend upon it that, as *Richard the Third* says, "a black day will it be for somebody;" and who that somebody will be, you may pretty particularly considerably well guess.

THE PAGODA PANIC.

WE have seen with considerable regret that the Pagoda which once adorned the gardens at Kew is in the market. This magnificent pile of British deal has been advertised for sale in a public newspaper. The fate of this pagoda is rather curious. A year or two ago it was given away to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, to prosecute their astronomical researches, and also to supply the Association with an address to put upon its cards, and take away from the appearance of vagabondism with which its having no "local habitation" to add to its name had invested it. The body alluded to had, we believe, a hundred address cards printed with the words—

British Association,
PAGODA, KEW.

But on sending up its own astronomer to look after the stars, the steps of the Pagoda were so rotten that the *savant* was not able to get any higher than the first landing or pigeon-hole. As rats run from a falling house, the British Association cut away from the tottering Pagoda, and it was at length sold to a tea-dealer to put outside his shop as a sign; but the paving committee having objected to it as an obstruction, it passed into the hands of the present proprietor.

We are grieved to see a national building like the Pagoda going begging for a customer, and we strongly recommend its being purchased by the Government as a testimonial to SIR HENRY POTTINGER for his services in China. It will form an admirable companion to the Palmer's Candlestick erected at Charing Cross in honour of LORD NELSON.

THE RUINS OF THE FLEET.

THE Fleet Prison is to be demolished! One by one our venerable institutions are leaving us like exhalations! The wisdom of our ancestors—that very sober and respectable owl—is every day being plucked and plucked, and will soon be bare as pullet on a poulterer's stall. The Fleet Prison is to be sold off brick by brick, rafter by rafter, and yet there *are* men—feather-brained enthusiasts—who believe that the world will go on even better for the loss: that tradesmen will continue to open their shops, and deal across their counters, and, with a reckless faith in human nature, give certain credits. How little do such men know of the philosophy of social life!

Not all unwept will the Fleet depart. As men wept at the ruin of Babylon, so will some men—descendants of those very mourners—drop "some natural tears" at the doomed, departing glory of Farringdon.

A few days since we beheld one of these stricken deer. Crossing to Ludgate, and thinking we would have a twopenny peep at a bit of St. Paul's Cathedral, we saw a man profoundly contemplating the walls of the Fleet Prison. His face was relaxed, uncorded by grief—by sorrow, not hysterical, but deep, deep as his breeches-pocket. It has been our fate to read more faces than bank-notes, and therefore—perusing that bit of human Mosaic before us—we saw in the mourner one who was taking a fond, long, last look at the place of departed joys. The sorrowing man—alas! we knew him—was a gallant officer in the service of the sheriff. He looked upon the Fleet as an old Trafalgar tar would look upon the hull of the *Victory*, his bosom meekly swelling with the thoughts of long-past captures. Two tears—big and bright as his diamond shirt-studs—

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICER AMONG THE RUINS OF THE FLEET.

stood in his precious eyes, for Jews' eyes are proverbially costly. With laudable thrift he safely dropt them in his pocket-handkerchief, and looked—and stared again. Who shall say what he read in those walls? What legends more profound, more pregnant with social meaning, than any writ in Babylonian bricks! What—to him—profitable sentences! What *ca. sa.'s* stampt in gold! And the sentences were fading in the ray of better light—fading like characters writ in phosphor—and radiant *ca. sa.'s* dying like the departing sun! The one sweet, dear lesson of his life—the theme he had dwelt upon in youth—was passing from his eyes—and henceforth the world would be to him as a blank copy-book, ruled indeed by a judge! In a moment of forgetfulness he violently slapt his breast, when, as was to be expected, hurting his knuckles very much, he awoke from his meditation. Sucking the back of his hand, he muttered "the vorld's at an end," and walked ferociously away.

Sauntering a few steps by the prison-wall, we were again arrested —the word belongs to the *genius loci*—by a second mourner: by one of the most dreadful tools which, in this fighting-day world, men make use of to exterminate each other. Dreadful is a sharp sword cleaving flesh and muscle, and bone—horrible a sharp pike driven into breathing man—agonizing a sharp bayonet plunged into human bowels—but, reader, go to the Tower; there, if you will, survey the armoury—there contemplate the hundred things of sharpness invented by man to slash, cut, pierce, lop, maim his fellow-man,—and you shall own there is not a weapon among them all that is not blunt as oyster-knife compared to a sharp attorney. It was such a piece of human keenness—such a respectable old blade in a black scabbard—that we beheld gazing upon the condemned Fleet. He gazed as a famished fox would gaze at an empty hen-roost: then howling "the world's at an end," he moved away, though not we trust—for we are philanthropic—to bring about an inquest by his own ferret.

And so our institutions are destroyed—so end our good old customs!

There was a time, when the hearts of men might be smitten by the cry of "Remember the poor debtors." There was a time when the grey-headed and helpless wretch might somewhat expiate the atrocity of poverty, by standing—as a favour—like a caged beast before the out-door world! There was a time when the hoary debtor, through the iron bars of the Fleet, preached the wisdom of the laws that punished him for having nothing. Then we shewed debtors as we now shew hyænas,—and great and searching was the moral lesson taught by such exhibition.

And now the gaol is to be razed! Truly, there *are* sermons in stones. And if BEELZEBUB wanted to preach on the folly, cruelty, ignorance and wickedness of man towards man,—even he could not hit upon a more suggestive text than is written—written in tears—on every stone of the Fleet Prison.

THE USE OF THE CITY REMEMBRANCER.

WE were dining, lately, on a steak. Absorbed in thought, we ate mechanically. In the meanwhile, an obscure sense of a want, something like the half-consciousness of an uneasy doze, oppressed us. It had worried us for at least ten minutes, when suddenly we were aroused from our reverie by somebody asking us to hand the mustard. The mustard! Ha! that was what we lacked, and had forgotten.

Now dawned on our thus widely awakened mind a discovery which we had often tried to arrive at. We perceived the utility of the City Remembrancer; it was as clear as daylight. The LORD MAYOR, immersed in reflection, is eating venison. "My Lord," says the Remembrancer, nudging him in the ribs—"Umph!" grunts the absent magistrate; "Currant jelly, your Lordship?" suggests the officer, handing the condiment. "Hey?—What?—oh—ah—yes—hum!—Thank you," answers the civic dignitary. In like manner, on occasion, the City Remembrancer may hint "Cold punch, Mr. Recorder, with your turtle?" or, "Mr. Sheriff, don't you take cayenne and lemon with your whitebait?" "Mr. Chaplain,—excuse me, Reverend Sir,—you are eating your pheasant without bread sauce!" or, "Sword-bearer—Marshalman—Sir!—Gentlemen! No soy with your salmon! what are you about?"

To this notion of the functions of the Remembrancer it may be slightly objected that the LORD MAYOR, Aldermen, and other members of the Corporation, are not, whilst eating, accustomed to think of anything else. It may be urged, that they do not usually combine rumination with mastication, and are less subject to fits of abstraction than to fits of apoplexy. But these are irreverent insinuations of jesting minds. The wits of Guildhall and the Mansion House may sometimes go woolgathering; and metaphysics may direct their attention from their meat. Solicitude for the general may produce inattention to the particular corporation, and thus even green fat may be unconsciously swallowed. Hence the necessity of the City Remembrancer; of whom we will now take leave in the words of *Macbeth*:

"Sweet Remembrancer!"

addressing the rest of the quotation to the Mayor and Aldermen.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

IT has long been an Englishman's boast, that as soon as a refugee sets foot in England, that moment he becomes free. Now, we think this boast hardly goes far enough. It should particularly state that the letters of the foreigner are treated with even greater freedom than himself.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO DRURY-LANE.

Mr. Bunn has been running about in a state of frantic excitement among his company and his scene-shifters, announcing the important fact of Her Majesty's being about to go in state to Drury-Lane, which the manager, who is a poet and consequently deals in fancy, describes in his puffs preliminary as "the only national theatre." We had some idea, till Mr. Bunn told us otherwise, that the Haymarket might at least put in some claim to the title of national. What the manager of Drury-Lane has done to deserve a monopoly of that distinction for his establishment we are at a loss to conceive. Is Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* a national opera? or does the engagement of Duprez and Madame Garcia tend to the nationality of the theatre? As far as we can see, the two Johns—Cooper and Harley—are the only representatives of the national British dramatic interests at Drury-Lane under the present management.

THE CRIMINAL DRAMA.

We understand that, in consequence of the growing taste of the public for witnessing the examination and trial of notorious criminals, it is in contemplation to apply to the Lord Chamberlain for a regular theatrical license for the Old Bailey and some of the principal police courts in the metropolis. The application will be backed by some members of the aristocracy, already distinguished for their patronage of the style of entertainment that will be presented to them. The following is suggested as a prospectus to be circulated among the admirers of the class of performance alluded to:—

THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY,

Admirers of Atrocity, & Connoisseurs of Criminal Matters,

Are respectfully informed that it is intended to open the

GREAT NATIONAL CRIMINAL THEATRE ROYAL,

Old Bailey,

Under the License of the Lord Chamberlain.

The performances will consist of a series of the most exciting and interesting trials; the principal characters in which will be sustained by the

Most Celebrated Murderers,

supported by a powerful phalanx

OF DISTINGUISHED BARRISTERS,

aided by a numerous corps of jailors and turnkeys, with an unrivalled band of auxiliaries.

In the course of the year the

British Judges

will have the honour of appearing in turn; so that there will be a constant succession of first-rate judicial talent, to give effect to the summings up and to the passing of the sentences. In order to vary the nature of the entertainment,

THE HONOURABLE MR. JUSTICE MAULE,

the celebrated judicial buffo, will go through a round of his celebrated performances, and will appear in a rapid succession of laughable novelties. He will, early in an ensuing session, give his popular comic recitation, called "How to get a Divorce," which was received with so much applause at the recent assizes.

The prices of admission will be announced in future bills, but persons taking places for a whole session will be considered as subscribers, and entitled to admission at all the trials. Stalls will be constructed in such a position as to enable the occupant to take snuff from the prisoners' box, a treat which was so much in request at Bow Street. Tickets may be had on application to the sheriffs, but it is respectfully intimated that places cannot be kept beyond the examination of the first witness. For further particulars see the Criminal Calendar for the day.

Such might be the nature of a programme for the Old Bailey, the great national theatre for criminal performers of the first class, while the police courts might be considered as minors in relation to the large establishment.

A pleasant observer says, truly, that "the duties of a police magistrate are as various as those of a clown in a pantomime," * and we have no doubt that a series of police-court pantomimes—clowns by Messrs. Jardine and Hall, for example—would be extremely popular. We have ourselves seen burlesques at Bow Street that would rival the broadest that ever was produced at a regular theatre; and as this class of entertainment seems to be in fashion just now, we do not see why some of the magistrates, who are unrivalled performers, should not make that profitable which is at present merely ridiculous.

* "Sketches of Life and Character, taken at Bow Street," by George Hodder.

LAMENT FOR NEWCASTLE.

'Tis the last of the Tories
Left, stranded, alone;
All his *quondam* companions
Converted or gone!
Not one of the right sort,
One True-Blue is nigh,
To cry, "Down with Sir Robert!"
Or, "Never say die!"

They have left thee, thou old one,
Too blind e'en for them,
Low Radical notions
All single to stem.
They increase Maynooth grants,
And cut Orangemen dead;
And hear, without passion,
The cry for cheap bread.

Sir Robert they follow,
Where he leads the way,
To Conservative notions
Fast dropping away.
The old Tory's defunct,
With reluctance you own,—
"Though you did," my Lord Duke,
"What you liked with your own."

OH! HOW SHOCKING!

In the "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*," Ugliness is described as a consequence of Misery. What frights we shall all be through the operation of the Income Tax!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London; and published by them, at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, April 19, 1845.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XIII.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO SEE HER DEAR MOTHER. CAUDLE, ON THE "JOYFUL OCCASION," HAS GIVEN A PARTY, AND ISSUED THE ANNEXED CARD OF INVITATION.

Mr. Caudle's compliments to Mr. Prettyman, and expects to have the honour of his company on this joyful occasion, at half-past Eight o'Clock.

"It *is* hard, I think, Mr. CAUDLE, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern: a tavern?—a pothouse! Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh yes, you can be very tender, you can, Mr. CAUDLE, when it suits your own purpose. Yes! and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew you as well as I do, that's all; but it shall, some day, I'm determined.

"I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and, what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. *Take 'em down, then?* Yes, it's all very well for you to say, take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago; but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. CAUDLE. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future. People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out *that*.

"And what a condition the carpet's in! They've taken five pounds out of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinder-hole burnt in it! I never saw such a house in *my* life! If you wanted to have a few friends, why couldn't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man? not have 'em sneaking in, like a set of housebreakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows, that are afraid to face a woman! Ha! and you all call yourselves the lords of the creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation, if you were left to yourselves! A pretty pickle creation would be in very soon!

"You must all have been in a nice condition! What do you say? *You took nothing?* Took nothing, didn't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I havn't had the heart to count 'em. And punch, too! you must have punch! There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one: for SUSAN, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em me. No, sir; SUSAN *shan't leave the house!* What do you say? *She has no right to tell tales, and you* WILL *be master in your own house?* Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. CAUDLE, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there isn't as much as would fill a tea-cup. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for fifty men? What do you say? *There wasn't fifty?* That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drank enough for fifty. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world out of my housekeeping money? *You don't ask me?* Don't you ask me? You do; you know you do: for if I only want a shilling extra, the house is in a blaze. And yet a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon——No, I *won't* be still; and I *won't* let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night, you wouldn't have been so sleepy now. You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!

"And there's that China image that I had when I was married—I wouldn't have taken any sum of money for it, and you know it—and how do I find it? With its precious head knocked off! And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened. *You knew nothing about it?* Now, how can you lie there, in your Christian bed, CAUDLE, and say that? You know that that fellow, PRETTYMAN, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you hadn't the feeling,—yes, I will say it,—you hadn't the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh no, if the truth was known, you were very glad to see it broken for that very reason.

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunt's picture? Oh! you're laughing, are you? *You're not laughing?* Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face,—and she was a good soul to you, CAUDLE, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all.

"Then there's my china mug—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug? Don't tell me it was cracked before—it's no such thing, CAUDLE; there wasn't a flaw in it—and now, I could have cried when I saw it. Don't tell me it wasn't worth twopence. How do you know? You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

"There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least, that's all I've found out at present; but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow.

"And I should like to know where the cotton umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell-pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair,—and perhaps—"

"Here," says CAUDLE, "Morpheus came to my aid, and I slept; nay, I think I snored."

NURSE PEEL'S COMPLAINT OF MASTER GRAHAM.

OH, dear! Oh goodness gracious me!
Whatever shall I do?
'Tis quite enough for any three
The trouble I go through.
The measles, hooping cough, and thrush,
Are trifles to annoy;
But I must always wipe and brush
That DIRTY LITTLE BOY!

The plague to me that infant is,
Is really unbeknown:
'Tis worse than any rheumatis,
Or bruise, or broken bone.
Of all my enemies, not one
I'd wish a worse employ
Than to be forced to wait upon
That DIRTY LITTLE BOY!

Within or out the House, 'tis all
The same with that young JIM:
There's not a day without a fall,
Or some disgrace for him.
No breakfast, lunch,—no dinner, tea,—
Nor supper I enjoy;
He always does so worrit me,
That DIRTY LITTLE BOY!

I wouldn't be his mother—no,
Not for a world of gold:
Now where can he expect to go?
I wish I could be told.
A plaguier little imp than that
Ne'er yet wore corduroy;
That naughty, good-for-nothing brat,—
That DIRTY LITTLE BOY!

MAYNOOTH GRANT.—GIBBS IN THE CHAIR.

ALDERMAN GIBBS took the Chair at the city gathering against the Maynooth Grant. This was to be expected, seeing that the purpose of the meeting was to refuse putting down the cash.

THE BRITISH LION AND THE MAYNOOTH GRANT.

PROFOUND is our respect, yea, our veneration, for the British Lion. It is a sentiment of our veriest childhood; a feeling of our barley-sugar days. In that sweet time of innocence, ere the vain foppery of Heralds' College has sophisticated our natures, we look upon the Lion in the Royal Arms as something mysterious and beautiful; a pretty sight to see; a golden show that dazzles and delights us. We grow up, and gradually learn to acknowledge and love the British Lion as a bit of ourselves; as the glorious type and representative of Englishmen. There is a loveliness in his repose that we regard as our own quiet, yet conscious strength; a terror in his animation, with which we experience a stern, tremendous sympathy. And so, the British Lion is a pet in the hearts of Britons; a cherished creature, dear as their hearts' blood.

It is for this reason—it is from the depths of our affection for the British Lion, and feeling that we, in common with every Englishman, have a right to a joint of the Lion's tail—that we have a small voice in his appalling roar—that we do strongly protest against the vulgar uses in which the said Lion is apt to be employed by the vain and thoughtless. Up to the time of our going to press, the last offender is SIR CULLING EARDLEY SMITH. That gentleman is a most loquacious opponent to the Maynooth Grant. Well and good. But SIR CULLING EARDLEY SMITH has no business to talk of our dear British Lion after the following manner; a manner moderately applauded at Surrey Chapel:—

"THE BRITISH LION WAS NOW ROUSED, AND WOULD NOT RETIRE TO REST AGAIN UNTIL HE HAD DEVOURED EVERY ATOM OF POPERY!"

It must be confessed, that, even with all a Lion's power of teeth, claws, and digestion, this is hard work for a single Lion—even, as the heralds have it, for "a company" of lions. Every atom of Popery! There are only seven millions of Irishmen to begin with: tough, hard, fellows, many of them, that, we take it, would lie very heavily upon the Lion's stomach. And then the leonine chyle—all potent though it be—would scarcely dissolve Maynooth College, and hundreds of parish churches, and Bermondsey Convent, and other Convents and Romish abiding-places too numerous here to catalogue. No: the British Lion cannot now do all this, or a thousandth part of it; and we therefore do protest against such foolish, braggadocio promises made in the name of the worthy animal: promises, indeed, to which he is no party, but which are unthinkingly put forward by men who believe they have as perfect authority over the creature as over the ox or ass in their stables.

We confess it; our blood warms when we remember only a few of the foolish matters promised in the name of the British Lion—promised never to be fulfilled. There is scarcely an election that the British Lion is not announced to perform prodigious feats; and though the animal never so much as makes his appearance, there is no uproar for apology—none whatever; the people from the first have considered the advertisement to be a mere flam, and have retired peaceably without pulling up the benches. There is scarcely a parish, a vestry-room in all England, in which churchwarden and vestryman have not threatened evil-doers with the claws of the British Lion; nay, the small interests of beadledom have again and again invoked the British Lion to defend the immaculate DUBBS against the iniquitous STUBBS.

We all remember the hubbub about Catholic Emancipation. Why, what tremendous doings was the British Lion to do then! Dukes, and lords, and bishops, and baronets, and rectors, all prophesied that the British Lion would crush Popedom between his awful jaws like a shin of beef: that he would go roaring through the land, lashing his tail like a cart-whip, with his blood-shot eyes, like an apothecary's night-lamp, gleaming death to all beholders! All this, the British Lion was to do, and what, in the end, did he? Why, all his roaring was no more than the yap-yap of LADY BETTY'S lap-dog. It pains us to see the British Lion thus abused and put upon.

At the present time, and for a week or two to come, the British Lion will be sadly worked. Not a squire shall mount his dapple gelding to trot to Anti-Maynooth meeting, that he will not think the British Lion, in the very finest roar, is carrying him there. Does a rector order his carriage for a like gathering?—he is not drawn by his satin-skinned chesnuts; no, but by the British Lion, doubled expressly for the occasion. BACCHUS is charioted by pards; the purple bishop has, if needful, his four lions, all warranted British.

Poor British Lion—brave, suffering beast! Were it, indeed, in the power of hot-headed, albeit sincere men, to enlist thee their fell minister, what a world wouldst thou make it! But no, magnanimous brute, though thou mayest growl a little, and show thy claws, thou drawest them again into the velvet, and lookest with grand disdain upon the crowd who would rouse thee.

There is a story of a Lion, in *Don Quixote*, that bears somewhat upon the present position of the British Lion.

The Knight of the Woful Countenance falls in with a car, which contains "two of the fiercest Lions that the forests of Africa ever bred." The door of the male lion's cage is opened by stern command of *Don Quixote*, who awaits the spring of the awful brute:—

"But the generous lion (says CERVANTES), more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, *after having stared about him*, as has been said, turned his back, and showed his posteriors to Don Quixote, and, with great phlegm and calmness, laid himself down again in the cage."

And, we are certain of it, after this fashion—despite of the SMITHS, the PLUMPTRES, the SIBTHORPS, and others—despite of NEWCASTLE, who from the walls of Clumber shall seek to rouse the animal to prey,—"after his fashion will the British Lion," having stared about him, "lay himself down in his cage."

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

48. *Consuetudo est altera lex. Custom is another law.*—Custom has the force of law; and it has been wisely said that the law is often a very awkward customer. Custom reconciles us to law, as the eels are said to be reconciled to being skinned, when they are used to it. PLOWDEN says that the common-law is all founded on common use; but we say, that some of these common uses are uncommonly useless. Different places and manors have different customs, and of course different manners; but in some places, where custom is very strict, the law loses its manners altogether.

49. *Exceptio semper ultimo ponenda est. The exception is always placed at the end.*—This maxim applies to deeds, where what is to be excepted must come last; but if it were necessary to add to law proceedings whatever is exceptionable, there would sometimes be no end to them.

50. *Dona clandestina sunt semper suspiciosa. Clandestine gifts are always suspicious.*—Thus, if the lady's-maid on the stage tries to give a note to the walking-gentleman behind the old man's back, it is a *clandestinum donum*, and consequently *suspiciosum* in the eyes of the audience. When A. B. sends five pounds clandestinely to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we may fairly suspect A. B. of having swindled the revenue at some former period.

51. *Arbitramentum æquum tribuit cuique suum. Arbitration awards to each person his right.*—This maxim can only be true on the supposition that "Whatever is, is right;" for if the arbitrator does not happen to give a just award, it can only be right because it is right; or rather, because the law says it is. It sometimes happens that everybody gets his right awarded to him but the arbitrator himself, who, having had the trouble of the arbitration, finds that the parties won't take up his award, and he consequently gets nothing. The arbitrator, notwithstanding his name, has nothing arbitrary about him, but must submit to be done without having the smallest remedy.

LAYS OF THE AMPHITHEATRE (ROYAL).

BY T. B. MACAULAY.

The Combat.

As they entered the arena,
Their step was firm and brave;
Though of one or of the other,
They knew it was the grave.

Each took a little porter,
To nerve him for the scene;
They entered the arena,
So calm and so serene!

A thousand eyes were on them,
All eager for the fight;
The footlights flared before them—
The combat was by night.

And now they bare their falchions,
And foot to foot they stand,
Each sternly eyes the other
With look composed and grand.

Yet one is honest-hearted,
And true, as well as brave—
The other is a ruffian,
A sanguinary knave.

The "villain of the drama,"
Nor age nor sex spares he;
Three aged dames he 's murdered,
And "pretty RUTLANDS" three!

One in each scene hath fallen—
And must another fall?
Forbid it, Melodrama!*
Scene last aveuges all.

By turns their weapons clashing,
Right equal seems the game;
While "One, Two, Three," says SIMPSON,
SMITH doth repeat the same.

Sword upon sword descending,
While fiddle and trombone,
In time to that dread music,
Play slowly "Bobbing Joan."

Yet not *in time* exactly—
This night it may not be;
Yon churl who plays the fiddle,
Exceeding drunk is he!

Now SMITH doth wicked SIMPSON
Into a corner urge;
Now SIMPSON drives him back upon
The stage's utmost verge.

At length a blow so swashing
From gallant SMITH's claymore,
On that of SIMPSON thunders—
He totters—falls—'tis o'er!

The weapon never struck him—
They only struck their swords;—
It must have been his CONSCIENCE
That stretched him on the boards!

No aim so true, so fatal,
As SIMPSON's evil course;
No weapon half so pointed
As SIMPSON's sharp remorse!

See, see! a thousand terrors
The wretch's brow distort! [knave?
SMITH o'er him bends—what saith the
"Old fellow, cut it short!"

A jest at such a moment!
What shocking levity!
'Tis evident that SIMPSON
Is quite unfit to die.

So SMITH doth not despatch him,
But merely makes believe;
The gallant, good, and generous,
He stabs him—in the sleeve.

And then—to show no malice
Fester'd his soul within—
The wicked corpse of SIMPSON
He treated to some gin.

Now be each scheming villain
Like yonder SIMPSON floored;
And every gallant spirit meet
With gallant SMITH's reward!

And so God save our gracious QUEEN;
And grant us all the boon
Upon the right of Speaker wight
To take our seats full soon!

* The Goddess here invoked is not to be found in "Tooke's Pantheon," or "Punch's Heathen Mythology." She was the daughter of Momus and Melpomene; and, we learn from LUCIAN, was extensively worshipped in *Syria* (i. e. obviously *Surrey*; CHAUCER uses the same word, *Surie*, for both):—"ἔν γὰρ Ἀθηναῖς Ἀθηνὴ μεγάλη ἐστι, καὶ ἐν Κύπρῳ Κυπρὶς, καὶ ἐν Συρίῃ Μελόδραμα." *Lucian de Deâ Syriâ.*—T. B. M.

The Free List of the Old Bailey.

MR. NATHAN is happy to inform the British public, and young gentlemen in particular, who are fond of strong excitement, that he has on hand a capital assortment of real gowns and wigs, which are warranted to admit any one, who has the nerve to pass as a barrister, into the Court of the Old Bailey, without any questions or fee being asked. No extra charge for a "horrible murder." A first-rate Vice-Chancellor's wig, which can be let out either for a single indictment or the entire session, on the lowest masquerade terms.

*** *Cambrics for gentlemen who (to keep up the legal deception) wish to weep.*

THE BANKRUPT BLUES RESTORED.

WE are happy to have it in our power to state, that, in consequence of our article in a recent number, considerable commiseration was felt for the unfortunate Blues, and it became the cry, on all sides, that "Something must be done for them." These debts have already been paid by the Horse Guards, and the Blues are now able to go from barrack to barrack with the boldness becoming to so brave a regiment, instead of being obliged to sneak down bye-streets to avoid the shops of their various creditors in the line of thoroughfare. It was melancholy to see the trumpeter afraid to blow his own trumpet lest the summons should be answered by a summons of another kind; and the band could never play a favourite air because liabilities to a pretty tune were sure to pounce out upon the troops if their approach was known to the neighbouring tradesmen.

We have often heard the word given to sneak down Arlington Street instead of going boldly through St. James's Street, but we had no idea at the time that this pitiful movement was dictated by a dread that HOBY might have rushed out of his establishment with his small account for jack-boots to discomfort and harass the unhappy soldiery. We have frequently wondered why the whole regiment started off at a brisk gallop whenever it came to an army accoutrement maker's—but now we see it all—and we read the history of a life in the manœuvre of a moment.

The country will, we are sure, approve of the step that has been taken in releasing this gallant corps from a weight that must have cowed their spirits, and taught them—what no British soldier ought to learn—the habit of flying, even from creditors. It was melancholy to contemplate the possibility that the Bold Blues might be vanquished by the Dastardly Duns, and that a file of horse-guards could be compelled to surrender to a file of affidavits.

Thanks to the timely aid of friends, the Blues are at last out of debt, and consequently out of danger. It is, however, in contemplation to dramatise this great military event of modern times for ASTLEY'S amphitheatre; and we have much pleasure in being able to furnish a sketch of the plot and incidents.

The piece will be divided into three great epochs, namely:

1. Extravagance;
2. Bankruptcy;
3. Restoration.

The first part will commence with the Blues carousing and giving themselves up to the pleasures of revelry. In this part will be introduced a splendid allegorical representation of BACCHUS receiving offerings from the Blues, who fall prostrate before his shrine, which will be represented by a gigantic vat, in front of which twenty-four horse-guards will execute a grand *pas de porter pots*.

The next scene will be Knightsbridge Market on Saturday night, with the Blues in a state of frantic excitement purchasing vegetables at every stall, and distributing baked potatoes recklessly to the populace. In the course of the scene a real cab-stand will be introduced, and the first act will conclude, amid a storm of excitement, with JULLIEN'S "Cab-horse Galop" by the united dramatic and equestrian company of this unrivalled establishment.

At the commencement of Part 2—The Bankruptcy—the Blues will be seen bivouacking in the neighbourhood of Basinghall Street, while picquets are stationed around watching the movements of the Sheriff and his Officers. The highly-trained chargers will be seen lying exhausted about in all directions, licking the hands of their masters, as if asking them for corn, and the wretched Blues will be seen staggering in all directions under the influence of hunger. A great dramatic effect is expected to be produced by one of the men in the ranks drawing a biscuit from his pocket, which will be snatched from him by several of his comrades—when several of the officers will also make a grasp at it, and the dispute will be referred to the Colonel, who, finding it to be a captain's biscuit, hands it over to the Captain, who dies famished just as he is about to raise it to his lips, and gives it to the low-comedy guardsman, who divides

it, with a sentimental speech, among a group of soldiers' children, and then comes forward to sing a comic song, with a species of nigger dance at the end of each stanza.

The next scene brings us to an awful onslaught by a party of the sheriffs' troops, headed by LEWIS THE FOURTEENTH, supported by the thirteen other LEWISES. The Blues, having nothing but blank cartridge with which to resist the legal parchment, are obliged to retire behind the Basinghall Street breast works, and claim their protection from the British Commissioner.

The third and concluding part will comprise the Restoration of the Regiment, and will open with a scene showing the defiles of Drury Lane, leading to the borders of the Insolvent Court. The Blues will be seen marching in slow and solemn procession, almost borne down to the ground by the weight of their liabilities. At a signal from a trumpet one of the Lords of the Treasury, disguised as an attorney, comes among them, and is asked to prepare their schedule, with a view to the Grand Pass of the Insolvent Court. The Lord of the Treasury affects to comply with their wish, and preparations are made for a Grand March towards the Street of Portugal, when the scene suddenly changes, and the troops, closely following their leader, are brought out opposite the Horse Guards, and the welcome information is given that they are relieved from their liabilities. It is then found that the low comic Life Guardsman has managed the plot, for which he immediately receives a commission; the deceased Captain's daughter marries the Lord of the Treasury, who is found to be a long lost brother of the Colonel; and as the band of the regiment strikes up "Rule Britannia" the creditors rush in with their receipts, forming a picture of Love, Honour, and Glory, as the Curtain falls.

The Grand Tableau.

ENGLAND RUINED!

ENGLISHMEN may not be aware of the calamity that has fallen upon their beloved land; but—we cannot, we ought not, to suppress the terrible news—England is ruined! She is a done state: a wreck—the skeleton of a once mighty nation henceforth to take her mournful place in history with the Phœnician and Roman empires. The cause of this vast destruction is that terrible Irishman, that fire-eating Milesian, that very hot potato, MR. H. GRATTAN. It is but a very few days ago that that awful person declared he had done with us for ever and ever; and this declaration he solemnised with a thumping oath, loudly cheered at the Conciliation Hall. Then and there he swore that "he took his leave of the gentlemen of England;" then and there he avowed his stern determination "never willingly to draw a sword in their behalf, or give them a guinea of his money." We cling to the hope that GRATTAN THE TERRIBLE may yet be mollified; for when we reflect how often and how valorously he has drawn his sword for England—when we remember how generously, yea, how magnificently, he has expended his treasure in her behalf—what can she do, how can she exist, deprived henceforth of the honourable gentleman's steel and gold!

If GRATTAN remain inexorable, our countrymen may next week expect to see England in the Gazette, with not even the hope of a farthing dividend!

LITERARY NEWS.

LAST Saturday's papers contain two interesting announcements. LOUIS-PHILIPPE makes VICTOR HUGO a Peer of France, and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON calls the *Morning Post* a liar.

In France the Journalists think that the KING has bestowed a deserved honour on one of their profession. In England the *Morning Post* feels much obliged because the Duke accuses it of falsehood. In return for this compliment, the brave Briton cringes down to the testy old nobleman's feet, and prays that HIS GRACE may be *immortal*.

In France, then, a literary man is made a Duke; in England he is happy to be kicked by one.

What English writer won't be proud of his profession after that? and of his station in the country? and thank the *Morning Post* for representing him?

THE TEMPTATIONS OF OFFICE.

SIR CULLING EARDLEY SMITH stated at a public meeting last week, "The Bill should not pass. There were, he knew, at least *twelve men in Parliament, who would die on the floor of the House* sooner than it should pass into a law." AS SIR ROBERT is not infallible, he really should be protected from this new system of *bribery*.

A DISTURBER OF THE PUBLIC PEACE.

PEEL.—"There's a Maynooth Grant for you! So you now be quiet, and move on!"

O'CONNELL.—"Grant, indeed! I never moves on under Repale! D'ye think I don't know the value of peace and quietness?"

THE ANTI-MAYNOOTH MANIA.

Our readers have doubtless heard of a certain delicacy called a rabbit smothered in onions; but there is something altogether new in the notion of a Premier smothered in petitions. Nevertheless, the Maynooth question has almost realised the latter idea; and if the Premier had been absolutely dished by an adverse division, he would have been in the position alluded to.

Petitions have been pouring in daily for some time past against the Maynooth Grant; and though they have been utterly useless hitherto, they may yet be turned to some profitable account by selling them as waste paper, and placing the amount in the hands of the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt. As most of them are on parchment, perhaps they might be converted into drums for the military bands; and as the petitions are most of them remarkably hollow, empty, and yet noisy withal, they would be extremely well adapted for the last-mentioned purpose.

OUR UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

Firmly convinced that the legislature will do nothing to forward Mr. Christie's plan of a commission to inquire into and report upon the state of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and aware of the necessity for such inquiry, *Punch* has taken the task upon himself. He accordingly proceeded by the Northern and Eastern Counties Railway to Cambridge, and, by the courtesy of the Master of Trinity, was at once accommodated with apartments in the lodge of that spacious and celebrated College. The following is the first *feuilleton* of his blue-book:—

Monday. Inquiry into the state of Education.

The Rev. Dr. ——— *examined.* Is Master of ——— College. Believes it is what is called a small College. Does not know why it is so called; perhaps it may be from the smallness of his stipend. Is very comfortably lodged himself, and considers the state of education in —— College excellent. Never heard any complaints from the young men of the quality of the lectures. Never heard of the classical lecturer being floored by a freshman. Such a thing might happen, as Mr. ——— (the lecturer) is a mathematician. Thinks mathematicians make the best lecturers on all subjects—mathematics being such an excellent discipline of the mind. Never was in the lecture-room himself; knows his own position too well. Believes the lectures are well attended—never heard of the lecture-room key being lost for two terms. Thinks he must have heard of it if it had been. Has never heard of a "social compact" between the lecturer and the undergraduates; that the former won't lecture if the second will stay away. Does not see what business he has to interfere between a lecturer and his pupils. Does not recommend the study of modern languages. Considers them as a door for the introduction of German rationalism and French infidelity. Is thankful to say knows neither German nor French himself. Does not see what natural philosophy has to do with the University course. Considers Latin verse-making the best method of forming the taste. Has seen very fine tastes indeed so formed. Considers his own a sample. History is cultivated in his College. Knows this is the case from the number of historical novels he sees coming in from Stevenson's. Has heard that a cat was shut in the College library, and was not found for two years. Never was in the library himself. Believes there is a librarian. Considers him the proper person to apply to for information on this point, and considers *Punch's* questions altogether impertinent.

The Rev. Mr. ——— *examined* (*College Lecturer*). Has been a College Lecturer for ten years in ——— College. Thinks the ——— College method of education perfect—that is, if the gentlemen would attend. Finds it rather difficult to get a room. Does set impositions for non-attendance. Is aware they are written out by the buttery-clerk. Is unwilling to interfere with the perquisites of College servants. Thinks the young men like going to lecture. Thinks so from their apparent good-humour when in his room. A great deal of laughing and merriment goes on—does not think it is at his lectures. Has seen caricatures of himself left in the lecture-room. Was a good deal hurt. Thinks the lectures would be much missed if abandoned—particularly by the buttery-clerk. There have been many great men formed in ——— College, but not in his time. There once was a Turk in ——— College. Does not know that conversions to the Mahommedan religion followed his admission. Thinks Dissenters, if admitted, would be very pernicious. They are low persons. Considers no one a gentleman who does not belong to the Established Church.

Mr. Beans examined. Is an undergraduate, and considers it probable he will remain so. Has been plucked four times; felt it a good deal at first, but is beginning to get used to it. Never went much to lectures; couldn't get up in time, and did not understand the subjects. Had good fun enough the few times he attended lectures. A good many funny verses and caricatures were handed about. Nobody construed except the lecturer. Considered it the business of his private coach to get him his degree. Has spent a good deal in private coaching—perhaps 200*l.*

The Honourable Horace Fitz-foodle examined. Is but a fellow-commoner in —— college; never went to lectures; received a polite invitation from the lecturer in his first year, but thought it a liberty on his part, and put the note into the fire. Doesn't read much. Has something else to do. Considers the education at —— college just the thing for a gentleman. Has learnt a great deal at this university. When he came up, milk-punch knocked him up; can stand a great deal now. Has learnt tandem-driving, and the art of making a book. Is pretty regular at the Newmarket meetings. Has ridden flat and hurdle races at Sixmile-bottom, and flatters himself he knows a thing or two. Considers the University takes the green out of a man. Is a dab at loo and *vingt-et-un.* Has a private tutor. Knows he has, because he pays him 20*l.* a term. Never went to him. His governor insisted on his having one. Supposes he shall get a degree. Intends to read his last long vacation. Is generally posted in the College examinations. Considers it rather a fine thing to be posted. Fellow-commoners are generally in the post. Has heard of a nobleman getting a first class; thinks it was rather lowering himself. Does not intend to try for a first class himself.

Mr. Sap examined. Is what is called a reading man. Goes regularly to College lectures. Does not understand everything he hears there. Is not aware he is expected to ask questions about what he does not understand. Thinks it would be disrespectful to the lecturer to do so. Never reads anything but the College subjects. Goes to lecture because he was told all steady men did so. Does his work with a private tutor. Does not exactly know what he pays the College lecturer for. Expects to get a fellowship, and go into the church.

(*We may resume this subject.*)

Blockade of the Blues.

Some of our readers may be old enough to remember—for it is not above a year or two ago—that there used to be a communication between the Park and Knightsbridge, through the barracks of the Blues. This thoroughfare has been for some time stopped up, in consequence, we must presume, of the fear of duns, which must have pervaded that unhappy but brave regiment during its insolvency. Now that the liabilities of the gallant fellows are arranged, we trust that the thoroughfare through the barracks will be again established for the convenience of the public in general, and the neighbourhood in particular.

VERY BAD TASTE.

The public indignation is very strong at present about disinterring the dead. Surely Mr. Serjeant Murphy must have been ignorant of this when he quoted last week in Parliament from Mr. Grant's book!

POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE SHERIFFS AT THE BAR.

Two respectable-looking individuals, who gave the names of HUNTER and SYDNEY, were brought up on a charge of having been concerned in giving unlicensed theatrical entertainments in the neighbourhood of the Old Bailey. Lord W. LENNOX was the first witness examined. He stated that he was a great friend to the drama, and was very fond of theatrical entertainments. Had heard that some performances were about to take place at the Old Bailey, which he, Lord W. LENNOX, thought would prove very interesting. Was anxious to witness these performances, and applied for an admission for that purpose. Went and saw the performance. Got a very good seat exactly opposite the principal character. Saw some other noblemen there. Recognised the Duke of Brunswick, who is, witness believes, a great patron also of the drama. Has not a box at the Haymarket. Sometimes goes to Drury Lane. Believes Drury Lane is the only national establishment because Mr. BUNN says it is. DUPREZ and Madame GARCIA are singing there. Some dancers with long foreign names are now dancing there. Madame THILLON is announced to sing there. Has seen operas by DONIZETTI and ROSSINI there. M. St. GEORGES, a second-rate French dramatist, is engaged to write an opera there. Witness means to say that these things have taken place, or are to take place, at the only national establishment.

The Court here interfered. This examination had nothing to do with the charge against the persons at the bar of having been engaged in giving unlicensed theatricals. The counsel for the prosecution, after consulting with his client, stated that this witness could not prove having paid any money to see the performance, and some one else was necessary to sustain that part of the charge.

JOSEPH SNOB was then called. Witness went to the Old Bailey for amusement. Always went when there was anything very attractive and good. Thought a trial for murder excessively good, because it was so very interesting. Witness paid half-a-crown to some one at the door. Had paid, on a previous occasion, to see the same performer at another place of entertainment in Bow Street. On that occasion was so near the principal character as to be able to take a pinch of snuff out of his box. That was a great treat, and witness would not have minded paying half-a-guinea for it.

The counsel for the prosecution observed that this was the case for the Crown.

The prisoners, on being called upon for their defence, said, that they were the servants of the public, and felt themselves bound to cater as well as they could for the public taste. The demand from some of the aristocracy for the sort of amusement which it was in the power of them, the prisoners, to afford, was extremely great, and they, the prisoners, were always glad to accommodate. They had, however, given up a part of what was laid to their charge, for there used to be a practice of keeping the performers constantly on show, and of admitting the public to see them in their dens, or at feeding-time. They, the prisoners, had only permitted that part of the performance which was public to assume a theatrical air. And this arose from the taste of the public being so much in favour of such exhibitions.

The magistrates took time to consider their judgment, and in the mean time the prisoners were discharged on bail.

It was subsequently arranged they should not be brought up for judgment in the event of their not repeating the offence; but *Punch*, as public prosecutor, was bound over to call them up if they were again found offending.

ODE TO SIBTHORP, BY THE POET LAUREATE.

NOTICE.

IN the distant solitude of my mountains, the echoes of the great world reach me faintly and seldom. But as the storm sometimes ruffles the placid bosom of my lakes, the political tempest breaks over the Poet, too, occasionally, and blows into commotion the placid depths of his soul.

It was on reading in my paper (the *St. James's Chronicle*, which, with some friends, I have taken in for thirty-three years) the announcement, by my admirable friend COLONEL SIBTHORP, that he was about to sacrifice his life and his whiskers upon the altar of his country, that I felt a tumultuous movement to me very unusual.

I bathed twice in the lake, and, having ascended Mount Rydal, I lay down upon the topmost peak there, and flung my feelings into the following lyrical shape. I chose the Anapæstic measure, as best suited to express the agitation of the subject of the sacrifice. The other metres employed in the ode are of a calmer tendency, as the reader will see.

The Genius of Britain is made to interpose between our CURTIUS and the sacrifice he meditates. That she may be successful, is the earnest hope of

W. W.

P.S.—I cannot but think the accompanying design of singular significance and beauty.

Ode

ON MY FRIEND COLONEL SIBTHORP PROPOSING TO SACRIFICE HIS LIFE AND HIS WHISKERS.

"In the cause of my country, who says I 'm afear'd—"
Says WALDO of Lincoln, "to cut off my beard?
Her rights to maintain, and her honour to save,
Who questions how much or how little I 'd shave?
A Protestant born, and a gentleman bred,
I 'd cut my mustashes with pitiless gashes—
I 'd shave off my whiskers, my tuft, my eyelashes—
I 'd shave off my beard, and I 'd shave off my head."

Pleased with the Colonel and his courage wild,
The British Lion wagged his tail and smiled;
And Britain thus addressed her wayward, whiskered child:—

"My bold Dragoon, my favourite son,
With heart as bold and manly
As beats the ribs of WELLINGTON,
Or warms the breast of STANLEY:

Thou art my boy, my pride and joy,
Of chivalry the model;
And yet the sense is not immense
In that poor honest noddle

What cause hath wrought thy rambling thought
This martyrdom to think on?
There 's many here that I can spare,
But not my man of Lincoln.

What would they in the Commons do,
And in the strangers' gall'ry,
Were they by death deprived of you,
My model of chivalry?

That head, now fixed on your body,
Is wondrous small of profit;
But smaller yet the good would be,
My son, when shaven off it.

Retain your head, my son, and prize
Your face above all money:
That face so vacuously wise,
So dolorously funny.

Ah, never cause those meagre jaws
To lose their tufted glories;
And never shave that face so grave,
My Champion of the Tories.

Keep on your beard, your head keep on,
My orders are explicit;
You might not know that it was gone—
But *I*, my son, should miss it."

Thus spoke Britannia's genius excellent;
The British Lion wagged his tail intent;
And SIBTHORP, *blushing deep, and loth to risk her*
Displeasure, humbly at her footstool leant,
And swore he would maintain both head, and tuft, and whisker.

PRINCELY PATRONAGE OF ART.

MR. PUNCH,

In these hard times of the Income-tax, it is painful to a well-regulated mind to see a man throw away anything: it is even painful to see a man waste his sympathy: and though, *Mr. Punch*, you are not made of flesh and blood, but of wood, it is nevertheless of that wood which weeps "a medicinal gum;" but unhappily, in my case, to no purpose. You have of late inserted correspondence, and taken up your own porcupine quill, to vindicate the wrongs of painters, when suffering princely patronage. Sir, I am a painter; and though I hate a puff as, if I knew anything about it, I should hate the simoom, I nevertheless refer you and your readers to my little bit of life, *A Cat and her Kittens*, No. 900, at present on view in Suffolk-street; though unhappily hung too high to show to the sauntering observer the delicate handling of the whiskers of the mother. I am the painter of that cat and those kittens; and it was a proud feeling that stirred within me when I sent in that sweet bit of feline life, to think that perchance it might meet the princely eye. In the dream of young ambition, I already saw every tortoise-shell of Buckingham, Windsor, and Claremont palaces sitting on a velvet cushion before me. I yearned for a royal order. I knew that, like your correspondent SEBASTIAN SMITH, I might have sent my *Cat and Kittens* to the Art-show of my native place, Stoke-Pogis, and so have obtained the commission of a certain wealthy schoolmistress to paint every cat and kitten in her establishment—but no, sir; the heart of the English painter was very big indeed within me, for, as I say, I hungered for a royal order.

You, *Mr. Punch*, in your lamentable ignorance, imagine that we British artists resent the contumely and indifference of courts and courtiers. *Otez cela de votre tête*, as Mr. Fox, in his own independent French, said to the First Consul. No, sir; we like it, we love it, we glory in it. We English painters—and I confidently once more refer you to my *Cat and Kittens* to prove that I am one—are of the chamomile nature, and flourish the better the more we are trod upon. You, in your darkness, may believe that we glow with the divine distractions of our art, and all that folly: nonsense! we are reasonable, thinking men, and consider an order, royal or aristocratic, to be the true, the only source of pictorial inspiration.

You tell an apocryphal story of a royal hand picking up TITIAN'S mahl-stick. We have no such vanity within us. If we are permitted to pick a chicken with a royal table-decker,—for we have not the arrogance to imagine hob-and-nobbing with the equerries,—we feel that the sun of royal favour, though coming a very long way down, is sufficiently strong upon us.

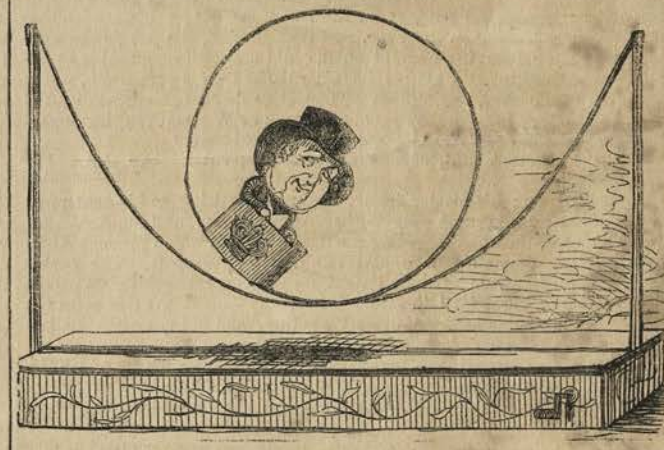
You have quite mistaken the feelings of British artists, when painting for the court and aristocracy. I refer you, sir, to the *Life of Wilkie*, in which you will see how perfectly well that great painter understood his position; in which you cannot fail to remark how very small he made his soul that it might fittingly correspond with SIR ROBERT PEEL; addressing him about an immortal picture, as though he was treating for the job of whitewashing an outhouse. This, sir, is the proper spirit to animate the British painter; and that it does animate him, is to me a glory and a consolation. Sir, we love to be kicked; it sends the blood up to our hearts, and makes us paint with the proper spirit of independence.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

LEONARDO DA BUGGINS.

P.S.—I have just had an offer of five pounds for my *Cat and Kittens*. But no: I have yet hopes of selling it to the Prince for twelve shillings.

LEGISLATIVE TOYS.



A CLEVER little toy, on the principle of the centrifugal railway, has just been invented. It is intended for the instruction of sucking statesmen, showing how a member, as in the instance of the Premier, can continually go round and round without any fear of being thrown out of his seat. Specimens, we understand, can be seen at the large toy-shop in the Turnstile.

The Fall of the Polka.

A PARAGRAPH in a Brighton paper announces the astounding fact that "HER MAJESTY has entirely set her face against the Polka, and has given instructions that it should not be again danced in her presence." It is impossible to conceive the panic created by the few lines we have quoted above, upon their being copied the other day into the *Times* newspaper.

The professors of dancing have been running about in all directions, asking each other what steps to take in the event of the Polka steps ceasing to be in fashion. The Bohemian nobleman who advertises to teach it in six lessons has waited on BARON NATHAN, who has sworn to become a discontented Baron if the Polka should be made unpopular. What railway speculation has been to the stock-brokers, the Polka has proved to the dancing-masters, who will not easily abandon that which has been keeping them on their legs, and enabling them to cut a decent figure for a long period. The music-sellers, too, are complaining that if the Polka goes out of fashion, they will lose half their trade, for Polkas are now the only things inquired for.

What is to become, they ask, of the Royal Polka, with its lithograph of the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT tripping along in a dance that HER MAJESTY has set her face against? Of what avail will it be to go all the way to Paris to have an interview with the celebrated CELLARIUS, and be twisted by him into all the various contortions which the Polka requires in order to teach it to others? If the Polka goes out of fashion

Farewell—the cornet-à-piston, the shrill flute,
Ear-piercing ophicleide, and all—farewell!
Farewell the massive drum, the big trombone;
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of promenade concerts.
And you, ye brazen serpents, whose rude throats
The immortal CARTLITCH'S clamours counterfeit,
Farewell!—JULLIEN'S occupation 's gone.

We can only hope there is no truth in the rumour, for the Polka has long fed and clothed musicians, dancing-masters, and even the makers of the pumps to dance it in.

THE DUKE AND THE "POST."

PUNCH had reason to hope that JENKINS had left the *Post*, and gone into service again in some respectable family; but we suspect we now and then trace a bit of his writing in our Contemporary's columns, where he seems to be permitted to figure as an occasional contributor.

The other day it would appear that, whilst in attendance upon his master at the House of Lords, at the door of which he was waiting to call up the carriage, he peeped in, and saw the DUKE OF WELLINGTON supporting on his arm a noble Lord, who happens to be afflicted with blindness. JENKINS, who had been sipping a series of *quatrains de vieux Thomas et trois dehors* (quarterns of old Tom and three outs), with a fellow-flunkey on the coach-box of a mutual friend, was in a state known to the old philologists by the term fuddled; and when he saw a Peer leaning for support on the Duke, he got an impression that the Duke was leaning on the Peer, and that, in fact, the two nobles were both staggering about in a manner which could only be accounted for by the Duke's indisposition. JENKINS instantly dashed off a paragraph, which appeared in the *Post*, stating that—"Considerable excitement was caused by the departure from the House of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, leaning on the arm of another Peer, in a state of great feebleness."

JENKINS was, no doubt, considerably excited; but no one else was in the state alluded to.

After attending his master home, instead of retiring to his apartment over the hay-loft, JENKINS posted off to Apsley House, and inquired after the Duke's health, when he received a flea in his ear, which prevented him from catching distinctly the whole of the porter's answer. The porter simply growled out, "Get along! what do you come knocking up people at this time of night for? the Duke 's perfectly ——" At this point the snubbed flunkey was half-way down Piccadilly, and did not catch the last word "well," for which he substituted "convalescent."

He instantly penned another paragraph for the *Post*, in which he (JENKINS) declared himself "rejoiced to state, that on inquiry at Apsley House, shortly before midnight, the Duke was pronounced perfectly convalescent."

"P. M. THE DUKE OF WELLLINGTON PRESENTS HIS COMPLIMENTS TO," &c.

The Duke gave poor JENKINS a smart rub in the next day's *Post*, recommending the Editor "to give directions that when his (the Duke's) name is inserted in his paper in future, care should be taken that it is not made the matter of a falsehood."

The Duke's porter seems to be imbued with a good deal of his master's off-hand mode of answering; for when applied to on the subject of the Duke's health, and told—"It is stated in the paper that he was taken ill in the House of Lords last night," the porter very properly replied, "I can only say that he came home from the House last night in his usual health, and ate as good a dinner as ever he did in his life. He says he is very well himself, and I suppose he ought to know as well as the paper."

The porter is wrong. "The paper" knows many things about people that people themselves never dreamt of; for if "the paper" were limited in its knowledge to facts, what on earth would become of the penny-a-liners?

PUNCH IN THE COUNTRY.

AT this delightful season of the year, the aspect of Nature, in her rustic guise, is peculiarly suggestive to the London mind of home-associations. The lark, warbling aloft, reminds us of GRISI; the lamb, skipping in the meadows, of CERITO; the bright blue sky, of that uniform which is worn by the guardians of the public peace. Analogy connects the light breeze with the street squabble, and the mist of the valley with that fog which forms the larger element of our native atmosphere. The verdant fields bid us think of those green ones whose innocence is the dupe of the quack and the swindler; the woods, of that pavement now laid down in our principal thoroughfares. The sparkling rill takes us to Trafalgar Square and its fountains; the rustic garden to that of Covent. The sunlight, turned on in its glory, awakens thoughts of gas, with especial reference to the Bude Light; and the whole joyous countenance of Dame Nature recals us to those laughs which explode around the festive board at the joke of the humourist.

Humours of the House of Commons.

THERE was a good deal of fun in the House of Commons on Friday night, when the House sat late, and the members had most of them come down after dinner to be present at the division. Poor MR. LAW, the Recorder, had got an enormous brief, by way of speech, and every now and then, whilst expressing some very strong feelings, he was obliged to refer with his eye-glass to his papers before he could finish his sentiment. The following is a specimen of the honourable gentleman's speech:—

"I now give the Right Honourable Baronet this open intimation of my opinion, that when—that (*hang it, where the deuce have I got to now?*) Let me remind the House, which I do most solemnly, that—that—(*Hang it, who's taken up my spectacles?*) The principle of this measure is, I boldly assert, to mislead us—to take us we know not where. (*There! I've lost my place again; deuce take it, where am I?*)

"When I remember that the act of settlement" (*Cries of Oh! oh! oh! cheers and laughter, amid which the Right Honourable Gentleman sat down, completely settled*).

FALSE ALARM AT HUNGERFORD.

HUNGERFORD SUSPENSION BRIDGE is keeping the public in a state of constant suspense; for it is being continually advertised to open on a certain day, until just as the day is close at hand, when another advertisement appears to put off the anxiously-expected moment. We fear that the result may realise the fable of the boy, who called Wolf so frequently that nobody came; and when the bridge is actually ready, the proprietors may cry, "Open, open!" but will find no passengers.

You're Another.

IN the late debate we find the following singular charges brought by honourable Members:—

D'ISRAELI accuses PEEL of being a humbug.
ROEBUCK accuses D'ISRAELI of being spiteful.
SIBTHORP accuses MURPHY of being a buffoon.

O shade of Horace! isn't it too good?

Quick Passage.

MR. GLADSTONE left the Ministry some time back, taking with him a small bundle of principles sooner than part with one of them, and started immediately for the Opposition. In less than twenty-one days MR. GLADSTONE returned, meeting his old friends at the very same point at which he had left them; but the honourable gentleman was compelled on the journey to throw away his principles in order to hasten his return. This is the quickest passage that has been effected within the recollection of the oldest Member.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 92, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1845.

THE position of PEEL between the Maynooth and Anti-Maynooth parties—the former applauding him on the one hand, while the latter are condemning him on the other—may be compared to the situation of the heroes in the Greek tragedies, whose proceedings were the subject of alternate abuse and praise from the chorus; the right of a chorus to criticise is founded on the old constitutional doctrine that the people may give their opinion, and there can be no doubt that this mode of giving votes in a song has some affinity to the vote by ballot, or vote by ballad, as some have been in the habit of calling it. The Maynooth and Anti-Maynooth expressions of opinion may be likened to the Strophe and Anti-Strophe of the chorus, of which we furnish a specimen.

MAYNOOTH STROPHE.

Go on, great Premier, in thy way,
No matter what the Tories say;
It surely can be no disgrace
For you to try and keep your place.
They say that, by the Maynooth Grant,
To keep your place is all you want;
It is a wise and cunning plan,—
The Premier is a wondrous man!

ANTI-MAYNOOTH ANTI-STROPHE.

How wonderful is PEEL!
  He changes with the time;
Turning and twisting like the eel,
  Ascending through the slime.
He gives whate'er they want
  To those who ask with zeal,
He yields the Maynooth Grant
  To the clamour for repeal.

MAYNOOTH STROPHE.

'Tis true he is a rat,
But what of that?
Tory he used to be,
But now a Liberal he!
Shall we for soaring high
  The altered Premier snub?
Who in the butterfly
  Would recollect the grub?
Cheer him as up he springs,
Borne on his new-found wings;
He holds complete dominion,
Supported by o-pinion.
Then let us sing with zeal,
Success to Premier PEEL.

ANTI-MAYNOOTH ANTI-STROPHE.

He has baffled our every hope:
He 's surely in league with the Pope!
We thought him the friend of the Church,
He is leaving her now in the lurch.
I 'll bet that he shortly obtains
A cardinal's hat for his pains.
To punishment let us denounce him;
Will nobody venture to trounce him?

[*The two parties approach each other, singing their respective choruses, one against the other, and the curtain falls.*]

Fashionable Movements.

MR. JOHN GREEN gave his annual Fancy Dress entertainment on the first of May, under the patronage of the Ramoneur Association. LORD and LADY SOOTY honoured the party by their presence. His Lordship wore an elegant threadbare coat, richly embroidered with gilt paper and odds and ends. Her Ladyship was attired in a tight skirt of window muslin, and trousers of the same fourpenny material. Her head-dress was composed of indiscriminate *épergne* flowers and a three-and-sixpenny front of the richest auburn. A superb brass ladle, carried by her ladyship, attracted much attention, especially when presented to the numerous visitors, accompanied by the well-known exclamation of "only vonce a here," for which her Ladyship has been so long distinguished.

A gentleman, "costumed" *à la Grimaldi*, afforded much entertainment by playing the fool. He favoured the company with a *cavatina* in praise of the first of May, accompanying himself on a single-action salt-box. The band was excellent, with the exception of the professor of the drum and mouth-organ, who had evidently qualified himself for the station-house and a fine of five shillings.

The supper was supplied by Mr. CANN, of Holborn, whose legs of beef have secured him the gratitude of the present generation, and the admiration of posterity. The company separated at a late hour, and reeled to their respective domiciles, with the exception of the professor of the drum and mouth-organ, who was conveyed to his hotel in Bow Street on a stretcher, attended by the usual number of policemen with bull's-eye lanterns.

TOO BAD.

THE following announcement has appeared in various papers:—

"The REV. W. DEALTRY, D.D., Chancellor of the diocese, Canon of the Cathedral Church of Winchester, Prebendary of Southwell, and Rector of the parish of Clapham, Surrey, has been appointed, by the LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, to the Archdeaconry of Surrey, void by the elevation of the Venerable SAMUEL WILBERFORCE to the Deanery of Westminster."

Poor DR. DEALTRY! We feel for him deeply. How will he ever get through the work which he will now have to do? He was already laden with four several offices in the Church, and saddled with the obligation of being in three different places at once. He had to pray, preach, exhort, console, convert, and go about visiting the sick and doing good at Winchester, Southwell, and Clapham; besides all which, he had his chancellor's business to attend to. And now, in addition, an archdeaconry is clapped upon his shoulders.

Really, this is working a willing horse to death. There is not, we are persuaded, a negro in all Kentucky fagged to the extent that DR. DEALTRY will be. What has the poor clergyman done to deserve such treatment? How, we would wish to know, would the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER like it himself? It is much more like a Turk than a Bishop to make a fellow-creature toil in this way. We say it is a great deal too bad of his Lordship, and recommend him to be more considerate in future. We shall be told that DR. DEALTRY will be well paid for his labour. Yes: but what has that to do with the matter? What pay can compensate a man for exertions which must necessarily kill him?

THE TRAFALGAR FOUNTAINS.—GREAT NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.

The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have at last made a splash, and have managed to get the water laid on to these miserable specimens of *mauvais goût*, though it is questionable how long the patience of the public will permit the continuance of the insult that has been offered them. We are averse at all times to popular violence, but it is impossible to mix with the citizens at Charing Cross without sympathising with the honest indignation we hear them express at the outrage on all artistical feeling which has been perpetrated by the authors of these very bad designs. The unhappy turncock was assailed the other day with hisses and yells, until the poor fellow explained that his office was simply ministerial, and he himself allowed, with a love of manly feeling, which did the highest credit to his noble heart, that he blushed whenever he approached the plug-hole, and never turned the water on to the fountains without shedding a tear. The populace cheered this truly British sentiment, and presented him with the freedom of a pint of porter in a pewter vessel, which he acknowledged by wishing "luck" in a neat speech of two monosyllables to the assembled crowd.

BRITANNIA VISITING THE FOUNTAINS.

In the afternoon there was a public meeting on the terrace overlooking the basins, to consider the propriety of doing something or other in the way of demonstration against the fountains. The policeman on duty, in compliance with a requisition from three respectable bystanders, was induced to preside, and was unanimously voted on to the corner-post of the balustrade, from which he opened the business of the meeting. He began by stating that, though a policeman, he felt he was still a citizen, and any man who loved his country must hate the Trafalgar Square Fountains. (*Hear.*) It had been his lot to represent the municipal government at various public works. He had been present throughout the whole of the Nelson column campaign, and had watched the struggle of the British arms—he meant the two pair of arms belonging to the two well-known hands, the celebrated man and boy—he had preserved the peace of King's Cross during the irritating times when the statue of George the Fourth was offending the eyes and rankling in the hearts of an outraged public; but he must say he never knew any exhibition with so much pretension added to so much disgraceful failure as these fountains.

The learned policeman concluded an address of considerable point and

power amid loud and long-continued cheering, which lasted for several seconds.

A bystander, with an umbrella, came forward to move the first resolution. He said the meeting would be probably astonished to see him with an umbrella on such a fine day, but he (the bystander) knew he should have to pass the fountains, and he defied any one to do so without getting wet, unless he had an umbrella. (*Hear.*) He begged leave to move the following resolution:—

"That this meeting views with indignation and alarm the efforts that are making to disfigure the metropolis by what are called works of art. That to give the name of fountains to two wretched representations of dumb-waiters with bottles of ginger-beer placed on the top of them, is a delusion and a snare, which this meeting pledges itself to resist by every means in its power."

The policeman hoped that the meeting would consider his (the policeman's) delicate position as a member of the executive government of this great empire. It was not for him as chairman, (*looking at the balustrade*)—he meant as postman—(*looking at the Post-office opposite*)—no, not exactly as postman, but as president. (*Hear, hear.*) It was not for him, as president of this meeting, to propose any amendment, but he did hope that in the resolution they had just heard, the word *constitutional* would be introduced, and that the meeting would pledge itself to resist the fountains by every *constitutional* means in its power.

The bystander consented to insert the word, and

The proprietor of the happy family came forward to address the meeting, amid enthusiastic cheers. He (the proprietor of the hap. fam.) was the friend of peace. He had taught the rat to lie down with the cat, but he could not, nay he would not, ask the people of England to lie down quietly under these fountains. (*Vehement cheering.*) There was not a white mouse in the whole of his—the proprietor of the hap. fam.'s—establishment who would not blush to the deepest crimson at the thought of submitting to such an indignity. But he did not propose violence. No, not he; for he would be the last man to do that. But he asked them to use their moral power—to forget party, as the dog and the kitten in his cage forgot all party distinctions; and, if they were only true to each other, these fountains were doomed. They had not another month to play if the people were only firm.

"Hereditary humbugs, know ye not——"

The conclusion of the sentence was drowned in vehement cheering, amid which the proprietor of the happy family walked away.

A vote of thanks having been passed to the policeman for his firm conduct on the top of the post, the meeting dissolved.

THE IDEAL OF THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE FOUNTAINS.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The electric telegraph on the Southampton Railway has been carrying on some pretty games at chess between London and Gosport. We are glad to see science lending its aid to harmless amusement, and we should suggest that the electric telegraph might be made the medium of some conundrums of a pleasing and instructive character. We furnish a few, just to give the affair a fillip; but we do not doubt that when once the idea is taken up in the right spirit, riddles will run along the railroad at a rate hitherto unparalleled.

Q. When did the long train come in?

A. The long train came in when it was first attached to dresses.

Q. Why is Sir James Graham like a fast-train?

A. Because he goes from one terminus to the other—of the political line—without stopping at any of the intermediate stations.

Q. Why is Mr. Roebuck like our third class carriages, which get half-full of water whenever it rains?

A. Because he 's open to both sides, and represents Bath.

Q. Why is Colonel Sibthorp the most liberal man in the House of Commons?

A. Because he 's the very last man in the House that can be accused of being a close shaver.

THE PUBLIC DINNER MARKET.

There has been considerable fluctuation in the value of chairmen and stewards for public dinners. The Duke of Cambridge was quoted a shade lower, but rallied in the course of the day, and was ultimately done at two and a half for the British and Foreign Institute. M.P.s were in brisk demand as honorary stewards, but Knights were at a small discount. Churchwardens have been very flat for some time past, and Lord Mayors have fallen to the lowest point, with no immediate prospect of amendment. Barristers were firm at a small premium for some of the lower class of charity dinners, and Queen's Counsel were a good deal in demand as Vice Presidents, though the market has been a little overstocked lately.

THE EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD OF MR. PEEL AT TOLEDO.[1]

SAYS BULWER to PEEL,
"This note where my seal
And ambassador's[2] arms are displayed O,
Is big with a freight
Of secrets of weight,
Concerning a town of Tolaydo.
'Tis a delicate job,
And I 've chosen you, BOB,
And beg you will hasten with speed O,
And deliver the note
Where you see that I've wrote
The address,—at the town of Toledo.[3]

"So quit your cigars,
And your twangling guitars,
And the beautiful dames on the Prado[4];
And haste and fulfil
Your Ambassador's will,
By posting away to Tolaydo."
"Some pangs I may feel
To part," says young Peel,
"From music, and woman, and weed O!
But to honour my Queen,
I would run to Pekin,
And shall I not go to Toledo?"

So he uttered a roar[5]
For his carriage and four.
The order was straightway obey'd, O,
And he bade his young man to
Pack up his portmanteau,
And was off in a trice to Tolaydo.
"My pistols I 'll load;
(Says he,) for the road,
And make the banditti to bleed, O.
With powder and ball,
I 'll massacre all
The rogues between this and Toledo."

Now galloping fast,
The journey is past
As quick as four animals may do.
Till at length the postilions
(Those faithful Sevillians)[6]
Drive up to the gates of Tolaydo.
They pull up their mules,
(For such do the fools
Employ, and not horses as we do),
And say—"Monsignor,
We are now at the door
Of the elegant town of Toledo.[7]"

Some carabineers
Kept guard it appears
At the gate, and imagine what they do?
The rascals approach
To examine the coach
As it stops at the door of Tolaydo!
"Let go my barouche,"
With a scream and a push,
Says PEEL, as they ventur'd the deed, O.
And, inspir'd with disgust,
His pistols he thrust
In the face of the men of Toledo.

"Have a care, my signors,"
The gentleman roars,
As fierce as a Western tornado,
"Approach my coach panes,
And I 'll blow out the brains
Of each carabineer in Tolaydo.
I swear with an oath
To murder I 'm loath,
But if ever you venture on me do;
With powder and ball
I 'll murder you all,
As sure as you live at Toledo."

The Carabineers,
They heard him with fears,
And stood, in their glory arrayed, O!
All formed in long lines,
With their big carabines[8],
Across the main street of Tolaydo.
"Be hanged to his shot,"
Says the Captain. "For what,
'Gainst fifty can one such as he do?"
His pistols PEEL cocks,
(They were MANTON'S or NOCKS'),
And prepares to encounter Toledo.

But what sudden alarms
Make the soldiers ground arms,
As if they were told on parade, O?
What angel of peace
Bids the hubbub to cease
'Twixt PEEL and the guard of Tolaydo?
Inform'd of the rout,
And what 't was about,
As quickly as if he were fee'd O[9],
At double quick trot
There comes to the spot
The POLITICAL CHIEF OF TOLEDO.

He beseeches his sons
To fling down their guns,
With a voice like the canes of Barbado[10],
"Why seek, silly boy,"
He says, "to destroy
The peace of the town of Tolaydo."
Young PEEL, at his frown,
Was fain to look down,
As mute as a fish or torpedo;
And, looking sheepi'sh[11],
Says "It wasn't my wish
To kick up a row in Toledo."

It wasn't for quarrels
That these double-barrels
From out my coach-door were displayed O;
But to ask if a pistol
Was subject to fiscal
Or custom-house dues at Tolaydo?
The Political chief
Expressed his belief,
BOB grinned at the simpleton's credo[12];
The Carabineers
They uttered three cheers,
And bade the young hero proceed, O!
And the name of the youth
Is famous for truth,
Henceforth, in Madrid and Toledo.

MORAL.

My tale it is said,
And now it is read,
My jolly philosophers say do,
If BOBBY the old,
Isn't sometimes as bold
As BOBBY the young at Tolaydo?
Yes, the sire and the colt,
Both know how to bolt,
'Tis the chivalrous blood of the breed O,
And we see in the youth
The Man of Maynooth,
And in Parliament House *his* Toledo.

[1] *Toledo, Tolaydo.* As in our country, the name of that famous city is always pronounced in the former manner, *Toleedo*, whilst in Spain it is invariably called *Tolaydo*, I have thought proper to make a compromise in my little poem, and to give each method of pronunciation a chance in the course of the stanza of twelve lines.

[2] MR. BULWER is only our minister at Madrid, but I have thought it more respectful to give him the ambassadorial title.

[3] I consider this mystery as very fine—you see the address is not specified—I only say *at the town of Toledo*—whereabouts in Toledo? *that* remains a secret between his Excellency and his Attaché.

[4] The Prado, the Hyde Park of Madrid, where the nobility drive about in their tertullias, and the idlers pass their time in dancing the Muchacha, &c., and amusing themselves with "cigars" and "guitars," as above described.

[5] *A roar for his carriage and four.* As indicating impetuous youthful haste, I must be permitted to consider this expression very fine.

[6] Though Toledo is not in Seville, yet as the postilions *may* have been of that city, I conceive myself quite authorised in using the expression.

[7] And it *is* an elegant town, as may be seen by ROBERTS'S delightful sketches.

[8] *As they form in long lines with their big carabines.*—Surely this is a noble way of expressing the armament of the gallant fellows, and gives a fine picture to the imagination.

[9] Can haste be more dexterously described?—as quickly as if he were *fee'd*.

[10] I mean *sweet*, like the well-known sugar-cane, which renders our tea agreeable, and is so indispensable an adjunct to our puddings.

[11] I have made him look like a sheep, a fish, and a torpedo in two lines. This is by way of giving an idea of doubt, perplexity, hesitation—all incidental to the young gentleman's situation.

[12] I need not tell my accomplished friends that *credo* in Spanish means "I believe—" and a great many monstrous fibs, humbugs, and absurd statements those Spanish simpletons *do* believe, according to the authority of travellers.

No Such Sinecure.

A WIDOW lady has written to us to ascertain if we can inform her how she can obtain for her youngest son the situation of a "Commissioner for the Reduction of the National Debt." He is not older than fifteen, she says, and is very well qualified for the situation, as he has been brought up like a gentleman, and never been accustomed to do anything. We are afraid from this description the young man will hardly suit, as the duties for the reduction are so heavy, that a report has not yet been published, though it has occupied the attention of the ablest arithmeticians for years.

A WHIM OF WEMYSS.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD has been complaining of the poor state of vegetation in Algeria. We suppose that Hero of a Hundred Razzias would wish the trees in his colony to be like his soldiers,—*shooting* all the year round.

The Railways and the Lawyers.

IT has been calculated that one hundred thousand pounds will go into the pockets of the lawyers during the present Session of Parliament in the shape of fees to counsel for attending before Committees of the House of Commons. If there is such an outlay for law, the estimates for making a railway should include not only iron, but brass.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.

IN the window of a hairdresser's shop, in the Strand, is the following announcement:—"Wigs made so naturally as to escape detection." We understand that LORD JOHN RUSSELL has recommended the establishment to SIR ROBERT PEEL, who, if he can be made a Whig so naturally as to escape detection, may join the Liberals without being found out—a condition that is always *fâcheuse* to a minister.

PEEL TO HIS STEP-FATHER, COBDEN.

My dear Step-Father,

I write to let you know how I am getting on in the school, which you have sent me to take lessons in. I am making very rapid strides, and they say that I shall soon go as far as you, if I continue the steps I am now pursuing. It is very true that I was in quite a different walk before you adopted me, but I am now at your side, and if you will lend me a hand to drag me on, I dare say I shall keep pace with you—no matter what lengths you may wish to carry me to.

I was formerly thought a very slow boy, but since you have adopted me, I have become so quick that I am here, there, and everywhere in no time. Those who used to be at my side, are quite left behind, and are obliged to follow me, which they do at a very respectful distance, as if they don't half like it. I wish you would not pull me on quite so fast, for you forget that I find it difficult to get on as quickly as you wish with the corn, which you and I have had so much talk about. I have no doubt that in time I shall get quite as far as you can desire, and

I remain,
Your dutiful Step-son,
Robert Peel.

M. JULLIEN
AND THE
FALL OF THE POLKA.

We very much regret to announce that M. Jullien has been suffering severely from the shock he received at the announcement of Her Majesty having set her face against the Polka. The unfortunate gentleman no sooner heard the news than he went into violent hysterics, and began tearing his very valuable hair to an extent wholly unparalleled in the annals of distractedness. He then commenced dancing all his twelve Polkas, one after the other, with a sort of wild ecstacy that was truly alarming, and he ultimately made a desperate dash at his own window, where he rolled about among a quantity of music in a state of frantic bewilderment. "*Sa Majesté mettre sa figure contre la Polka!*" cried he, "*Jamais—nevare!*" and he whistled the royal Polka with savage vehemence. On inquiring at the unhappy gentleman's residence, we heard that he had been listening to a street organ playing the Redowa, and seemed to be somewhat pacified. Later accounts give the gratifying intelligence that M. Jullien is quite tranquil, has had his hair put in paper, and may be pronounced convalescent. The announcement that the Polka was played and danced at the State Ball has restored the patient to his wonted health and spirits.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

A newspaper informs us that the great desire of Her Majesty to visit Paris this year "is to make the acquaintance of some of the most celebrated literary characters of France." This is merely to enable Her Majesty to make comparisons on her return with those of England.

Punch's Lives of the Illustrious Lord Mayors.

SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.

Sir William Walworth was born nobody knows where or when, but he is supposed to have turned up in some corner of the metropolis, in the fourteenth century. He sold fish on Fish Street Hill; and we find him, in the year 1371, serving not only his customers, but serving the office of sheriff. In 1374 he became Lord Mayor, and it is rather remarkable that the Fishmongers' Company gave a Lord Mayor so often to the city, that the Company got the name of the Mayors' Nest. The year 1374 is chiefly remarkable for a tournament given by King Edward in Smithfield. This tournament would not have justice done to it by any ordinary pen; and, as Smithfield has pens enough of its own, we leave them to make what they can of it.

On the day of Edward's death, Alderman William Walworth and some other citizens repaired to Kingston-upon-Thames, where the young king resided. They made the old clap-trap offer about laying down their lives—which were of no use to any but their owners, and therefore were not required—and concluded by advising the young king to come and live in the city. William Walworth petitioned about 500 years ago for annual parliaments, from which it appears he was a bit of a chartist.

In 1378 Walworth became for the second time Lord Mayor of London, and the insurrection of Wat Tyler soon cut out a little tough work for him. Wat marched upon the Temple, which he burned down in spite of the united efforts of the fountain and the ticket-porters, while the king treated with some of the insurgents at Mile End, so that it appears his Majesty was within a six-penny omnibus fare of the metropolis.

The king having come up to Smithfield to parley with Wat Tyler, found the latter such an awkward customer, that he turned to Walworth, saying, "This is within thy jurisdiction, Walworth, execute thou justice on this rebel."

Whereupon Walworth fetched Tyler such a crack on the skull, that Wat was done for before he could ask what it was for.

The king, in consideration of this service, made Walworth a knight, and the Fishmongers had placed in their Hall a wooden statue of him—wood being then, as it is now, a suitable material for representing mayoral dignity.

Sir William Walworth died in 1381, his mayoralty and himself having both expired at about the same period. He used to live in Crooked Lane, so that a Lord Mayor's getting out of the straightforward path is nothing new, the custom being as old as Walworth, and as modern as—Walbrook.

Liabilities of an Editor.

Lord Denman has laid down the law recently, that 'an Editor has no right to insert any paragraph before he has ascertained "that the assertion made in it is absolutely true." So then, in the case of the late discoveries made by the Earl of Rosse's Telescope, an Editor ought to have proceeded to the different planets mentioned before he inserted any statement respecting them. According to Lord Denman, The Man in the Moon and Orion would both recover swinging damages from almost every Editor in the United Kingdom for the reflections cast by the Earl's telescope on their characters as planets.

PUNCTUALITY IS THE SOUL OF BUSINESS.

No-o-o. Good night, old chap!—Business is the soul of punctuality. I must go now. I've got some busi-business to attend to—(*hic*)—let-ters to—write!

The Houses at the Albert Gate.

Every one is asking the meaning of the two houses lately erected at the Albert Gate. Their extreme altitude induces many to regard them as the height of absurdity, and it is the general impression that a servant sleeping in the attic must start off for bed in the middle of the day, in order to arrive by a reasonable hour at the *chambre à coucher*. A fashionable lady, making a morning call, would faint at the contemplation of "Such a getting up stairs" as would be necessary before reaching the drawing-room. We remember when these houses were in course of being built, the bricklayers were drawn up and down by a sort of endless ladder, so that we presume the intention is to let the occupants up and down—should the houses ever be occupied at all—by some species of machinery. We strongly recommend a series of cranes, labelled after the manner of bells, for servants and visitors. A succession of ropes with tickets on them, indicating crane for tradespeople, crane for domestics, crane for visitors, &c., would be a very desirable arrangement. A man must be very ambitious who would take either of these lofty abodes, for he must soar like an eagle to get into his own cockloft, and as to his nine chimney pots they look like a chain of appe-nines. We would as soon attempt the ascent of Mont Blanc, as climb into the frozen regions of those inhospitable attics, which have been hitherto untrodden by any but that human chamois, the bricklayer. We never look at these houses without thinking of Shakspeare's description of the cliff at Dover—

"Half-way down,
Are those who glaze the windows! Dangerous trade."
* * * * * * *

The topography of these mansions is not less curious than their construction, for they are imbedded in a nest of pawnbrokers' shops, publichouses, and other humble establishments of a similar character. Surely the family that would inhabit one of these abodes could never require avuncular aid, for the very height of the premises would place them considerably above it; and we cannot fancy the butler rushing next door with the spoons, a necessity for which is the only excuse for being the immediate neighbour of a pawnbroker.

CHEAP REFRESHMENT.

The *Birmingham Advertiser* says:—"In these days it is quite refreshing to pronounce the name of the Duke of Newcastle." We suggest, then, as the warm weather is coming on, that the name of his Grace should be written up in every public thoroughfare.

THE MYSTERY OF MEDICINE.

We perceive that Mr. Muntz has given notice of a motion requiring all medical practitioners to write their prescriptions in English, and to put plain English on their gallipots. If this proposal is adopted, the dignity of Medicine is gone, for on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, people fancy that a prescription must do them a wonderful deal of good if they cannot understand the meaning of it. Who will have any faith in medicine when he knows the ingredients?

There is something mysterious in *Duæ pilulæ factæ cum pane*, but when we come to know that it means nothing more than "two bread pills," the senses revolt against the idea of deriving any benefit from taking them. Besides, when a medical man is in a hurry, and does not know exactly what to prescribe, he can always with safety scribble down *Aq.—Cochl.—pan.—Sen.—Mag.—Cort.*, and the apothecary, if he has any tact, will send in something harmless, with directions—at his own discretion—about the mode and period of taking it.

But if all prescriptions are to be in English, what on earth is a medical man to do when he wants to prescribe nothing at all, but a dose quite at the discretion of the chemist. We knew a facetious general practitioner who used to jot down *quod—plac—mi—form—car*, which looked very well in abbreviated Latin, but which was in short—or rather in full—*quodcunque placet, mi formose care*—(whatever you please, my pretty dear;) a prescription the chemist always understood to mean water with a dash of senna in it, to be taken at bedtime. We entreat Mr. Muntz to pause before he strips medicine of that mystery which gives it half its importance in the eyes of the multitude. As to anglicising the gallipots we defy the best linguist on earth to translate into English those mystic syllables which are painted at random with a view to variety, and without the remotest attempt at meaning.

THE STATE VISIT.

The lessee of the "Only National Theatre" being desirous of making the most he could of the state visit of Her Majesty, retained the fittings of the royal box as one of the attractions for the next evening's entertainment. It was announced in the bills that, in addition to the *Bride of Lammermoor*, in which Duprez would appear, the state-box would remain as on the previous evening.

We understand it was originally the intention of the lessee to have represented the entire scene of the state visit, the various royal and distinguished individuals who were present being personated by the members of the company. The late Mr. Elliston created an immense sensation as *George the Fourth*, in the spectacle of the Coronation, and was allowed on all hands to have made a better, or at least a more effective monarch than the actual Sovereign; so that Mr. Bunn has, at all events, a precedent for making his actors represent living royalty.

We think a very "strong bill," as the players term it, might have been made by announcing the highly successful farce of the

ROYAL BOX.

With all its splendid decorations, appointments, and properties.

Principal Characters by

Miss Romer, Miss Betts, Miss Rainforth, Mr. Bunn, Mr. Harley, Mr. Howell, and Mr. W. H. Payne.

THE STATISTICS OF SOAP.

Mr. Hutt, with a laudable desire to ascertain how his county is off for soap, has moved for and obtained a Parliamentary return embracing all the statistics of this very interesting subject. It seems that, in England, the quantity of soap manufactured is considerably larger than the quantity made in Scotland. Perhaps the increase in the manufacture in British soap may have arisen from a rumour that several of the old Tories intended to wash their hands of Peel; and as some of those hands have had a finger in matters not particularly nice, it was naturally thought that a great quantity of soap would be required for the operation alluded to.

We understand that Mr. Williams seconded Mr. Hutt's motion, on the ground that we ought to know how we stand for soap, when we may be called upon rather suddenly to lather the Americans.

THE QUEEN AT DRURY LANE.

DEAR BUNN,

The QUEEN visited you last week, on which occasion, I perceive, you raised your prices. Very right. Yours is the proper kind of loyalty, and therefore you make money by it. Besides, it must be so gratifying to HER MAJESTY to learn that she is made a show of—that royalty is exhibited at so much a head to its loving subjects. I hope MADAME TUSSAUD will take the hint from you, and for a time at least raise her prices of admission on every new accession of royalty. As you sing in your own beautiful verse—

"When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,"

it may be very proper for the said hearts to sham loyalty,—but your's is the true thing: there is no mistaking your love for the throne, since you have the extra shillings and sixpences to show for it.

Yours,

PUNCH.

P.S.—What a simpleton was MACREADY! *He* never changed his prices. But then MACREADY is a Whig, and "something more."

ANALYSIS OF THE MAYNOOTH DIVISION.

THE *Times* has furnished an analysis of the Maynooth Division, founded on the alleged political creeds of those who voted, but we humbly beg to suggest that in these days it is quite impossible to make any calculation on such very uncertain data as a Member of Parliament's politics. Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals are now mixed up in as great a jumble as a pack of cards immediately after what is called a good shuffling, and there has been so much political shuffling of late that it would be very difficult to get the pack sorted as it formerly used to be. Perhaps the shorter method of division would be into trumps, court cards, and knaves—or jacks-in-office—which are the principal means employed in the ordinary tricks of politics.

At all events the divisions into Conservative and Whig are becoming almost as obsolete as Ministerial and Anti-Ministerial. There should be a class of Would-if-they-coulds, to represent the Young Englanders, and, to return to the simile of the cards, the sixes and sevens might very appropriately typify the Tory party.

Cure of Pauper Souls.

THE Aylesbury Board of Guardians have reduced the salary of the Union Chaplain, MR. GLEADAH, from 20*l.* to 10*l.* This is prudent and economic. It is well known that pauper souls—unlike the souls of the rich and respectable, that require especial care—may be cured, like herrings, by the thousand. Hence, MR. GLEADAH is expected to cure wholesale, and is paid accordingly!

A DESIGN FOR A STATUE OF THE BRITISH LION,

BY SIR CULLING EARDLEY SMITH.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Omnibus Driver.—NOW THEN, STUPID! WHERE ARE YOU COMING TO?

A RHYME AND A REASON.

WHY are the houses at the Albert gate
Like to the fort at Acre long unshaken
Because it is as sure almost as fate
That it will be some time before they 're taken.

The English Press.

MR PUNCH,

BEING a journalist, I am not a gentleman—the *Post* says so. Of course I venture not to repine. A Pariah, blackened by printers' ink, I meekly surrender my nose to be pulled by any of the nobility and gentry so inclined. I shall not even grease it, lest the unguent soil kid gloves. I am also ready to be kicked. It is my duty. I am a humble man. Loving my duty, I like to be kicked.

A poor despicable creature, I belong to that miserable set who sway the mind of Britain. What, then, should I look for but insult, contempt, foul names? I submit to be called a liar. I will publish it in my own paper, if any gentleman wishes it. What am I that I should set myself against a gentleman's whims?

I pretend to no sense of honour—to no emotion of manhood. I and my brethren were only made to crouch like beaten hounds beneath the lash of any Honourable or Right Honourable Gent., who may do us the honour to flog us.

We do not pretend to enter into respectable society; we hope we are not so presumptuous—God forbid! We know our place better. With deep reverence do we bow to County Members. Most serf-like do we crouch before anything like the shadow of a lord. We resent not the sneer of the aristocrat—no, nor of the *parvenu*—no, nor of any man who chooses to sneer at us. All may do it, and welcome. Our nature is to endure, our mission to stoop—to stoop, not to conquer.

Humbly avowing this—with bated breath whimpering forth my meek unworthiness—I venture to apprize the nobility, gentry, and my patrons in general, that, should any one wish to insult me, I shall repair barefoot to his honourable dwelling, at any hour he may propose for the purpose.

Yours, Mr. *Punch*,

PETER PARAGRAPH.

THE VALUE OF A FINE LADY.

A REMINISCENCE. BY JOSEPH HUME.

NCE I assisted at the *soirée dansante* of the COUNTESS OF FRITTERFIELD. The most brilliant star in that galaxy of fashion was the young and lovely MARCHIONESS OF FIDDLEDALE. I saw her dancing in the hall. Around her snowy brow were set five hundred pounds: for such would have been the answer of any jeweller to the question "What are those diamonds?" With the gentle undulations of her bosom, there rose and fell exactly thirty pounds ten shillings. The sum wore the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was invested in ten guineas, represented by a slip of lilac satin; and this was overlaid by thirty guineas more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully disposed down each side of the latter, were six half crowns; which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margins of the thirty guinea skirts were edged with eleven additional guineas, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waste, taking zone and clasp together, I calculated to be confined by forty pounds sterling.

Her delicately-rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled the little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with twenty-two pounds five and sixpence, and, putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say that she wore fourteen and sixpence on her feet. Thus, altogether, was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, arrayed from top to toe, exclusively of little sundries, in six hundred and forty-eight pounds eleven shillings.

JULLIEN'S PRISON MUSIC.

M. JULLIEN—out of abounding gratitude for the patronage he has obtained from the musical English—has had a poor widow spirited away from her five children, and locked up in Whitecross Street, for having in her ignorance sold four copies of a work which had pirated *one* melody from the great Frenchman. We are no apologists for literary, musical, or any other pirates; but we do think that a man's heart-strings must be as rigid as the strings of his fiddle—that he must be wholly fitted up with cat-gut—who would consign a really innocent woman to the miseries of a gaol for an unconscious infringement of the law of copyright. However, let MRS. CHARLOTTE TEMPLEMAN, of 5, Great Portland Street, Oxford Street, tell her own story. She was served with a bill of injunction: the widow was put in Chancery!

"Knowing nothing whatever of law, I immediately called upon M. JULLIEN, and also upon his solicitor, MR. LEWIS, 9, Lower Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, and stated to him my sale and profit [*the profit*, 4*d*.]; and I also assured him that no more of his melody should be sold by me. Things remained in this state until yesterday, when two sheriff's officers entered my shop, and took me to Whitecross Street Prison, where I remained all night. How I have been liberated I know not, any more than why I have been confined, only that I have been obliged to pay 26*s*., and sign a paper, the contents of which I know no more of than the man in the moon."

We think it only right that the ladies in high life—whom JULLIEN delights to acknowledge as his patronesses—should know of the charity exercised by their minstrel towards a poor woman, fighting the world's hard fight, to support five fatherless children. Perhaps, further to ingratiate himself with fashionable wives and mothers, M. JULLIEN may compose the *Whitecross Street Polka*, to be especially danced by widows and orphans.

WHAT A SHAME!

IF there is any law against badger-baiting, it is broken every night in the House of Commons, where poor BOBBY, the Tamworth badger, is regularly baited, to the high diversion of the lovers of cruel sport.

A NATIONAL MELODY.

AIR,—"*Lesbia hath a beaming eye.*"

INGLIS is a Tory high,
But no one cares for what he seemeth;
Right and left his speeches fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Better 'tis to look upon
The Tory Premier when he rises;
Few his plans, but every one
By some new light the House surprises.
Oh, my Tory Premier dear,
My artful dodging Tory Premier;
Many glide
From side to side,
But you 're on both, my Tory Premier.

INGLIS wears his coat of old,
But prejudice so tight has lac'd it,
That each idea of Tory mould
Must stay where obstinacy plac'd it.
Oh, my Premier's coat for me,
Mov'd by agitation's breezes,
Leaving every action free
To twist and turn where'er he pleases.
Yes, my Tory Premier dear,
My artful dodging Tory Premier;
Nature's views
Have different hues,
And so have yours, my Tory Premier.

INGLIS has a speech refin'd,
But when its sounds are o'er us creeping,
Who can tell if it 's design'd
To wake us up, or set us sleeping?
Mesmerised by ROBERT'S art,
Poor Britannia drowsy waxes,
Eyes sealed up—the horrid part—
Is but the paying of the taxes.
Oh, my Tory Premier dear,
My cool, my crafty Tory Premier;
Whigs, who 'd learn
The time to turn,
Should ask of you, my Tory Premier.

MIND AMONGST THE ALDERMEN.

M. ALOUX, the artist who has been painting the Aldermen for LOUIS-PHILIPPE, has been invited to a dinner by his forty models. This is fair enough, and nothing but grateful on the part of the Common Council; but surely the arrangement should have taken place *before*, and not after their portraits were taken. The artist would then, if he is a true judge of physiognomy, have seen the difference in an Alderman's features when sitting for his dinner, and sitting for his portrait. At present M. ALOUX must feel that he has painted 40 likenesses without any of that "*mens divinior*" of an Alderman, which is only elicited over a soup-plate. To speak artistically, he has merely "washed in the flats."

THE QUEEN AND THE CITIZENS.

WE see by the *Court Circular* that "HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT were pleased to inspect the written address of the City of London to HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE FRENCH." We understand that this precaution has been taken to prevent the English nation from being compromised by the grammar and spelling of the citizens. HER MAJESTY perused the address with much care, and corrected the orthography in one or two instances.

The Penny Duke of Buckingham.

AT the Buckingham Sessions—as we learn from the *Aylesbury News*—the chivalrous, the magnificent, the *battue*-loving BUCKINGHAM, prosecuted one CALEB BLACKWELL, for "having damaged a fence, to the amount of *one penny!*" BLACKWELL, it appears, was a poacher, and had twice before been summarily convicted. Whereupon, for this third offence, he was sentenced to "four months' imprisonment with hard labour, and to be once *privately whipped!*" And yet there are falsifying people, who avouch that the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM is not beloved by the peasantry! Scandalous malignity! He IS beloved; and, henceforth, let his reputation, like the name of WHITTINGTON, go down to posterity for ever associated *with a cat.*

PUNCH'S MAZURKA.

Mr. Punch informs the world that, to settle the great Mazurka controversy, he has, at immense expense, taken six lessons from a Polish nobleman in disguise, who "imparts" the steps under a feigned name in a front parlour near Soho. To render the boon complete, he has also procured from a celebrated composer the music of a new and original Mazurka—and ☞ There it is:—

Explanation of the Figures.

Get a pair of dress-boots—high heels are the best—
And a partner; then stand with six more in a ring;
Skip thrice to the right, take two stamps, and a rest,
Hop thrice to the left, give a kick and a fling.
(Be careful, in stamping, some neighbour don't rue it,
Though people with bunions had better not do it.)

Your partner you next circumnavigate; that
Is, dance all the way round her, unless she 's too fat:
Make a very long stride, then two hops for *poussette*;
Lastly, back to your place, if you can, you must get.
A general *mêlée* here always ensues,
Begun by the loss of a few ladies' shoes;
A faint and a scream—"O dear, I shall fall!"
"How stupid you are!"—"We 're all wrong!"—and that 's all.

LITERARY PEERS.

It is, we believe, in contemplation by the English Government to follow the example of France, and raise a few writers to the peerage. The following will, we are told, be among the earliest elevations:—

Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, to be *Baron of Blueskin.*

Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli, to be *Marquis of Coningsby.*

Mr. James Grant, to be *Earl of Cornhill, in the Great Metropolis, and Baron of Hey-down-hey-down-derry, in Ireland.*

Other titles will, it is expected, be soon conferred, but the above are all at present decided on.

RAILWAY LIFE INSURANCE.

A company has been just advertised, with the object, as far as we can make it out, of taking insurances on the lives of railway passengers. Considering the comparative safety to which railway travelling has been brought, we think the company will not run a very great risk; but we hardly see how the public will be induced to avail themselves of the advantages which railway life insurance professes to hold out to them.

We are not much disposed to countenance the speculation, for there is something rather disagreeable in being asked—"Whether we insure our lives?" while taking our ticket.

PUNCH FOR HEAD PACIFICATOR.

uring centuries Ireland, to speak metaphorically, has been in a perpetual broil; though perhaps we might more happily compare the state of things Irish to a stew. Peel confessed that Ireland was his chief difficulty; and he might also have confessed that he did not know what to do with her. It is quite clear that he does not understand her case. He began by anti-phlogistic treatment—to wit, the State Prosecutions—and now he is trying the Maynooth Soothing Syrup, which some call Bobby's Elixir. This is mere empiricism; no better than what might be expected from Holloway or Old Parr. Let the Premier practise on principle, if he knows what that is. But in fact, the case of Ireland would puzzle any state-doctor but *Punch*, who, amongst many other notions, has one for her pacification, which he hereby offers to the Conservatives and all others whom it may concern, if they will have it. His suggestion is as follows:—

He would advise them to get up a Joint Stock Company, for the purpose of negotiating with Mr. Daniel O'Connell a sale of the whole Irish people. As the Repeal agitation cannot last for ever, and as it may be difficult to get up any other humbug, a good round sum in the lump may prove an adequate temptation. Instead, therefore, of voting money to Maynooth, vote a "consideration" to Daniel O'Connell. So sure will this plan for the tranquillisation of Ireland be to answer, that *Punch* considers that by merely proposing it, he has cut Tom Steele out, and will therefore trouble that gentleman to return to him the title of Head Pacificator of Ireland."

THE OLD SCHOOL OF COMIC SONG.

Mr. Punch,

Whenever the opportunity of exercising a peculiar talent is entirely cut off, there is something unwholesome in the state of affairs, provided, of course, the employment of the talent be consistent with morality and good order. Now, Sir, I especially complain of the extinction of the old school of comic song. For the talent belonging to this precise class of lyrical composition I see no opening whatever. The old comic song was a thing quite *per se*. With the modern punning song, alluding to topics of the day, it had nothing to do—still less with that unmeaning jabbering affair, the *buffo* of Italian breed. The old comic song, Sir, was a description, in lively verse, of a murder, or a suicide, or some domestic affliction, and if sung at a minor theatre just after the half-price came in, never missed an *encore*. I am an older man than you, *Punch*, and I recollect the days when the announcement of "A favourite comic song, by Mr. Sloman." was a great attraction, and I assure you that in those days it was possible for a man blessed with but a moderate portion of wit, to get the reputation of being exceedingly "funny."

That you may precisely understand the class of composition to which I allude, I give you a song written by myself in happier times, and often sung with great effect in private circles. After supper and the second glass of brandy-and-water, the sensation was prodigious. I have appended a few notes, which, in these degenerate days, will be found serviceable.

COMIC SONG.

Mr. Dawkins he liv'd on a natty[1] first floor,
And when he came home, sirs,[2] he knocked at the door;
The knocker he took in his fingers so pat,
And merrily sounded his rat-tat-tat-tat.
Sing Toodledum, teedledum,[3] &c.
Tol de rol lol de rol lay!

Just a-top of the stairs in a cupboard he 'd got
Some bread and potatoes, and likewise a lot
Of cheese, coals and candles, a pipe and some backey,[4]
And a very particular bottle of jackey.[5]
Sing Toodledum, &c.

One evening poor Dawkins came home, as I 'm told,
The weather was frosty, he felt rather cold;
Says he, "I have hit on a capital rig,"
So he first took the bottle and then took[6] a swig.
Sing Toodledum, &c.

Mr. Dawkins was weak, and the liquor was stout,
So he pitched down the stairs, and the landlord peep 'd out;
"Are you elevated?" said he,—"No, much worse,"
Quoth Dawkins, "You see I am quite the reverse."
Sing Toodledum, &c.

Mr. Dawkins he died, and the coroner sat,
And spun a long yarn, but I need not tell that;
He had died half-*seas* over,[7] as plain as he could be,
So the jury declared him felo-de-*se*.
Sing Toodledum, &c.

MORAL.

Says Plato,[8] the moral 's the best of a song,
So I 'll give you a short one, that will not be long;
Now this is the moral my fable declares,—
You should never get boosey[9] a-top of the stairs.
Sing Toodledum, &c.

I hope, Sir, I have not only shown you what I mean by a "Comic Song of the Old School," but also that I can write one, if a fair field for my talents is opened.

Truly yours,
A Sexagenarian.

NOTES.

This pretty modification of the word neat is fast becoming obsolete.

[2] "Sirs" means the audience. The license of using this short mode of address was of infinite use in eking out a line.

[3] This portion of the work—the meaning of which it is rather difficult to explain—was sung first as a solo, and then the whole party repeated it in chorus.

[4] Tobacco.

[5] "Jackey." A word for gin, voted exceedingly droll. If, however, the vocalist meant to be crushing in his fun, he would feign that the word was improper, and suppress it altogether, winking at the company during the gap he made. At theatres a gap of this sort was effectively supplied by a stroke on the drum. That great lyrical work, "Hot Codlins," which has survived all changes of fashion, shows the principle carried to its extreme. At the singing of this truly national effusion, it is the etiquette for the gallery to supply the omission made by the vocalist.

[6] The repetition of the word "took" had a humorous effect in my day. It looked like a pun, though certainly it is not one. "Swig" meant a hearty draught. It is falling into oblivion.

[7] You modern fellows may sneer at this pun on "*seas*" and "felo-de-se," but I assure you it used to be a screamer.

[8] A pert nephew of mine, who has been to Cambridge, defies me to point out the passage in Plato wherein this doctrine is inculcated. That 's all very fine. I know our old song-writers used to make Plato, Zeno, and Aristotle say just what they pleased.

[9] For "boosey" we might substitute "lumpy," to suit modern parlance.

PAPA COBDEN TAKING MASTER ROBERT A FREE TRADE WALK.

PAPA COBDEN.—"Come along, MASTER ROBERT, do step out."

MASTER ROBERT.—"That 's all very well, but you know I cannot go so fast as you do."

Punch's Mazurka.

8

p

ff.

ff.

p.

ff.

p

ff

fine

f

La capo al 8

THE STARVED-OUT ALDERMEN.

DREADFUL CASE OF DESTITUTION.

We regret to hear that several severe cases of civic starvation have occurred during the late and the present mayoralty. We have actually heard of an instance in which an alderman has been known not to have tasted turtle for three days, and has gone about from door to door begging a morsel of venison, or even a crust of pasty, to keep him from famishing. One of the poor fellows had actually been living on nothing else but the mere sirloins of beef and the legs of mutton for nearly a fortnight.

New Answers to Old Riddles.

Mr. Orchard Halliwell has lately collected and published several "Nursery Riddles," which he has in most cases guessed at, and favoured us with his guess, but in others he has "given it up." *Punch* is sorry to be obliged to find fault with so learned and zealous an antiquary; but it will be obvious, from the following specimens, Mr. Halliwell has been very unfortunate in his guesses. Indeed, so little antiquarian acumen was necessary to detect his blunders, that *Punch* himself, who (he is, perhaps, thankful to say, being of a peaceable turn) is not even a member of the Archæological, in almost every instance jumped at once to the right conclusion.

First, we have "Master Crustycappe:"—

"As I wente over Hungerforde Bridge,
I mette Master Crustycappe,
Pinnes and needles on his backe,
Ageing to Thorny Faire."

To this riddle, Mr. Halliwell unhesitatingly answers, "Hedgehog;" whereas *Punch* (with all his readers) at once exclaims, "Roebuck!" Can there be a doubt of it?

Then, there is—

"Finished long since, and made to-day;
Employed, while others sleep;
What few to friends would give away,
And none would wish to keep."

Answer.—Mr. Halliwell, "Bed." *Punch* (with merely the obvious change in the first line of "mad" for "made"), "Brougham."

Lastly, the most unaccountable mistake of all—

"Fighty, fighty, hitytity, all clothed in green,
The Minister can't read him, nor can the Queen;
There came a wise man out of the East,
And said he had a long tail, but was not a beast."

Will it be believed that Mr. Halliwell here misses the obvious solution, and wishes us to answer, "Hollytree!" Really antiquaries must be themselves *mentally* "all clothed in green," as much as Mr. O'Connell, according to the riddle, is so corporeally. Having made out this really strong case against Mr. Halliwell, *Punch* leaves him to his reflections, which will probably be not of the most soothing kind, and recommends him to make haste and save his character in a second edition.

The Great Excise Case.

It having been arranged that the trial at Bar should take place, the Chief Baron and the prisoners entered the Court, when

The Solicitor-General said that he was willing the jury should go and view the premises. He had opposed it at first, but he would consent now.

The Chief Baron was not sure whether this could be done. He thought if there was a view there might be error.

The Solicitor-General knew that in ordinary cases where there was view there might be error; for instance, there had been error in some of his own views, but he had no objection to the jury taking a sight of the premises.

Mr. Baron Rolfe thought the Court could not allow the jury to take a sight. Taking a sight was not referred to in Jacobs's Law Dictionary, but there were other dictionaries in which taking a sight was defined to be a proceeding which he (Baron Rolfe) thought that they, sitting as judges, could not countenance. It was, however, agreed that some of the jury should take a sight, if the opposite side had no objection: and during a short delay

Mr. Briefless rose, and begged to ask the Court whether, as the Court was doing nothing, it was competent in him to hand in a compute?

The Chief Baron: What compute, sir? Has it anything to do with this case?

Mr. Briefless: Nothing in the world, my Lord.

Mr. Baron Platt: You must not address the Court. We are sitting at Bar not in Banco.

Mr. Briefless: I do not wish to address the Court, my Lords. I merely wish to hand in. Here, usher—

The Chief Baron: Be quiet, sir.

Mr. Briefless motioned vehemently to the usher, but said nothing.

Mr. Fitzroy Kelly: If this motion is taken, I shall protest against the whole proceedings. Your lordships are here to try a most important case, and any motion, even a compute, may distract your lordships' attention. I say emphatically my Lords—

Mr. Jervis: Kelly! Kelly!

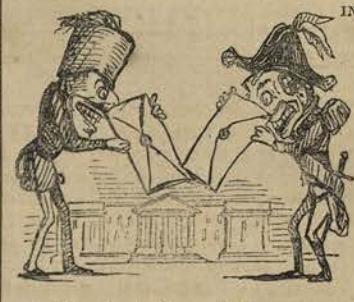
Mr. Fitzroy Kelly: What?

Mr. Jervis: He 's gone. (*Some one had pulled* Mr. Briefless *out of Court while* Mr. Fitzroy Kelly *was on his legs.*)

Mr. Fitzroy Kelly: Oh! then I 've done.

The learned gentleman then sat down, and the jurymen having returned from "taking a sight," the trial at Bar was proceeded with.

A NEW CABINET LIBRARY.



Ministers intend shortly, we understand, issuing a series of volumes on various subjects, for the purpose of enlightening the people, to be called the New Cabinet Library. The work will be written chiefly by the Ministers themselves, so that there will be great variety in the style, and in the mode of treating the various topics handled.

The following will be a few of the volumes that will shortly appear:—

1. The Curiosities of Literature, chiefly selected from intercepted correspondence. By Sir James Graham.

2. How to Live on Fourteen Thousand a year. By the Lord Chancellor.

3. Three Experiments of Living; or, Three Livings at Once, by way of Experiment. By the Bishop of Exeter.

4. The Outcast; The Exile's Return; and other Poems. By Lord Ellenborough.

5. Natural Magic, including several new tricks; with an Essay on Gammon and Backgammon. By Sir R. Peel.

6. Miscellaneous Essays. By Lord Brougham.

7. The Pauper's Cookery Book; including ten thousand economical recipes, amongst which will be found five hundred different modes of dressing oatmeal, and a plan for roasting a fowl before the fire, in such a way as to make chicken-broth of the shadow. By the Poor Law Commissioners.

8. Confessions of an English Opium-Eater. By One who has swallowed all the dull speeches that have been spoken in the House of Commons for the last ten years.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XIV.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS IT "HIGH TIME" THAT THE CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE SUMMER CLOTHING.

THERE, CAUDLE! If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do—the more shame for you to let me, but—there, now! there you fly out again! *What do I want now?* Why, you must know what's wanted, if you'd any eyes—or any pride for your children, like any other father. *What's the matter—and what am I driving at?* Oh, nonsense, CAUDLE! As if you didn't know! I'm sure if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing; never; it's painful to me, goodness knows! What do you say? *If it's painful, why so often do it?* Ha! I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes? I wish you'd think a little more of people's feelings, and less of your jokes. Ha! as I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

"Now, CAUDLE, if ever you kept awake, you shall keep awake to-night—yes, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak, and then you may go to sleep as soon as you like. Pray do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody else's children? *What was the matter with them?* Oh, CAUDLE! How can you ask? Poor things! weren't they all in their thick merinos, and beaver bonnets? What do you say—*What of it?* What! you'll tell me that you didn't see how the BRIGGS's girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the BROWNS looked at the SMITHS, and then at our dear girls, as much as to say, 'Poor creatures! what figures for the month of May!' *You didn't see it?* The more shame for you—you would, if you'd had the feelings of a parent—but I'm sorry to say, CAUDLE, you haven't. I'm sure those BRIGGS's girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say? *I ought to be ashamed of myself to own it?* No, MR. CAUDLE; the shame lies with you, that don't let your children appear at church like other people's children, that make 'em uncomfortable at their devotions, poor things! for how can it be otherwise, when they see themselves dressed like nobody else?

"Now, CAUDLE, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't; and there's an end of it. I won't have 'em exposed to the BRIGGSES and the BROWNS again: no, they shall know they have a mother, if they've no father to feel for 'em. What do you say, CAUDLE? *A good deal I must think of church, if I think so much of what we go in?* I only wish you thought as much as I do, you'd be a better man than you are, CAUDLE, I can tell you; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm talking about decent clothes for the children for the summer, and you want to put me off with something about the church; but that's so like you, CAUDLE!

"*I'm always wanting money for clothes?* How can you lie in your bed and say that? I'm sure there's no children in the world that cost their father so little: but that's it; the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. It's the wives who don't care where the money comes from who're best thought of. Oh, if my time was to come over again, would I mend and stitch, and make the things go so far as I have done? No—that I wouldn't. Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and laugh; it's easy to laugh, CAUDLE—very easy, to people who don't feel.

"Now, CAUDLE, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. Eh, CAUDLE, eh? Now, you shan't go to sleep till you've told me. *How much money do I want?* Why, let me see, love. There's CAROLINE, and JANE, and SUSANNAH, and MARY ANNE, and—What do you say? *I needn't count 'em, you know how many there are?* Ha! that's just as you take me up. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see; and don't go to sleep. I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins, I know that CAUDLE; and though I say it—bless their little hearts!—they do credit to you, CAUDLE. Any nobleman of the land might be proud of 'em. Now, don't swear at noblemen of the land, and ask me what they've to do with your children; you know what I meant. But you *are* so hasty, CAUDLE.

"*How much?* Now, don't be in a hurry? Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, CAUDLE, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds. What did you say? *Twenty fiddlesticks?* What? *You won't give half the money?* Very well, MR. CAUDLE; I don't care: let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals, and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied. *You gave me twenty pounds five months ago!* What's five months ago to do with now? Besides, what I *have* had is nothing to do with it.

"What do you say? *Ten pounds are enough?* Yes: just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. *They only want bonnets and frocks?* How do you know what they want? *How* should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds. Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it. I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you. No, sir,—no; you have no cause to say that. *I don't want to dress the children up like countesses?* You often fling that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, CAUDLE; you know it. I only want to give 'em proper notions of themselves: and what, indeed, *can* the poor things think when they see the BRIGGSES, and the BROWNS, and the SMITHS—and their fathers don't make the money you do, CAUDLE—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody; and to think yourself nobody,—depend upon it, CAUDLE,—is n't the way to make the world think anything of you.

"What do you say? *Where did I pick up that?* Where do you think? I know a great deal more than you suppose—yes; though you don't give me credit for it. Husbands seldom do. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any—or not a farthing.

"No, sir, no. *I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots!* I only want to make 'em respectable and—what do you say? *You'll give fifteen pounds?* No, CAUDLE, no—not a penny will I take under twenty; if I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money: and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do. Still, if you'll give me twenty—no, it's no use your offering fifteen, and wanting to go to sleep. You shan't close an eye until you promise the twenty. Come, CAUDLE, love!—twenty, and then you may go to sleep. Twenty—twenty—twenty"—

"My impression is," writes CAUDLE in his comments, "that I fell asleep, sticking firmly to the fifteen; but in the morning MRS. CAUDLE assured me, as a woman of honour, that she wouldn't let me wink an eye, before I promised the twenty; and man is frail—and woman is strong—she had the money."

THE HIGGINS' SYSTEM.—A CARD.

DOCTOR HIGGINS, Catholic Bishop of Ardagh, at present residing at Ballymahon, presents his compliments to the whole world of rascalhood and ragamuffinry, and begs to inform it that he is desirous of giving lessons in the Tongue of Billingsgate according to his own plan, known throughout Ireland as the "HIGGINS' System," by which discovery the pupil may in one week become a greater master of more foul words, uncharitable phrases, filthy epithets, and false assertions, than if he had studied for three years under any other master. DOCTOR HIGGINS confidently refers the public to his letters to MR. O'CONNELL on the Maynooth Grant, &c. DOCTOR HIGGINS begs further to inform his readers that, being a Christian priest, he invariably precedes every lesson with a short but fervent prayer for Christian love and unity throughout the world. (Down with the "besotted" English, and hurrah for Repale!)

THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

WE understand that to guard against counterfeits, every box of PARR's Life Pills will for the future be stamped with the following motto:—

"Memento Mori."

Medicine for a Minister.

At a numerous and highly respectable meeting of general practitioners, convened for the purpose of opposing the new medical bill, its author, the Home Secretary, having been alluded to, the question incidentally arose, What was to be done with Graham?

A gentleman remarked that Sir James never, surely, would be so mad as to persist with his measure. If he did go on with it, however, it would be a clear case of monomania, and he would recommend shaving the head.

Another gentleman would quite approve of that treatment. Sir James Graham would reduce the profession to a state of barber-surgery, and it was right that he should reap his reward in professional services.

A young practitioner recommended venesection; but one of evidently greater experience objected, that it would be impossible to get blood out of a post.

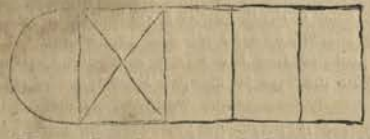
Several gentlemen warmly advocated low diet. If the Right Hon. Gentleman were put for a week or so on low diet, he would learn to feel for a profession on which he was about to inflict the like hardship. Others advised friction; but this, it was replied, had been already resorted to, Graham having received several smart rubs without any effect.

An appeal to the heart was proposed in one quarter; but this idea was derided: the existence of that organ in a Poor Law advocate being treated as a chimera.

The meeting having expressed a general desire to leech, physic, and blister the Right Hon. Baronet to their hearts' content, separated without coming to any definite plan for bringing him to his senses.

DIVERTING OUT-DOOR GAME.

Take a piece of chalk, and draw on the pavement a figure like this:—



You need not be very particular about the number or position of the lines. Indeed, if any other figure suits you better, you may draw that instead.

Next get a small piece of red tile, and throw it into one of the partitions. You will hop against this so as to strike it smartly with the foot, and endeavour to drive it further on in the figure, or out of the figure altogether. Indeed, it is totally immaterial where the tile goes, though, unless you are provided with a second bit, it is as well not to send it through a kitchen window.

As this game has no winner, it is recommended to youth as containing nothing that will prematurely foster avarice or ambition. It is also a highly social game, as any passenger may join in, and try his skill for a minute, and then walk on, without the slightest interruption to the pastime.

Some write the word "pot" in the semicircle at the end of the figure; but this is mere shallow pedantry.

Nothing like Leather.

In the House of Lords, on Friday night, the Bishop of London said, "My lords, I am deeply convinced the country wants New Bishops!" How odd the country didn't think of this before!

OUR UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

Tuesday: We were dreadfully fagged by our first class examination, the results of which appeared in a former number. College authorities are very heavy people to deal with; and the waste of time and temper in attempting to make them understand a plain question, and give a plain answer, would not be believed by people in London.

We were dreadfully fagged. Our naturally long nose was growing longer. We had lost at least a pound of hump in that one day of very cross questions on our part, and crosser answers from the University Authorities. We were refreshing ourselves with a stroll under the Great Chesnut Walk in Trinity, enjoying the green light that danced among the boughs, and chequered the gravel into an arabesque pattern that would have driven Herr Sang frantically hopeless. We thought upon our own neglected education, and sighed—on our child, the object of Judy's somewhat weak indulgence,—and determined, come what might, to enter him at Trinity—for the whole place was redolent of learning and calm reflection. We were aroused from our reverie by voices on the bank of quiet Cam. They were three university-men, in caps and gowns, slanging two bargees, whose vessel was aground. The gownsmen had the best of it. The bargees' slang was fluent and foul; but the undergraduates' was sublime!

"Fruit the first!" we said to ourselves, doubtfully, and passed up the walk again, our hands clasped under our hinder hump,—a fashion which Napoleon caught from us, and in which Mr. Haydon has several times immortalised him, after Mr. Haydon's own notions of immortality. We were suddenly accosted by a spare, middle-aged man, in black. He saluted us courteously by our name, and welcomed us to the university. We began to pump him in return, and found, to our disgust, that the Vice-Chancellor, in compliance with a requisition numerously signed, had forbidden all members of the university to attend our examination-commission, on pain of excommunication. What were we to do? We had undertaken to gain an insight into the university system, and here was the door rudely banged in our faces.

Our friend—a tutor and lecturer—compassionated us. "I will show you," said he, "what no commission can discover—the system of our venerable university in action. You shall see the hallowing influences of the parental relation of tutor and pupil. This afternoon I give a wine party to some of my pupils. Come to my rooms after hall, and say if the picture you will then see be not an elevating, and a beautiful one." I accepted the invitation—he squeezed my hand—invoked a silent blessing on my head, and we separated. I continued my walk much affected.

At this moment, a man in shabby-genteel clothes stopped us, and touching his hat, with an indescribable mixture of respect and familiarity, handed us a note. Its contents ran thus:—

"Dear Punch, *Letter L., Great Court, Trinity.*

"Come to my rooms at half-past nine. All the best fellows in college will be there. We will put you up to a wrinkle or two, and intend presenting you with a piece of plate.

"Your old admirer,

"N.B. Put on an old coat." "Richard Slapperton."

We accepted, and told the gyp, or attendant, we should not fail. "We shall now see the system in operation," thought we, joyously. "We are going to mingle with the young shapers of England's future—her legislators, divines, generals,—in embryo." And we felt a meek pride in our position.

At five o'clock we found ourselves at Mr. ———'s rooms. We knocked; a gyp opened the door to us, took our paletot and hat, and, throwing open an inner door, announced—"*Mr. Punch.*" We were evidently not expected by the party. A sudden start and suppressed chuckle of excitement among a dozen young men who sat round a table covered with a dessert, was checked by the host, who

blandly welcomed me, and set me on his right hand. We sat and proudly looked about us. "Is it not calm and delightful?" whispered the host to me. It was calm—very calm—every man sat

stiffly on his chair ; not a smile was visible ; the wine went round rapidly, but in silence. The host made a mild remark on the weather. A young man took it up. It went round three who sat next him ; the fourth attempted to keep it up ; but, after a desperate struggle, dropped it again, and all was silent as before.

"No ribaldry, no excess, you observe," again whispered my host. We answered conscientiously, "Quite the reverse."

The young man who sat next me, at this moment kicked me violently on the shin, under the table, and winked. At the same moment, a sort of general winking went round the table ; but no one said anything. It was very dreary.

"You were at lecture, this morning, Mr. Bolt," inquired Mr. ——, after another prolonged silence. "Oh yes, Sir," answered Mr. Bolt cheerfully. "I did not see you," was the mild rejoinder. Bolt blushed, but said nothing.

The weather was again discussed ; that is, Mr. —— made a remark to which every one assented. "Are they not a well-conducted set of young men ?" inquired Mr. —— of ourselves, in a whisper. "Particularly so," we replied, with a full sense of our wretchedness. "A beautiful relation !" sighed Mr. ——. "I stand to these young men *in loco parentis*."

We sat in that room for two mortal hours, and, in despair, we took too much Port wine. At least, we suppose we must have done so, for we have a faint recollection of making a joke, and giving an imitation of the pandean pipes, and of being forcibly taken out of the room by two young men, who, placing us under the spout of the conduit in the great court, turned the cock upon our head, and gradually restored us to ourselves. Our first reflection was—"Decidedly our child shall come to the University. He will there be freed from the influences of his father's unfortunate position, and acquire that horror of jokes and laughter so essential to respectability and success in any of the learned professions."

Nine o'clock came, and we sought the rooms of Mr. Slapperton. What was our surprise at encountering the same young men we had left at Mr. ——'s rooms, with some few additions. We bore the impress of Mr. ——'s party on our face, and seemed as if we had never been guilty of a joke in our life. We looked round—there was a broad grin on every face—and a burst of laughter almost startled us out of our chair. It was followed by a "Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !"—that might have

wakened the Ghost of Newton in the chapel. Jokes, fun, slang, songs, stories more or less improper, broke in rapid succession from those dumb mouths—the statues were animated—the Orsons were endowed—no—not with reason. They seized us ; they placed us in the chair. They danced around us to rough and extempore music of knives and forks and glasses ! The room grew a social Pandemonium, and even we—used to such scenes in other places—were bewildered by the desperate joviality of these young men, who but three hours before might have been Trappists or Pythagoreans.

And we sang, and we spoke, and we drank, and we were drunk—first, on our absence, then on our return. Then on getting up to give a sentiment—then on falling underneath the table—where we were found amongst the wreck, the next morning, by the bed-maker.

"Decidedly," thought we, as we wended our way to the Lodge, a sadder and a wiser man—"We won't send our child to the University."

Delightful Novelty.

We are charmed to see in the shops a new portrait of Prince Albert. It was very much wanted ; and makes, we think, the forty-fifth this year.

MORE NOVELTY.—ROYAL ACADEMY.

The finest miniature in the room at the Academy is Thorburn's new picture of Field Marshal His Royal Highness Prince Albert. This must be, in consequence, the forty-sixth.

THE STANDING JOKES OF LONDON.

Perhaps there is no city in the world so rich in works of comic art as London. We do not allude to the caricatures in the print-shops, or even to the paintings of Hogarth in the National Gallery : we rather contemplate that Gallery itself than any pictures in it. Our remark, in fact, has reference to the various buildings, statues, and structures erected of late years in different parts of the metropolis. We may specify, for instance, the Fountains in Trafalgar Square, and the adjacent image of George the Fourth riding his horse to water. The reverend father of that monarch, with his pigtail, a little further west, may also exemplify our observation. We consider these objects to stand in much the same relation to their respective localities as that which a wafer on the end of the human nose would hold to that organ ; or we might compare them to those effigies which are sometimes exhibited in corn-fields for the preservation of the crop. The authorities are greatly to be commended for thus catering to the amusement of the public, in providing the passenger at almost every step with an object calculated to promote mirth ; but yet it is a pity that they do not go the whole hog, or Goth, in a spirit of true British burlesque.

Why not, for the future, select designs for "improvements" by a competition somewhat on the principle of a donkey-race, preference being given to the most absurd and tasteless ? Who knows but that some humourist may conceive an eye-sore even more ridiculous than the squirting dumb-waiters—the Trafalgar fountains—above mentioned ? There are no limits to human whimsicality. At the same time we should be thankful for what we have got. Butts were formerly erected for the encouragement of archery ; and these decorations being a sort of butts at which all manner of persons may aim their jokes, indicate a revival of the good old times. And perhaps, since the oddities in question are seriously meant to be ornamental, they create more diversion on the whole than they would, had they been intended to be funny. In these embellishments the Public is provided with standing jokes—cut, however, we must add, at its own expense.

A MONSTER PORTFOLIO.

At the dinner given by the directors of the Hungerford Suspension Bridge on its opening, it was stated that the bridge had remained for six years in the portfolio of Mr. Brunel. We have heard of all sorts of things lying in a nutshell, but a bridge lying in a portfolio is something quite new, and, indeed, to us it appears very like a crammer.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES WITH THIN SHOES.

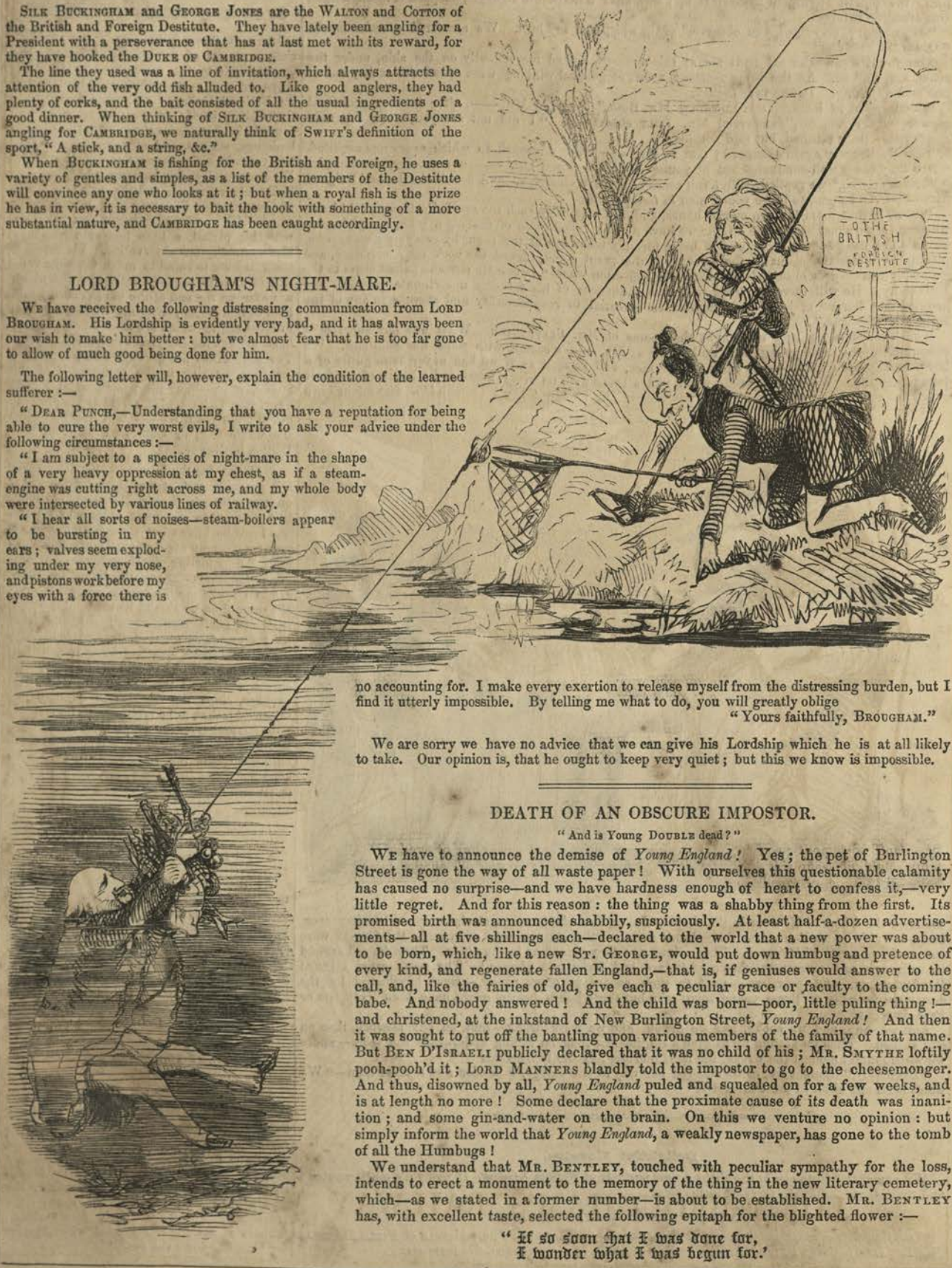
We understand some enterprising crossing-sweepers intend starting a company to supply the metropolis with an improved watering-cart, that throws out a double quantity of water, as they have found from experience that the more the streets are made impassable from mud in the fine weather, the greater the traffic, and profit over their crossings. To quote their own words : "There is nothing like a good watering-cart for bringing down the dust."

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Silk Buckingham and George Jones are the Walton and Cotton of the British and Foreign Destitute. They have lately been angling for a President with a perseverance that has at last met with its reward, for they have hooked the Duke of Cambridge.

The line they used was a line of invitation, which always attracts the attention of the very odd fish alluded to. Like good anglers, they had plenty of corks, and the bait consisted of all the usual ingredients of a good dinner. When thinking of Silk Buckingham and George Jones angling for Cambridge, we naturally think of Swift's definition of the sport, "A stick, and a string, &c."

When Buckingham is fishing for the British and Foreign, he uses a variety of gentles and simples, as a list of the members of the Destitute will convince any one who looks at it; but when a royal fish is the prize he has in view, it is necessary to bait the hook with something of a more substantial nature, and Cambridge has been caught accordingly.



LORD BROUGHAM'S NIGHT-MARE.

We have received the following distressing communication from Lord Brougham. His Lordship is evidently very bad, and it has always been our wish to make him better: but we almost fear that he is too far gone to allow of much good being done for him.

The following letter will, however, explain the condition of the learned sufferer:—

"Dear Punch,—Understanding that you have a reputation for being able to cure the very worst evils, I write to ask your advice under the following circumstances:—

"I am subject to a species of night-mare in the shape of a very heavy oppression at my chest, as if a steam-engine was cutting right across me, and my whole body were intersected by various lines of railway.

"I hear all sorts of noises—steam-boilers appear to be bursting in my ears; valves seem exploding under my very nose, and pistons work before my eyes with a force there is no accounting for. I make every exertion to release myself from the distressing burden, but I find it utterly impossible. By telling me what to do, you will greatly oblige

"Yours faithfully, Brougham."

We are sorry we have no advice that we can give his Lordship which he is at all likely to take. Our opinion is, that he ought to keep very quiet; but this we know is impossible.

DEATH OF AN OBSCURE IMPOSTOR.

"And is Young Double dead?"

We have to announce the demise of *Young England!* Yes; the pet of Burlington Street is gone the way of all waste paper! With ourselves this questionable calamity has caused no surprise—and we have hardness enough of heart to confess it,—very little regret. And for this reason: the thing was a shabby thing from the first. Its promised birth was announced shabbily, suspiciously. At least half-a-dozen advertisements—all at five shillings each—declared to the world that a new power was about to be born, which, like a new St. George, would put down humbug and pretence of every kind, and regenerate fallen England,—that is, if geniuses would answer to the call, and, like the fairies of old, give each a peculiar grace or faculty to the coming babe. And nobody answered! And the child was born—poor, little puling thing!—and christened, at the inkstand of New Burlington Street, *Young England!* And then it was sought to put off the bantling upon various members of the family of that name. But Ben D'Israeli publicly declared that it was no child of his; Mr. Smythe loftily pooh-pooh'd it; Lord Manners blandly told the impostor to go to the cheesemonger. And thus, disowned by all, *Young England* puled and squealed on for a few weeks, and is at length no more! Some declare that the proximate cause of its death was inanition; and some gin-and-water on the brain. On this we venture no opinion: but simply inform the world that *Young England*, a weakly newspaper, has gone to the tomb of all the Humbugs!

We understand that Mr. Bentley, touched with peculiar sympathy for the loss, intends to erect a monument to the memory of the thing in the new literary cemetery, which—as we stated in a former number—is about to be established. Mr. Bentley has, with excellent taste, selected the following epitaph for the blighted flower:—

"If so soon that I was done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.'

LORD BROUGHAM'S RAILWAY NIGHTMARE.

REVIVAL OF BROOK GREEN FAIR.

We have been reminded a good deal of the "awful resuscitation" of the nuns in *Robert the Devil*, by the revival of Brook Green Fair. It was the ghost of what Brook Green Fair used to be; and yet it can scarcely be called the ghost, for there was an utter want of spirit.

Our duty, however, is not to sigh, but to scribble: we must not dilute our strong ink with the weak watery tear of sentiment.

Brook Green Fair is neither what it used to be, nor where it used to be. It has advanced with the times, and gone down the road, as well as having gone down in almost every other sense.

On approaching the spot, the usual symptoms of a fair were manifest. Here and there a stray stall with gilt gingerbread announced the vicinity of a fair, for there seems a strange connection between gilt gingerbread and fairs, which we know not any way of accounting for. The presence of an officious individual at a stile to help people over, who could manage much better if they were not helped at all, gave another indication of a fair not being far off, and sticks, surmounted with halfpenny boxes, which for a penny you may have a very remote chance of knocking off, left no doubt as to what we were coming to. As we advanced, the din of drums, the groaning of gongs, the twang of trumpets, the roaring of a hundred voices, and the ringing of fifty bells, made it evident that we were "in the fair." The sight was one which, if we had the broad brush of a Hogarth, or the pointed pen of—anybody, we might perhaps do justice to.

On either side was a long array of canvas booths, from which Houris bounded forth, tempting the passing stranger with the savoury nut of the grateful gingerbread. Their solicitations reminded one of the scene in "Lalla Rookh," where every fascination is practised to ensnare *Azim*; while the quality of the gingerbread induced reflections similar to *Azim's*, which we will attempt to paraphrase:—

> "Poor maiden," thought the youth, "if thou wert sent
> With thy long curls and low-neck'd blandishment,
> To wake attention to thy canvas mart
> Of gingerbread—thou little know'st the art;
> For, though thy lips should sweetly counsel 'Buy,'
> Those nuts look far too dusty, stale, and dry."

Ever and anon, through apertures between the stalls, might be seen some arrangement for putting down a penny and twirling round a sort of arrow, entitling the twirler to whatever the arrow points to; but as there is no point at all, only a large half-moon which cannot point to anything, the result may be easily anticipated. Among the novelties of the Fair, we observed an arrangement for firing an arrow out of a real gun at a target, containing a few numbers upon it. If you hit a number, you get nuts to that amount; but even the highest number on the board would give fewer nuts than might be bought for what the chance cost you.

The shows had not the brilliancy of former years. There was the "Wizard of the North," with a servant in a real livery, assuring the public, in order to keep the company select, "No person could possibly be admitted in a coloured handkerchief." There was CLARK, from ASTLEY'S, with his unrivalled stud of two highly-trained hacks and extensive company of equestrians, including an Indian Chief, who condescended to join outside in dances highly derogatory to his dignity. There was the noble art of self-defence, illustrated by a few fellows who pitched into the audience if they expressed anything like discontent with the performance. But the legitimate drama had no other representative than BAKER'S establishment. The entertainment comprised "*Fair Rosamond*," "*A Comic Song*," and "*A Pantomime*." *Fair Rosamond* entered with a man in buff livery-breeches, slightly spangled; a buff stable-waistcoat, also slightly spangled; a velveteen hat, with a long dirty-white feather, and a care-worn countenance, who turned out to be *King Henry*. He proposed an adjournment to the Bower, and walked off; when *Queen Elinor* enters with *Dumont*, a traitor in black velvet and tinfoil. He tells *Helinor* that "*Er Enry*" is false, and they resolve on starting by an early train to Woodstock. The scene then changes to Venice, when *Dumont* engages a traitor to dispatch somebody; and we return to scene I., which we are now taught to believe is Woodstock.

THE TRAITOR.

Henry does a bit of ungrammatical dalliance with *Elinor*, engages a guard, desiring him to let no one pass without his signet-ring, and quietly retires to drink a pint of porter within sight of a least half the audience. *Dumont* and the *Queen* now enter, and demand admittance, which is refused till the lady shows her finger with a bed-curtain ring upon it, which the guard recognises as the *King's* signet. The traitor engaged by *Dumont* then enters, and wants an admission to the Bower; but the guard draws his sword, and drives the traitor off at the side, who jumps quietly down at the wing, leaving his legs perfectly visible, in consequence of the canvas not being quite long enough to hide them.

A dreadfully seedy old man, looking like an ill-used Pole, and being a very poor stick, next comes to ask admittance to the Bower. He is refused till he makes the following neat speech to the guard:—

"When yer ouse was a burnin, who came with is singal arm and saved yer family and yer ouse! put out yer flames, reskied yer childun, and saved yer famaly, and yerself, with his one and."

The guard instantly recognises *Lord de Clifford*, the father of *Fair Rosamond*, who is allowed to enter.

The scene again changes to Venice, where *Dumont* and *Elinor* agree to give *Fair Rosamond* the option of draining a wooden egg-cup, with nothing in it, or having her quietus from a blunt instrument, which looks something between a poker and a paper-knife.

The scene changes again to scene I., and *Fair Rosamond* is undergoing some slight remorse, when *Elinor* and *Dumont* offer the poker or the egg-cup. *Fair Rosamond* makes up her mind to the egg-cup, and denounces *Dumont* to the *Queen*, who turns on him with awful rage, while he smiles sarcastically as if he liked it. *Henry* enters, and wishes he could "berry is hax in *Dumont's* brains;" but *Dumont* has clearly not brains enough to sow a small salad in, much less to "berry a hax," as *Henry* emphatically has it.

Lord de Clifford manages to come in just in time to catch his dying daughter, who joins the hands of *Henry* and *Elinor*, while *Dumont* points to the group with a demoniac "*ha! ha!! ha!!!*" The curtain drops, and a child rushes before it to sing "Oh, don't I love my father!"

A Comic Pantomime, in which *Fair Rosamond* plays the "Fairy," *Queen Elinor* "Columbine," and the venerable and much-injured LORD DE CLIFFORD the lean and slippered pantaloon, concludes this varied and original entertainment, which is announced for repetition "every twenty minutes till further notice."

This being the climax of Brook Green Fair, it is unnecessary to proceed further in our description of it.

THE POLITICAL "PAS DES MOISSONNEURS."

The extraordinary groupings of the little *Danseuses Viennoises* at Her Majesty's Theatre, can only be compared to some of the very singular positions with respect to corn, in which some of the political *Moissonneurs* at present find themselves. The way in which they dodge each other in and out, affords the finest specimen of artful dodging that ever was exhibited. The celerity with which they run from side to side, and twist about from right to left, is truly wonderful. At one moment they are crouching down for protection, while at the next instant they seem to enjoy the pleasures of freedom. The playful manner in which they steal round and round for the purpose of popping upon one another, is exquisitely simple; and the mutual surprise with which some of them meet each other—as much as to say, "How came you here?" is delightfully *naïve* and natural.

Such ins and outs; such windings and turnings, could scarcely be practised with reference to anything but corn, which is placed in such a position as to admit of all the surprising evolutions the political *moissonneurs*, all anxious to participate in the harvest, are indulging in.

DRURY LANE.—THE POET BUNN.

Mr. Balfe—pardon us, *gran maestro!*—Mons. Balfe has arrived with his musical-box in London. It is a charming illustration of the modesty and simplicity of this distinguished foreigner's character, that he absolutely condescended to cross the Channel in only one ship! We need hardly say that he was welcomed with open arms (and buttoned pockets) by the Poet Bunn, who has by this time turned the opera of the Frenchman, St. Georges—expressly written for the national theatre, Drury Lane—into something like English. However, in fulfilling the ungrateful task, the Poet Bunn has availed himself of the kind of *lingua franca* which glows and scintillates in *The Bohemian Girl*, *The Daughter of St. Mark*, and other immortal cheese and butter-paper. There is a very slight difference between the Poet Dante and the Poet Bunn. Dante fixed the Italian; Bunn always puts the English into a "fix." We cannot, however, but sympathise with the poet of Drury Lane. The English is not strong enough for him; you might as well hope to have Apollo's lyre strung with cobweb, as the lyre of Bunn strung with the nine vulgar parts of speech in common use by the people of these Isles. Hence, he is a swan that sings in a mixed dialect.

But the public ought to know all its obligations to the Poet Bunn, and first doer of M. St. Georges into manager's English. The Drury Lane Bard, having cast his inquiring mind around England, discovered there was no man, woman, or child, worthy or able to write an opera for Mons. Balfe. They could not build a vehicle sufficiently strong for his music. Balfe was too high, too original a genius to be measured by an English intellect. Therefore, for the peculiar patronage and delight of a British audience—let the truth sink deep into the hearts of boxes, pit, and gallery—the Poet Bunn went to France for a dramatist; and at this present writing the company of Drury Lane are drinking at the Castalian fount supplied by a St. Georges, and duly filtered by a Bunn!

We dwell upon this fact, that, being known at Buckingham Palace, it may be patronised by Her Majesty—the natural protectress of British literature and arts—as it ought to be. We do not yet despair of a Royal state visit on the representation of the French opera at Drury Lane. We cannot yet forego the fond hope of seeing the Poet Bunn summoned by a patriotic audience before the curtain to receive the reward that, for this his last merit, is so peculiarly his due.

We shall certainly return to a consideration of this opera: shall assuredly show to our readers the wonderful power that the alchemic poet Bunn possesses of turning French plate into Britannia metal.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARLIAMENT.

A Monsieur Philippe is giving a series of *Soirées Mystérieuses*. The idea is taken, no doubt, from the proceedings in the House of Lords, where the *soirées* are often particularly *mystérieuses*; for it is quite impossible to say what their Lordships are doing.

LITERATURE GOING TO THE WALL.

The following advertisement seems to open a new field to men of letters:—

INTELLECTUAL PAPER-HANGINGS, in which the writings of various authors are inserted in Ornamental Patterns, &c., &c.

There are many authors who will no doubt be very happy to treat with the trustees of public buildings, and we shall ourselves have much pleasure in supplying the walls of Westminster Hall, at per yard, according to quality. We have fitted up a few panes in our office-window with specimens, and a sheet of jocular paper-hanging may be seen in daily operation at 92, Fleet Street.

We should say that various authors should be selected to do the mural literature for various apartments. George Jones, who must by this time be sadly in want of a job, would be invaluable as a writer for sleeping-rooms; and Jenkins, if he is to be found, could undertake to cover the walls of the servants' hall with *belles-lettres* of the most appropriate character. The industrious author of "Jack Sheppard" might do the whole of the paper-hanging for Newgate; and some of our dramatists could furnish the walls of the condemned cell with productions of a genial nature. We are happy to see the paper-hangers coming forward in aid of the literature of the country, which has had no such friends since the old original trunk-maker, whose services to the cause of letters are recognised by Sir Gilbert Norman in Mr. Jerrold's new Comedy. Of the two, we prefer the celebrity of the walls to the semi-immortality of the portmanteau; for though the latter may last longest, the former is calculated to bestow a larger popularity. The literature of the trunk seldom meets the eye of any but the owner and the Custom-House; while the author who

"Paints a panel or adorns a wall"

is sure of his productions coming under the observation, at least, of all classes.

Flights of Genius.

We are glad to state there is no truth whatever in the rumour that Stanfield, and a number of distinguished artists, had recently sailed for America. This statement of their flight originated in a report that Prince Albert had commissioned each of the artists in question to paint a fresco for Buckingham Palace. It is said they only returned when assured that the commission had been given by the Prince to a German decorator.

TRUE CIVILISATION.

Prosecutions have already commenced against the press in Algeria. This is the strongest proof we have yet heard of the colony becoming every day more and more French.

THE FRENCH SAILOR KING.

It is generally known that France has been lately attempting to do the nautical to some extent, and Joinville has rushed into T. P. Cooke's line of business with a degree of vigour that brings back to us the palmy days of the Surrey—those delightful days of real ships—nine feet by three—tossed on canvas waves, and going down with all hands through traps of huge dimensions. Joinville has infused into his royal father a little of that spirit which sets the bosom bounding with bluster, and sends the feet capering with naval hornpipes. Louis-Philippe has joined the Royal Western Yacht Club, and is now a tar from top to toe—from the shake of his head to the dashing of his heel on the ground, as, with one arm a-kimbo, and the other elevated in high air, he shuffles about to the tune of the *cor de pipe du collège*, or college hornpipe.

We understand that the nautical dictionary is to be taught in all the schools of France, and we furnish a specimen of the work, to prove how completely the French are imbued with the spirit of British seamanship :—

Throw the painter overboard. *Jetez l'artiste en haut de la planche.*
Box the compass. *Mettez les compas dans une boîte.*
Let down the stay-sail. *Laissez descendre la voile de corset.*
Let go the mizen. *Laissez la misaine aller au diable.*
Send a broadside into the enemy's bows. *Envoyez une côté large dans les salutations de l'ennemi.*

THE LEAGUE BAZAAR.

We purpose, in an ensuing number, giving particular attention to the great Anti-Corn Law League Bazaar, in Covent Garden Theatre.

At present we confine ourselves to two unpublished letters, offering contributions which, from obvious reasons, were not accepted by the committee.

REJECTED OFFER.—No I.

"An individual who is fully impressed with the importance of the great watchword of Death to Monopoly, begs to enclose, for the bazaar, a few thousand boxes of Parr's Life Pills. If monopoly can only be persuaded to take a few, the end of the Leaguers, and the end of monopoly, will be both at once accomplished."

REJECTED OFFER.—No. II.

"Sir,—Understanding that the various hues of party are fast beginning to assimilate in favour of free-trade, I send you six bottles of my Tyrian hair-dye, which will change any shade to any colour in five minutes. Wigs are becoming quite obsolete, and I can assure you that the head of the administration, which was formerly orange, has quite changed its aspect, by an application of my Tyrian dye, while a few drops will turn black to white so effectually that Mr. Hume, M.P., who allows me to refer to him, could not tell the difference.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"G. Wilson, Esq." "A. Hewlett."

NEW PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.

LETTER FROM THE BEADLE OF THE QUADRANT TO "PUNCH."

"Sir, "*Hopsit the Fire Hoffis, Fust of May.*

"Wen I stat that I am one of those unfortnight beins womb you are always a prosecutin, you will redaly understand that I am a Biddle.

"*I*, Sir, am not *ashaymed* of my Rank and tittle, however *you* may *abews* me.

"My present bisniss is *strickly purfeshnal*. You are awhere (for you've done it in the carrygiture) that I carry a staugh or batton of hoffis; it is made of hebbany, and surmounted by the Queen's Ryal Crownd in brass, in horder to drive hoff the dirty little boys, and kip them in hor of me.

Now fancy the emazemint of me and hall the hother Biddles, when I tell you that I sor a new pictur of his Rile Iness Prince Halbert (bless him!) with *my particler staff* in his &.

His Rile Eyeness (womb Evins preserve) is a painted in his Feel-Martial Youniform, a millitary clock anging hover his sholders: his Is a rollin about like hanythink; with his left harm which is broak, (no haxidint, I trussed) he olds his Cock-At and phethars. His boots is bewtiful shiny. He has his horders on—the Garter on his breast, and the Golden Fleas round his neck. A huzza is coming up to him with his Ryal oss, and Whinzer Carcel is drawn at the Back of the Sean, with a quanty of Hamyounition and canning-balls.

"In his rite-& he olds my staf—so—

O is the Oss. H is the Huzza. C is Windsor Castle, (*where I've introjuiced somebody a looking out a winder*), and S is my own indentical staugh as hever was.

"Praps now this complymint has been pade our horder, you'll seece bein quite so *abewsif* about Biddles.

"Has for the picter, all of us Biddles is so dalighted hof it: that we're a goin to buy it and ang it hup in Biddles Hall.

"I ham Sir

"Yours atsetterer

"A hinjerd Biddle."

A ROYAL BON MOT.

When the Queen visited the Royal Academy, the fountains in Trafalgar Square were forced up to an unnatural elevation of thirty-three feet. On Her Majesty being asked what she thought of them, she merely replied that "she had no idea absurdity could be carried to such a height."

DARING FEAT.

An eccentric gentleman has undertaken for a wager to stop till the termination of the last piece on a Thursday night's performance at the Italian Opera. The performers have sent him a petition, praying he will not, for mercy's sake, carry his threat into execution.

PEEL'S MECHANICAL MEMBERS.

We understand that Sir Robert Peel intends taking out a patent for a new method of working a sort of political fantoccini, which he has applied with considerable success during the present session to the members of the House of Commons. The puppets are all got together in a line, and by means of a small revolving wheel, they are made to assume such attitudes as may be desired by the person working them. They are thrown into postures of attention, admiration, or enthusiasm, without the smallest difficulty; and, as they all go upon a pivot, they can be turned round to any extent or in any direction at a moment's notice. The invention requires some skill in using it at first, but the Premier has brought it to perfection by long experience. We have no doubt the invention will be hailed as a boon by "Peel's pocket majority."

HOW TO MAKE A MEMBER FOR WOODSTOCK.

Members of Parliament are sometimes made, as Frankenstein made his man, of corruption. The sweet and comely borough of Woodstock has within these few days seen the manufacture of what the Duke of Marlborough, with a gravity all his own, would call a representative! Yes, a Member of Parliament has been made, exactly as the monster is made in the romance; only, that as regards the monster of Woodstock, it is the merest vassal of its maker; in fact, with no more moral dignity, with no more will, than a pasteboard toy worked by a thread. At the present moment, Lord Loftus is Member for Woodstock! At the time of his election, the noble lord was travelling, all unconscious of the honour to be dropt upon him. How the noble lord—what true nobility there must be in a human being who has his ducal owner's name written in shameful characters upon his forehead!—how his lordship will feel when he learns that he is suddenly made a legislator by the hands of Marlborough (as easily as dirt-pies are made by little girls), we may not truly divine; and yet we *can* understand a nature that would burn and rebel beneath the affront as a shame and an insult offered to the truth of man.

In very idleness of mood let us for a few moments consider the condition of a man—we mean not Lord Loftus;—no, but any nominee—who enters Parliament to do, and do only, the behests of the donor of the corruption out of which the wretched handiwork is made. Let us take a peep at the creature's soul. Why what a miserable thing it is! And then what a livery it wears! There's worse than branding cuff and collar—worse than ignominious plush upon it. Why, it is clothed with meanness and turned up with lies! And then its daily food is dirt; a filth that the gorge rises at. And this wretched, felon soul, will say "aye" and "no" to laws that are to hang, and transport, and mulct meaner evil-doers,—the poor, vulgar sort of criminals whose misfortune it is to sin against the laws that the ticketted senator, in the comprehensiveness of his knowledge, in the purity of his wisdom, makes for lower men! Surely there *may* be members of Parliament who—if they have ever a "lucid interval"—might make common cause with their master's hounds. The dog wears his collar upon his neck—and the dog-member round his soul.

However, to return to the borough of Woodstock. The people seemed to be mightily amused at the melancholy sport. There was hard grinning—some good homely scorn, too—manifested, as Lord H. Loftus stood for his brother. There was great fraternal sacrifice in such devotion. Considering the purpose and the place, we look upon the heroism of the act as we should consider the friendship of a man who for another volunteered to stand in the pillory. There were a few epithets cast about—a few honest gibes from honest men—that to a sensitive man might have been less bearable than decayed apples and ancient eggs. After the election, Lord H. Loftus was chaired! What a glorious victory! how heroically the man's heart must have beaten; what a comforting glow of the blood must have suffused him as, borne aloft, he contemplated the pure, the manly means, by which he—for his brother—had been raised to the intoxicating elevation!

And in this way, from time to time, does the Duke of Marlborough edify the folks of Woodstock! After this fashion does he illustrate the dignity of the nobleman—after this fashion preach to meaner men the utility and excellency of an aristocracy. And doubtless the exhibition is productive of a sort of amusement; though we much question whether there would not be heartier and really less mischievous recreation obtained from sports in which men (not Dukes) grinned through horse-collars, chaced soap-tailed pigs, and climbed a greasy pole. For, in truth, a Woodstock election, as we have just witnessed it, is a melancholy exhibition. Human nature does not think the better of itself by dwelling on it.

Legal Intelligence.

We understand that the idea of giving a series of legal evenings, broached in our pages some time back, is likely to be carried out upon rather an extensive plan, by an utter barrister of long standing (and little moving) in his profession. The first of the series will be

A NICHT WI' KNIGHT BRUCE;

and it will be followed up very rapidly by a

MORNING WI' MAULE;

introducing a variety of anecdotes, songs, and recitations, of a novel and entertaining character. The entertainment will include a Monopoly logue, called

A SEVERE TRIAL,

in which the performer will sustain the parts of Judge, Counsel, Usher, Plaintiff, Defendant, Witness and Juryman; being no less than seven different characters!

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XV.

MR. CAUDLE HAS AGAIN STAYED OUT LATE. MRS. CAUDLE, AT FIRST INJURED AND INDIGNANT, MELTS.

PERHAPS, MR. CAUDLE, you'll tell me where this is to end! Though, goodness knows, I needn't ask *that*. The end is plain enough. Out—out—OUT! Every night—every night! I'm sure, men who can't come home at reasonable hours have no business with wives: they have no right to destroy other people, if they choose to go to destruction themselves. Ha, lord! Oh, dear! I only hope none of my girls will ever marry—I hope they'll none of 'em ever be the slave their poor mother is: they shan't, if I can help it. What do you say? *Nothing?* Well, I don't wonder at that, MR. CAUDLE; you ought to be ashamed to speak; I don't wonder that you can't open your mouth. I'm only astonished that at such hours you have the confidence to knock at your own door. Though I'm your wife, I must say it, I do sometimes wonder at your impudence. What do you say? *Nothing?* Ha! you are an aggravating creature, CAUDLE; lying there like the mummy of a man, and never as much as opening your lips to one. Just as if your own wife wasn't worth answering! It is n't so when you're out, I'm sure. Oh no! then you can talk fast enough; here, there's no getting a word from you. But you treat your wife as no other man does—and you know it.

"Out—out every night! What? *You haven't been out this week before?* That's nothing at all to do with it. You might just as well be out all the week as once—just! And I should like to know what could keep you out till these hours. *Business?* Oh, yes—I dare say! Pretty business a married man and the father of a family must have out of doors at one in the morning. What! *I shall drive you mad?* Oh, no; you haven't feelings enough to go mad—you'd be a better man, CAUDLE, if you had. *Will I listen to you?* What's the use? Of course you've some story to put me off with—you can all do that, and laugh at us afterwards.

"No, CAUDLE, don't say that. I'm not always trying to find fault—not I. It's you. I never speak but when there's occasion; and what in my time I've put up with, there isn't anybody in the world that knows. *Will I hear your story?* Oh, you may tell it if you please; go on: only mind, I shan't believe a word of it. I'm not such a fool as other women are, I can tell you. There, now—don't begin to swear—but go on——

"———— And that's your story, is it! That's your excuse for the hours you keep! That's your apology for undermining my health and ruining your family! What do you think your children will say of you when they grow up—going and throwing away your money upon good-for-nothing, pot-house acquaintance? *He's not a pot-house acquaintance?* Who is he, then? Come, you haven't told me that; but I know—it's that PRETTYMAN! Yes—to be sure it is! Upon my life! Well, if I've hardly patience to lie in the bed! I've wanted a silver teapot these five years, and you must go and throw away as much money as—what! *You haven't thrown it away?* Haven't you? Then my name's not MARGARET, that's all I know!

"A man gets arrested, and because he's taken from his wife and family, and locked up, you must go and trouble your head with it! And you must be mixing yourself up with nasty sheriffs' officers—pah! I'm sure you're not fit to enter a decent house—and go running from lawyer to lawyer to get bail, and settle the business, as you call it! A pretty settlement you'll make of it—mark my words! Yes—and to mend the matter, to finish it quite, you must be one of the bail! That any man who isn't a born fool should do such a thing for another! Do you think anybody would do as much for you? *Yes?* You say yes? Well, I only wish—just to show that I'm right—I only wish you were in a condition to try 'em. You'd find the difference—*that* you would.

"What's other people's affairs to you? If you were locked up, depend upon it, there's not a soul would come near you. No; it's all very fine now, when people think there isn't a chance of your being in trouble—but I should only like to see what they'd say to you if *you* were in a sponging-house. Yes—I should enjoy *that*, just to show you that I'm always right. What do you say? *You think better of the world?* Ha! that would be all very well if you could afford it; but you're not in means, I know, to think so well of people as all that. And of course they only laugh at you. 'CAUDLE's an easy fool,' they cry—I know it as well as if I heard 'em—'CAUDLE's an easy fool, anybody may lead him.' Yes; anybody but his own wife; and she—of course—is nobody.

"And now, everybody that's arrested will of course send to you. Yes, MR. CAUDLE, you'll have your hands full now, no doubt of it. You'll soon know every sponging-house and every sheriff's officer in London. Your business will have to take care of itself; you'll have enough to do to run from lawyer to lawyer after the business of other people. Now, it's no use calling me a dear soul—not a bit! No; and I shan't put it off till to-morrow. It isn't often I speak, but I *will* speak now.

"I wish that PRETTYMAN had been at the bottom of the sea before—what? *It isn't Prettyman?* Ha! It's very well for you to say so; but I know it is; it's just like him. He looks like a man that's always in debt—that's always in a sponging-house. Anybody might swear it. I knew it from the very first time you brought him here—from the very night he put his nasty dirty wet boots on my bright steel fender. Any woman could see what the fellow was in a minute. PRETTYMAN! A pretty gentleman, truly, to be robbing your wife and family!

"Why couldn't you let him stop in the sponging——Now don't call upon heaven in that way, and ask me to be quiet, for I won't. Why couldn't you let him stop there? He got himself in; he might have got himself out again. And you must keep me awake, break my sleep, my health, and, for what you care, my peace of mind. Ha! everybody but you can see how I'm breaking. You can do all this while you're talking with a set of low bailiffs! A great deal you must think of your children to go into a lawyer's office.

"And then you must be bail—you must be bound—for MR. PRETTYMAN! You may say, bound! Yes—you've your hands nicely tied, now. How he laughs at you—and serve you right! Why, in another week he'll be in the East Indies; of course, he will! And you'll have to pay his debts; yes, your children may go in rags, so that MR. PRETTYMAN—what do you say? *It isn't Prettyman?* I know better. Well, if it isn't PRETTYMAN that's kept you out,—if it isn't PRETTYMAN you're bailed for,—who is it then? I ask, who is it then? What! *My brother? Brother Tom!* Oh, CAUDLE! dear CAUDLE"—

"It was too much for the poor soul," says CAUDLE; "she sobbed as if her heart would break, and I"——and here the MS. is blotted, as though CAUDLE himself had dropt tears as he wrote.

Liberality of the Liste Civile.

THE proverbial hospitality of the Tuileries was kept up with the usual munificent spirit on the KING's birthday. We have been credibly informed that it was carried to a more lavish extent on this occasion than on any other; for, over a refreshment table, crowded with every delicacy of the season, there was posted in several places the following touching announcement:—

"ON EST PRIÉ DE NE RIEN TOUCHER."

THE GIBBS' SAFETY LOCK.

THE Church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is open at the roof and three of its windows, and "any burglar" writes a parishioner, "could break in with the greatest ease." We recommend the parish, to solicit ALDERMAN GIBBS to cover up the apertures with his churchwarden's accounts, as no one has ever been known to get through them yet.

Punch's Lives of the Illustrious Lord Mayors.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

THE name of WHITTINGTON is associated with what the old chroniclers call a most puissant cat—a term which is no doubt the origin of the word pussy cat. RICHARD WHITTINGTON was born somewhere in Somersetshire—perhaps at Bath; and if so, he was one of the Bath chaps we occasionally see advertised in the windows of the cheesemongers. His parents died when he was very young, and in consequence of their dying, he was reduced to the necessity of scouring the country in search of a livelihood. Having heard that the streets of London were paved with silver and gold, a superstition originating no doubt in the fact of there being a Silver Street, Golden Square — DICK walked up to town; and he had no sooner taken this step than, being without money, he was compelled to take another step, namely, a door-step to sleep upon. In the morning he began begging, and was asked if he could work; so it is just possible that he may have begged the question. He was requested to make some hay, by a jolly old cock, who was of course a London farmer, cultivating probably Lincoln's-Inn-fields or Long Acre.

The haymaking season being over, DICK was as badly off as before, and sat down before a door in the style of those impostors who chalk the pavement with assertions of their not having tasted food for some impossible period. MR. FITZWARREN coming home late—perhaps from a dinner-party — tumbled over WHITTINGTON, and, being in that benevolent humour which conviviality frequently inspires, the merchant asked our hero to come in and have some supper.

MR. FITZWARREN, finding in the morning what he had done, sent the boy into the kitchen to help the cook, who frequently seized the basting-ladle, and basted him. The footman, an elderly kind-hearted man—in other words, a sentimental old flunky—often gave him a halfpenny. He was also a favourite with MISS ALICE, his master's daughter, whose heart he completely won by climbing after her parrot, who had hopped on to a scaffold, intending no doubt to scratch a pole belonging to the scaffold alluded to. Having earned a penny, he invested the amount in a cat, that he might get rid of the rats and mice which used to flock round his flock bed, in large quantities. DICK'S master having a ship about to sail, he told all his servants they might send out something to make a profit on, and DICK, having only his cat, was induced to speculate by sending her; but the cat being away, the mice and rats began to play—the deuce with him.

The cook chaffed him about his cat to such an extent that the poor boy packed up his traps, which did not include a mouse-trap, and walked as far as Holloway. He took his favourite seat—a stone—and began to meditate, when Bow bells took a speaking part, being positively their first and only appearance in that character.

Turn again, WHITTINGTON,
Lord Mayor of London,

were the words they used on that occasion: and WHITTINGTON, thinking the advice to be sound, went back home, where he arrived before he had been missed, a proof that his position must have been a bit of a sinecure.

The ship arrived in Barbary, where the king invited the captain and mate to dinner, a condescension which proves that his Barbarian Majesty was not very particular as to who he had to dine with him. They were scarcely seated at table when a swarm of rats and mice began skipping into the spring soup, and were so exceedingly saucy that they got into all the butter-boats. The captain proposed the cat, and the king expected he would have brought a cat-o'-nine-tails, but seeing a cat-o'-one-tail, he expressed his surprise. The cat instantly rushed up to an alarming premium, at which she was purchased by the KING OF BARBARY, who seems to have been seized with a mania for speculating in feline securities. DICK, now MR., WHITTINGTON, went into business on his own account, traded in Barbican and Barbary, became very rich, married "his young missus," and was elected, in 1397, Lord Mayor of London.

As Alderman of the Ward of Vintry, he had been very hospitable, and shown his attachment to every popular measure, especially to the quart and the pint, which were measures he never failed to introduce at his own house, when a friend dropped in upon him.

WHITTINGTON was subsequently made a knight; and, it is said, was offered a peerage by the title of BARON BOW, or VISCOUNT HOLLOWAY, but he declined the honour intended for him. In 1406 he was again Lord Mayor; and soon after he attended a council at Whitefriars—probably in Bouverie Street—to arrange about the King's journey to the Holy Land; and in 1419 he vindicated Bow Bells from the suspicion of being brass and humbugs, by becoming for the *third* time Lord Mayor of London. It was now that he asked HENRY OF AGINCOURT to dine with him, when he lighted the fires with spice. In a fit of enthusiasm, SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON added to the brilliancy of the flare-up by throwing behind the fire sixty thousand pounds of the King's bonds, which perhaps were not worth the stamps they were drawn upon. WHITTINGTON died in 1420, having left a will full of bad spelling, and concluding with the words—"In wytnes we have put our seeles," a sentence that would have made the blood of DILWORTH run cold, and have brought a blush into the honest cheek of MAYOR.

THE KING OF BARBARY'S BATTUE OF RATS.

"NOW THEN, STUPID!"

A WOOD-CUT, which appeared in the last number but one of our periodical, is illustrative of an incident of frequent occurrence in the streets of London. It represents a blundering old gentleman getting in the way of an omnibus, the driver of which is saluting him with the exclamation of "NOW THEN, STUPID!" On reference to the cut it will be observed that at the feet of the horses there is a puddle, and that the old gentleman in question is putting his foot in it.

We beg to call particular attention to the similarity in point of position, exhibited, in the House of Commons during the late debate on the Irish Academical Institutions Bill, by SIR ROBERT INGLIS.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM on that occasion, as the propounder of a just and useful measure, appeared, for once, in a creditable position. He drove the Government omnibus on the right side. He was going along at a fair, moderate pace, when SIR ROBERT INGLIS must needs throw himself in his way in a manner so insensate, that the whole House might well have cried out upon him, "NOW THEN, STUPID!"

SIR ROBERT INGLIS objected to the Government measure, because it included no provision for the "religious instruction" of the pupils "in connexion with the institutions to be erected by the Bill." SIR ROBERT knew very well that such instruction could only be provided for by the endowment of conflicting sects. He knew that such endowment was impracticable; nay, that he would have objected to it himself. He was, or ought to have been, quite aware that the only feasible plan of education was that propounded by the Government. Yet he opposed that plan. He prefers, then, utter ignorance—of religion and everything else—to education unavoidably separate from "religious instruction." What is to be said to the advocate of utter ignorance? What, but "NOW THEN, STUPID!"

We suppose that SIR ROBERT INGLIS would object to a young man's taking lessons in German, French, or Italian, unless those lessons involved theology. He assumes, we take it, that because a student is taught the mere humanities within his college, he is precluded from acquiring divinity out of it. Perhaps SIR ROBERT INGLIS would object to a lecture at the Royal Institution, unless it was accompanied by a sermon. To a statesman who entertains such sentiments as these, what can we do but exclaim, "NOW THEN, STUPID!"

This is not the only occasion on which SIR ROBERT INGLIS has shown his similarity to the old gentleman in our wood-cut. He opposed the Catholic Emancipation Bill. Lately he did all the little that in him lay to obstruct the Grant to Maynooth. The systematic champion of irrational bigotry, he is always, politically speaking, getting in the way. One of these days he will assuredly be run over; and most seriously, and in the most friendly spirit, would we press upon him the admonition—"NOW THEN, STUPID!"

Song of the Merchant Tailors.

BY A LAUREAT EXPECTANT.

"Of his goose he made a horse,
To ride up and down Charing Cross,
And so the Field Marshal went prancing away."—*Old Song.*

HUZZA for the Thimble, huzza for the Goose,
And the Shears that our countrymen brandish!
Commanded by ALBERT the gallant and spruce,
They will beat every artist outlandish.
The halo of glory encircling the Trade
Must confound every scoffer and railer,
For ALBERT a bold Merchant Tailor is made;
Yes; our Prince is a true British Tailor.

Let Army and Navy together combine
In addresses of congratulation,
For their uniforms soon, though already so fine,
Will exhibit some new decoration.
Improved in costume, as they rush to the fight,
With one voice will each soldier and sailor
Exclaim, whilst their bosoms swell high with delight,
Oh, our Prince is a true British Tailor!

Sing, daughters of England, sing fal de ral lal,
Let bright anticipation inspire you;
For fashions more elegant very soon shall
Deck the handsome young men who admire you.
Who sues to a fair one should sue in his best,
That 's the plan that 's most likely to nail her;
How nicely will lovers in future be drest,
Now our Prince is a true British Tailor!

Super Saxony now with Saxe Coburg's proud name
Is united; long, long may they flourish!
And long live their Prince in all honour and fame,
Of his country the fashions to nourish!
Let Taste rear the banner of broad-cloth unfurl'd,
And Britannia step forward to hail her,
And the Snips of old England shall cut out the world,
For our Prince is a true British Tailor!

Parliamentary Court Circular.

LORD W. LOFTUS kissed hands on Monday last with the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH on the appointment of his brother as member for Woodstock. In the evening his Lordship dined with his Grace; and, after dessert, took down instructions in writing for his brother, how the Duke wished him to vote during the session. LORD W. LOFTUS started the following morning for the Continent with orders for his brother to return immediately to England, and wait upon the Duke to learn his speech in time for the third reading of the Maynooth Bill.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

52. *Certum est quod certum reddi potest.* That is certain which can be made certain.—There is no rule without an exception, and this is no exception to the rule that there is never the latter without the former. For instance, there are certain laws which never can be made certain of, and we hear of certain legal decisions of a most uncertain character.

53. *Voluntas est ambulatoria et non consummatur usque ad mortem testatoris.* The will is ambulatory, and not consummated until the death of the testator.—The legal meaning of this is, that a man may alter his will until he is dead; but the common-sense translation appears rather to be, that a man's will, in the hands of the lawyers, is mere Walker—a term which the Latin word *ambulatoria* seems to justify. As to his will being consummated after his death, that depends on fate and the Prerogative Court, which helps sometimes to carry out the old English maxim of—"Where there 's a will there 's a way;" for it often happens, that where there is a will, the law makes a-way with the property.

54. *Nemo potest plus juris ad alium transferre quàm in ipso est.* No one can transfer to another more right than he has himself.—This is true enough; but if no one can give another more than he has got, he sometimes gives another more than he has bargained for. The law did not, however, always recognise the force of this maxim, but used to treat people as if they could give more than they had got; for it would put people in prison for not paying what they had really not got to pay; and thus, though common sense said, "You cannot have blood out of a stone," the law would say, "But we will try it on, at all events." If by law no man can give more than a certain quantity of right, there is no limit to the amount of wrong which the law will assist him in distributing.

55. *Nullum tempus occurrit regi.* No time runs against the King.—This maxim simply means that the sovereign shall never lose his right by *laches;* but he may take his own time in asking for what belongs to him. With ordinary persons,

He that will not when he may,
When he would he shall have nay.

But the sovereign may behave like a fretful child, and begin to cry out—"Oh! he 's got my property," at any distance of time, though he may have stood by for years, and silently seen another enjoying it. In such a case, the law, through the voice of the Chancellor, exclaims—"Hallo, you sir, you 've got something belonging to the sovereign." "I thought he didn't want it, for he wasn't using it," is the natural reply. "Come—come—no nonsense, you must drop it," cries the Chancellor, "for *nullum tempus occurrit regi.*" "I thought time and tide waited for no man," rejoins the defendant. "I don't know anything about the tide," cries the law—always through the Chancellor; but the sovereign is never tied to time; so, unless you want to get yourself into a scrape, you had better drop that property." This of course leaves the unhappy victim no alternative, and the sovereign takes his own back again.

Our Law Maxims are now brought to a close, and we trust that the wise saws of our fathers—saws, by the bye, with tolerably sharp teeth—will be rendered intelligible by some of our modern instances. We shall conclude with an ode to NOY, supposed to have been written by an individual called the humorous SIR ANTHONY WELDON, whose only authenticated joke consists of a clumsy *bon-mot* on the name of NOY,* which is too obvious for us to make allusion to. The ode was short and simple, but no less touching on that account:—

Here lies Noy.
Poor old Boy.

* "NOY often dydde annoy me."—*Anthony Weldon's MS. works.*

THE ANTI-CORN LAW LEAGUE BAZAAR.

THE conversion of Covent Garden Theatre into a Gothic Hall is a transformation so complete, as to be worthy the best days of Pantomime and the high reputation of our old friend GRIEVE. The massy beams of ⅜ canvas, emblazoned with the Anti-corn Law cognizance—the roof of stained calico admitting "a dim rushlightish light," the Chinese lanterns trying to look Gothic, all tend to aid the delusion without entirely dispelling it. The aspect of the place is not, however, more marvellous than the regularity of the proceedings, when it is remembered that a committee of *one thousand ladies* has had the management of the arrangements. Scarcely a town has been without a female secretary and a committee of local ladies, all of whom have had a voice in the matter; so that the unanimity with which the plan has been carried out is indeed wonderful.

The contributions to the bazaar comprise every conceivable commodity. We were particularly struck with three or four free millstones, which would form an elegant addition to the *bijouterie* of a lady of fashion. Some highly-polished circular saws seemed to be objects of great attraction, and we can fancy a gentleman presenting to his lady-love one of them, labelled, "A trifle from the League Bazaar."

There is a post-office, too, where you may buy one of OUR old jokes and a smile—such a smile!—for sixpence. The pretty politicians who preside at the various counters fulfil their task with admirable tact, and we repeatedly found our hands diving into our pockets, in obedience to the mute solicitations of the bright eyes of the fair Leaguers.

Contributions to the Bazaar.

THE DEMON OF DISCORD,

VANISHING AT THE APPEARANCE IN IRELAND OF

THE GOOD GENIUS, VICTORIA.

THE QUEEN'S BAL COSTUMÉ,

OR, POWDER AND BALL.

APROPOS of this elegant festival so creditable to English taste, (for isn't it noble to think of the great and proud British aristocracy tricked out, like *Pantaloon*, in the ugliest, most foolish, most absurd costume that ever was invented since the world began?) *apropos* of this grand festival, we hasten to lay before our lady-readers the following extract of a letter, with a sight of which we have been favoured, from the VISCOUNTESS RUBADUB to her sister, the LADY FANNY FANTOWZLE.

"152, *Grosvenor Square.*

"MY DEAREST FANTOWZLE,—We are all in a state of the highest excitement about the *bal costumé*. LORD RUBADUB and my six girls are invited. We are all to go in powder—all to go in hoops. We calculate that we seven alone will occupy five-and-thirty feet of Her Majesty's drawing-room.

"Everybody in powder! Wasn't it a charming idea of our gracious QUEEN? So novel, elegant, and useful! Our footmen are *not* to wear it; lest between them and their masters there should be mistakes, you know.

"How I long to see dear SIR ROBERT in pomatum and powder walking a minuet in the costume of his great-grandfather! No, I won't say his great-grandfather, my dear; for, between ourselves, he is said never *to have had one.* He! he! he! LORD BROUGHAM is furbishing up his old Chancellor's wig; and I'm told the darling DUKE OF WELLINGTON (who is growing very economical in his old age) grumbles greatly, and intends to wear his coachman's.

"Then, my dear, the brunettes are in *such* a tantrum—to be obliged to cover their black ringlets with grease and flour, they say! You should see LADY RAVENSWING'S fury: LADY DUCROW'S rage that herself and her girls are to be so disfigured: and hear the abuse of those odious MISS BLACKLOCKS. They say it's a shame that they should be called upon so to disfigure themselves; that, to please our gracious QUEEN, they should be obliged to go trapesing about in old hoops, patches, and furbelows. My dear, their conversation is downright *disloyal:* let me change this odious, this painful theme.

"And then, how will they get the horrid powder out when it is once in the hair? All the ladies are in a rage, and the ladies'-maids in despair. As for us, my dear FANTOWZLE, we can console ourselves. Hair has been *brilliant auburn* in the RUBADUB family ever since WILLIAM RUFUS: and powder becomes every one of us.

"What shall we do for hairdressers for the great day? What will poor people do? Some are to have their heads dressed a week before the ball. The hairdressers are giving themselves *such* airs. Our person, FLORIDOR, who used to call himself *artiste en cheveux*, scorns the title now. '*Artist,*' says he, 'artists are low in this country. *Je m'appelle Homme de Peigne de sa Majesté!*'

"Now, as the monster asks ten guineas *par tête* on the ball night, and you know I cannot afford such a sum with my five dear girls and dreadfully numerous family, I wish, dearest FANTOWZLE, you would do me a great favour.

"My son ROLLO, who was long at Paris (a sad boy, frequenting, I fear, the worst of company there), says, 'A *rococo* ball? *That* a novelty! My dear mother, nothing is more vulgar and stale. All the grisettes in Paris; all the tipsy apprentices of the Carnival; all the shop-girls, medical students, pickpockets, and worse people still, have been powdering and patching any time these ten years. What is new here is old and vulgar there, and I fancy the sneer of the Parisians when they hear this wise and tasteful court of yours has adopted the cast-off finery of the tag-rag and bob-tail of Paris.'

"I must tell you that ROLLO is not invited to the ball, though, and is a little sore at the omission.

"But his advice is as fully sensible and economical. I think he says, 'Send to my aunt FANTOWZLE, if the barbers here are so dear. Tell her to send you over a man who has dressed hair for the low theatres, and the low balls. You may get the fellow for a few francs a day, and he will be just the man for the fashion.'

"Send over such a man, then, my dear. Get him as cheap, of course, and as old and as ugly as you can—for think of my girls, and the maternal solicitude of your affectionate

"EMILY RUBADUB."

ALL VERY WELL FOR ONCE.

THE President of the Swiss Diet, in his closing speech, "*apologised* for the little that had been done." This system of apologies for our Parliament would never do in England. It would become too monotonous.

JOKE DESTITUTION IN THE METROPOLIS.

A NUMEROUS meeting of small wits and diminutive wags was held in the unfrequented part of Hungerford Market to consider what was to be done in consequence of the recent opening of the Suspension Bridge. The individuals assembled had been in the habit of supporting, by means of that Bridge, a small family of jokes, which were now left totally unprovided for; and, in fact, without anything to live upon.

An individual present declared solemnly that he was almost starving for a joke, and a *bon-mot* had not passed his lips ever since the Bridge had been opened. The unhappy wretch presented a most melancholy spectacle, and his awful condition seemed to excite general sympathy.

After several speeches it was resolved to forward a requisition to *Punch*, who had originated the Hungerford Suspension Bridge as a topic for mirth; calling upon him to provide some other equally easy subject for the distressed and destitute jokers. Some of them had tried many of the numerous matters which *Punch* selects from week to week for the exercise of his humour; but most of those subjects were found to have failed in the hands of the poor and destitute jokers who were present at the meeting. He was therefore called upon in a strong resolution to supply a theme within the ability of the destitute wits to make merry with.

The requisition was brought to the *Punch* Office by a deputation of seedy punsters, and our gracious answer was, that the destitute wits may try what they can do with the Trafalgar Square Fountains.

PEEL'S PATHETIC APPEAL TO DANIEL O'CONNELL.

I give thee, DANIEL, all I can,
Though poor the offering be,
The Maynooth Grant is all, My DAN,
That I can yield to thee:
I might give up the Irish Church,
But if I did, what then?
My friends would leave me in the lurch,
I mean, my party men.

Perhaps 'tis just, perhaps tis fit
That I should more concede;
But then the House won't suffer it,
They won't, they won't indeed.
Believe me, I my conscience pinch
Much more than words can tell,
To grant thee thus a single inch;
And thou wouldst take an ell!

Oh! do be quiet, DANIEL, pray,
Be moderate, I implore;
Take what I cede; another day,
I may allow thee more:
Keep Ireland out of water hot,
I beg thee, on my knees,
And I won't say that she shall not
Have justice—by degrees.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

MR. BUNN, envious of the success that has attended Mr. WEBSTER'S *tableau vivant* of SHAKSPEARE, intends producing one of himself, under the title of "BUNN IN HIS STUDY." He will be represented in the attitude of despair, looking for a word in BOYER'S French Dictionary. Grouped around him will be a circle of ballet-girls, all standing on one toe; whilst ST. GEORGES, the French dramatist, will be shown presenting him with the *libretto* of his new opera, concealed from the public gaze by an immense cabbage. After this, DUPREZ, GARCIA, DUMILATRE, and all the principal singers and dancers of the French theatres, will file before him, and salute him as "The Patron of the English Drama." The whole will conclude with a view of "The only National Theatre," with a statue on the portico of "BUNN SLAYING LINDLEY MURRAY," when the national chorus of—

"*Jamais en Drury Lane,*
Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera!"

will be sung by the whole strength of the company.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE,

TAKEN NEAR THE FREEMASONS' TAVERN.

Old Gentleman.—"GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S STRIKING, AND THEY 'LL HAVE BEGUN DINNER."

PEEL AT TOLEDO.

A roguy-pogy, who signs himself PEPPER BIRCH, has sent us the following letter:—

"MISTER PUNCH,

"Is *Tertulia* a carriage? if so, what kind of one? Is *Muchacha* a dance? For shame, PUNCH, naughty Boy, refer to your dictionary; *Tertulia* is an evening party in Spain, and *Muchacha* is a girl; let me see that your error is corrected in your next week's number, and

"I remain,

"Your loving School Master,

"PEPPER BIRCH.'

We have had other letters regarding that noble ballad which appeared in our columns a fortnight since. One of the letters purported to come from F. M. the DUKE OF VICTORY, who charged us "with wilful falsehood" in calling a *tertulia* a carriage, and a *muchacha* a dance. Let F. M. the DUKE OF VICTORY mind his own affairs—there is only one man in England who is to give the lie with impunity, and that is F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

As for PEPPER BIRCH, to show him our knowledge of Spanish, we beg to say that *mangiuto* is the Spanish for a muff; *cuchara* in the Castilian dialect means a spoon; and in the Aragonese the word *bomba* is universally used to signify a pump.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

ORDERS have been issued to the West Essex Yeomanry by their gallant commander, CAPTAIN PALMER, to ground razors, and appear in full mustachios, on the next grand field-day. There is no truth, however, in the report that that valiant corps have been ordered to prepare for foreign service. It is still stationed at Waltham Abbey, where the officers continue to serve their country and their customers with equal pride and profit.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

PEOPLE can hardly yet bring themselves to believe in the possibility of Hungerford Suspension Bridge being actually opened. Thousands have daily flocked to the spot, with no other possible motive than to satisfy themselves, by ocular demonstration, of an event that really does appear incredible.

MUSICAL MONARCHS.

WE are told by a newspaper paragraph that among the *souvenirs* RUBINI carries away with him from St. Petersburg is "a crown of massive gold, inlaid with eight or ten massive brilliants of immense value." What on earth can RUBINI be going to do with this crown? He can't wear it in the streets, nor can he put it on to go to a party in. Perhaps he is in treaty for some petty German state, which he purposes buying out and out, subjects, revenues and all; in which case he will want a crown in the way of business as an appendage to his sovereignty. We know that German kingdoms are sometimes very cheap, and may be had for a mere song—which RUBINI could at any time give—while the "coming in" is seldom very expensive, for it is only necessary to take the fixtures, including the throne, at a valuation, and pay something in the way of good-will to the out-going sovereign. A German principality may be had for about the price of a good London milk-walk, and RUBINI being about to retire may be on the look-out for a cheap and eligible throne to spend the remainder of his days in that style of pasteboard dignity which his triumphant career as a vocalist must have made him accustomed to.

THE M.P.'S AND THE LAWYERS.

THE Members of Parliament appointed to serve on Railway Committees are complaining bitterly of the severe treatment they are compelled to undergo at the hands of the lawyers employed as counsel. Poor MR. ESCOTT had actually given way under the dreadful burden of listening to the barristers' speeches, and several of the M.P.'s are fast sinking under the dire infliction.

We would propose that standing orders may be framed to regulate the conduct of standing counsel. Among other things, it might be arranged that the lawyers should meet alone to deliver their speeches two hours before the regular time for the committee to sit, so that the speeches could always be concluded and got rid of before proceeding to the business which they usually have not the smallest connection with.

The proposition for making the Irish Members come over to take a part in the fatigue of hearing the lawyers talk is exceedingly just, and ought at once to be acted on. As to stopping counsel when they once begin, we see no chance of that; but if both sides were allowed to deliver their speeches at once, time would be saved, and the result would be equally useful.

We hope that what the M.P.'s are now suffering will teach them to shorten their own speeches in mercy to those who have to listen to them.

EARLY LUXURIES.

PASSENGER landed at Herne Bay last week. In the evening the gas was lighted, to commemorate the event.

A full-blown daisy was gathered in Fitzroy Square on the First of May. It was carried round by the gardener to the three houses who have keys of the Square, and afterwards publicly exhibited in the button-hole of the beadle for the remainder of the day.

A joke was actually made at Exeter Hall at its first May meeting. As it was a personality against an absent person, playfully insinuating he was "no gentleman," the joke told immensely, and will doubtlessly be repeated in consequence several times before the end of the season.

But the greatest luxury of all was reading the newspapers of Wednesday last, as the Commons having "made no house" on the preceding evening, there were no debates in them.

A Brief Review.

Elective Polarity the Universal Agent. By F. BARBARA BURTON Authoress of "Astronomy Familiarised," "Physical Astronomy," &c.

WE can only review this book superficially, since we have as yet seen nothing but the title of it. We don't know where the Universal Agency Office of Elective Polarity is, and we wish MRS. or MISS F. BARBARA BURTON—for neither do we know whether she is Miss or MRS.—would tell us. Elective Polarity may be all humbug, or it may not; but if not, it is very much like it; with this difference—that if Elective Polarity, as the universal agent, is the principle which does everything, Humbug, another universal agent, is the principle which does everybody.

THE PRINCE OF TAILORS.

With a peculiar feeling of delight did we peruse the history of the recent installation of Prince Albert as a Merchant Tailor! We knew very well that the august company of tailors numbered among its body many distinguished men; that the title and dignity of Merchant Tailor added, in many instances, a brighter lustre to the coronet. Nevertheless the glory—like certain academical honours to aristocratic students—is for the most part awarded to statesmen and soldiers as little other than a complimentary flourish; a distinction of course. But it is otherwise with Prince Albert. Detraction herself must clear up her murky face and smile blandly, approvingly, on Albert, henceforth to be known, among his other titles, as the True British Tailor! He has won the distinction; gallantly won it; forced the greatness from a grudging guild. His Royal Highness is every inch a Tailor! He owes nothing to the liberality of the company, but everything to the might of individual genius.

If there be a malcontent—a democrat—a bilious detractor of born greatness, who shall dare to deny this, we have a triumphant, a most crushing refutation of the slander in the appearance of that gallant, that invincible and party-coloured section of the British army, familiarly known to Mars as "Prince Albert's Own." And they are *his;* in every sense *his*. Their regimentals—all the prodigious fruit of the Prince's genius—shew that His Royal Highness was born with the finest eye for a pattern-book, with the boldest hand for the shears. Never did a four-year old miss dress her dolls with a more fantastic sense of the gaudy and the ludicrous, than has the gallant Colonel of the "Prince's Own" tricked out his corps of human playthings. Army tailors—men who have served their time to the business—men who cross-legged have sat for years, writhing and wriggling like the sybil with the tremendous spirit within them—even such veterans of the needle must yield to the magnificent genius of Prince Albert, the born tailor!

It has moreover struck us, that Prince Albert, by the original manner in which he has clothed his own warriors, has made them invincible. The ancient Germans, to be sure, took other means for the same end. They painted and begrimed themselves, and did their best to look like demons in the eyes of the foe, who, so appalled, might be routed and slaughtered at discretion. Prince Albert, the modern German, prepares for war in a much better fashion. It has been his purpose to dress up his Own as comically as possible; so that whenever they should take the field, they might, by coming rapidly upon the enemy, suddenly convulse him with laughter, and thus his arms fall to the ground, and the day be lost. So pondering, we have no doubt, in the event of a war, that Prince Albert will go down to posterity as the Conqueror of the Field of Broad Grins!

Seriously considering these matters, it is to us, we repeat, a peculiar pleasure to find the genius of Prince Albert at lengh appreciated by the tailors of England. They have long owed him some touching mark of their admiration; some lively token of acknowledgment of talents that could not have been unknown to them, seeing that their result has been so often paraded in the eyes of admiring nursery-maids. However, though tardily, at length the tailors have done their duty to the Prince. We now put it to another body of men whether, in the hopefulness of their ingratitude, they can believe that England has been unmindful of their shameful neglect of His Royal Highness. Need we say, that we allude to the Hatters? We put it to them, can they—ought they to forget that stroke of princely genius which has all but turned the heads of the whole English army?

And Field Marshal Prince Albert is now a dignified, an acknowledged tailor! He has fraternised with the goose of Great Britain; he may sit cross-legged in the eyes of posterity! And thus, whilst the brows of common generals are set about with simple laurel, Prince Albert, by the force of born genius, may entwine with the immortal plant a—leaf of cabbage!

Tit for Tat.

We don't know who Sir James Graham's apothecary is, but we hope that he will send him in a medical bill next Christmas, which will requite the right hon. baronet handsomely for that which he has introduced into the House.

"SIR BOBBY'S LADDER."

An ingenious friend of ours has invented a new toy, which he calls "Sir Bobby's Ladder." It is composed of eight or nine square pieces of wood, on which are pasted pretty little pictures of the Premier, in the different positions he has assumed during his political career. By a slight movement of the hand, the pictures are varied with great rapidity. Indeed, almost as quickly as the changes which they represent were effected by the Prime Minister. It is expected that "Sir Bobby's Ladder" will be found in the nurseries of all infant politicians, as Mr. Forbes Mackenzie, the Member for Peeblesshire, has kindly undertaken to explain the working of the toy to any one who will ask for him at the Treasury.

EXPERIMENTAL STEAM-BOATS.

The Government has lately obtained much praise for its exertions in setting afloat a select squadron of experimental brigs; but the Commercial Company has far exceeded anything that has ever yet been done in the way of nautical hazard, by starting an experimental steam-boat. The object of the trial appears to have been to ascertain how far a leaky vessel could be employed in the conveyance of passengers between London and Boulogne. The boat selected was the *Duke of Sussex*, a fine old oakum-bottomed, timber-shivered, plank-started craft, which left London Bridge a few days ago, with a gallant crew and upwards of twenty passengers, on an experimental trip to Boulogne. The voyage gave rise to one or two collateral experiments; and, among others, it was tested how long an engineer could work while up to his arms in water; how long a vessel could continue letting in the sea, without putting out the fires; and, lastly, how a ship could be thrown on shore without sacrificing the lives of the passengers. The whole of the experiments were conducted by the captain and crew, with the greatest presence of mind; but the passengers, who had not been made aware before starting that the voyage was perfectly experimental, did not in all cases retain their self-possession.

O'CONNELL PERMANENTLY ENLARGED.

It is impossible for us to imagine what must have been Mr. O'Connell's sensations during the moments that "he felt himself expanding into the power of one of the monarchies of Europe." We can only rejoice that this extraordinary inflation did not, as was the case with the unfortunate frog expanding into an ox, cause the Agitator to burst!

THE NEXT ANTI-CORN LAW LEAGUE BAZAAR.

We are fully justified in announcing the probability, that, on the next occasion of an Anti-Corn Law Bazaar being held, one of the principal stalls will be occupied by Sir Robert Peel, in his character of Prime Minister. It is believed that the Right Honourable Baronet would have given his services on the present occasion if they had been duly asked, for he has shown himself anxious to promote the cause of free trade by all the means in his power; and he would hardly have refused so simple a service as that of presiding at a stall for the sale of fancy articles. He would no doubt have entered on the task with considerable *gusto* if the dolls and puppets had been made to represent political characters belonging to his own party, for he would naturally have exerted himself to the utmost to get rid of them.

Our countrywomen, who are never backward in giving their aid to any project which they consider worthy of support, would no doubt exercise their taste and ingenuity in supplying fancy articles for Sir Robert to dispose of. They might manufacture a variety of windmills and other fancy goods, of a sort that would be considered appropriate to the Premier's political tendencies. We fully anticipate the pleasure of attending at such a bazaar on some future occasion. More wonderful things have come and are coming to pass, as a reference to the Premier's political life will abundantly testify. His being an Anti-Corn Law Leaguer in 1848, would not be more surprising or unnatural than his being, in 1845, the proposer of an increased grant to Maynooth.

IMPROMPTU HOLIDAYS.

Instead of adopting the ordinary common-place plan of advertising excursion-trains, the Directors of the South-Eastern Railway have had the happy idea of surprising the public into an Impromptu Holiday at Folkstone. It is a well-known truism, that an unexpected pleasure is always sweeter than one which has long been anticipated; and it must follow, as a matter of course, that the holiday excursion for which we are not at all prepared must be more delightful than one which we have been counting on.

The ingenious plan of the South-Eastern Railway Directors is to advertise the trains to start for Folkstone, and the steamers to start for Boulogne, at certain hours. The traveller leaves London by railway, and on arriving at Folkstone, he learns the gratifying and unexpected fact, that he has got a day's holiday before him, for the steamer will not start for Boulogne until several hours after the time advertised. If he has a family with him, the treat is of course the greater; and, making the Pavilion Hotel his head-quarters, he can run in and out between meal-times to view the Lions of Folkstone. It is true that these are somewhat scarce; and if the Impromptu Holiday Excursion arrangements are to be frequently carried out, we should recommend a branch from Madame Tussaud's or the Chinese Exhibition, to be established at Folkstone, for if it were only one figure from each collection, it would be better than nothing, which is the present amount of amusement to be found in that ancient but dilapidated and dry-rot-eaten old borough.

There is however one very curious exhibition in the town, and that is the ingenious method of manufacturing a dessert at the ordinaries, a process, which—considering the smallness of the material—is truly astonishing. In the centre is a tremendous wine-cooler, which stands with the utmost coolness, perfectly empty, while at each end are plateaus of white delf partially filled with three-a-penny biscuits, from the middle of which rises an empty egg-cup. A few apples "stand on," like supernumeraries in an opera, all through the dinner; and though there is positively nothing else, the effect is so good, that one rises from the dinner-table with the conviction that there has been abundance of everything.

A LUSUS NATURÆ.

The Court Newsman tells us that the Queen and Prince Albert postponed their visit to Claremont on account of the Royal children having been "unexpectedly attacked by the hooping-cough." The Court Newsman being a perfect courtier, has, of course, no right to expect that anything so common as the hooping-cough should approach the Royal infants. Our contemporary appears to be utterly taken aback at the idea of the vulgar hooping-cough having made its appearance in the nursery at Buckingham palace. How it got there is a marvel to the Court Newsman, who uses the word "unexpectedly" to mark his sense of the impertinent intrusion which the malady has been guilty of.

AMUSING IRONY.

Some Birmingham workmen have presented Prince Albert with a watch, key, and seals, in admiration of "his patronage of the Fine Arts." Bravo! This is the first time we ever knew the Brummagem people were given to joking.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XVI.

BABY IS TO BE CHRISTENED: MRS. CAUDLE CANVASSES THE MERITS OF PROBABLE GODFATHERS.

OME, now, love, about baby's name? The dear thing's three months old, and not a name to its back yet. There you go again! Talk of it to-morrow! No; we'll talk of it to-night. There's no having a word with you in the daytime—but here you can't leave me. Now don't say you wish you could, CAUDLE; that's unkind, and not treating a wife—especially the wife I am to you—as she deserves. It isn't often that I speak; but I *do* believe you'd like never to hear the sound of my voice. I might as well have been born dumb!

"I suppose the baby *must* have a godfather; and so, CAUDLE, who shall we have? Who do you think will be able to do the most for it? No, CAUDLE, no; I'm not a selfish woman—nothing of the sort—but I hope I've the feelings of a mother; and what's the use of a godfather, if he gives nothing else to the child but its name? A child might almost as well not be christened at all. And so who shall we have? What do you say? *Anybody?* Arn't you ashamed of yourself, CAUDLE? Don't you think something will happen to you, to talk in that way? I don't know where you pick up such principles. I'm thinking who there is among our acquaintance who can do the most for the blessed creature, and you say,—'*Anybody!*' CAUDLE, you're quite a heathen.

"There's WAGSTAFF. No chance of his ever marrying, and he's very fond of babies. He's plenty of money, CAUDLE; and I think he might be got. Babies, I know it—babies are his weak side. Wouldn't it be a blessed thing to find our dear child in his will? Why don't you speak? I declare, CAUDLE, you seem to care no more for the child than if it was a stranger's. People who can't love children more than you do, ought never to have 'em. *You don't like Wagstaff?* No more do I much; but what's that to do with it? People who've their families to provide for, musn't think of their feelings. *I* don't like him; but then I'm a mother, and love my baby! *You won't have Wagstaff, and that's flat?* Ha, CAUDLE! you're like nobody else—not fit for this world, you're not.

"What do you think of PUGSBY? I can't bear his wife; but that's nothing to do with it. *I* know my duty to my babe: I wish other people did. What do you say? *Pugsby's a wicked fellow?* Ha! that's like you—always giving people a bad name. We musn't always believe what the world says, CAUDLE; it doesn't become us as Christians to do it. I only know that he hasn't chick or child; and, besides that, he's very strong interest in the Blue-coats; and so, if PUGSBY——Now, don't fly out at the man in that manner. CAUDLE, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You can't speak well of anybody. Where *do* you think to go to?

"What do you say, then, to SNIGGINS? Now, don't bounce round in that way, letting the cold air into the bed! What's the matter with SNIGGINS? *You wouldn't ask him a favour for the world?* Well, it's a good thing that baby has somebody to care for it: *I* will. What do you say? *I shan't?* I will, I can tell you. SNIGGINS, besides being a warm man, has good interest in the Customs; and there's nice pickings there, if one only goes the right way to get 'em. It's no use, CAUDLE, your fidgetting about—not a bit. I'm not going to have baby lost—sacrificed, I may say, like its brothers and sisters. *What do I mean by sacrificed?* Oh, you know what I mean very well. What have any of 'em got by their godfathers beyond a half-pint mug, a knife and fork, and spoon—and a shabby coat, that I know was bought second-hand, for I could almost swear to the place? And then there was your fine friend HARTLEY'S wife—what did she give to CAROLINE? Why, a trumpery lace cap it made me blush to look at. What? *It was the best she could afford?* Then she'd no right to stand for the child. People who can't do better than that have no business to take the responsibility of godmother. They ought to know their duties better.

"Well, CAUDLE, you can't object to GOLDMAN? *Yes, you do!* Was there ever such a man! What for? *He's a usurer and a hunks?* Well, I'm sure, you've no business in this world, CAUDLE; you have such high-flown notions. Why, isn't the man as rich as the bank? And as for his being a usurer,—isn't it all the better for those who come after him? I'm sure it's well there's some people in the world who save money, seeing the stupid creatures who throw it away. But you are the strangest man! I really believe you think money a sin, instead of the greatest blessing; for I can't mention any of our acquaintance that's rich—and I'm sure we don't know too many such people—that you haven't something to say against 'em. It's only beggars that you like—people with not a shilling to bless themselves. Ha! though you're my husband, I must say it—you're a man of low notions, CAUDLE. I only hope none of the dear boys will take after their father!

"And I should like to know what's the objection to GOLDMAN? The only thing against him is his name; I must confess it, I don't like the name of LAZARUS: it's low, and doesn't sound genteel—not at all respectable. But, after he's gone and done what's proper for the child, the boy could easily slip LAZARUS into LAWRENCE. I'm told the thing's done often. No, CAUDLE, don't say that—I'm not a mean woman; certainly not; quite the reverse. I've only a parent's love for my children; and I must say it—I wish everybody felt as I did.

"I suppose, if the truth was known, you'd like your tobacco-pipe friend, your pot-companion, PRETTYMAN, to stand for the child? *You'd have no objection?* I thought not! Yes; I know what it was coming to. He's a beggar, he is—and a person who stays out half the night—yes, he does; and it's no use your denying it—a beggar and a tippler, and that's the man you'd make godfather to your own flesh and blood! Upon my word, CAUDLE, it's enough to make a woman get up and dress herself to hear you talk.

"Well, I can only tell you, if you won't have WAGSTAFF, or PUGSBY, or SNIGGINS, or GOLDMAN, or somebody that's respectable, to do what's proper, the child shan't be christened at all. As for PRETTYMAN, or any such raff—no, never! I'm sure there's a certain set of people that poverty's catching from, and that PRETTYMAN's one of 'em. Now, CAUDLE, I won't have my dear child lost by any of your spittoon acquaintance, I can tell you.

"No; unless I can have *my* way, the child shan't be christened at all. What do you say? *It must have a name?* There's no 'must' at all in the case—none. No: it shall have no name; and then see what the world will say. I'll call it Number Six—yes, that will do as well as anything else, unless I've the godfather I like. Number Six, CAUDLE! ha! ha! I think that must make you ashamed of yourself if anything can. Number Six, CAUDLE—a much better name than MR. PRETTYMAN could give; yes, Number Six! What do you say? *Anything but Number Seven?* Oh, CAUDLE, if ever—

"At this moment," writes CAUDLE, "baby began to cry; and, taking advantage of the happy accident, I somehow got to sleep."

TO THE UNIVERSITIES.

WE have received several gross of letters complaining of the decision which we announced in our last Number but one—"*Not to send our son to the University.*"

That decision must not be considered as irrevocable. It was arrived at while our head was racked by the fumes of milk-punch, and our hand shaking under the orthodox attacks of "Bishop," or the more jesuitical insinuations of "Cardinal."

Among the letters of remonstrance are several from tutors of colleges, offering to take all the expense of educating our son off our hands.

We thank them. But we will pay our child's way ourselves. And we may send our son to college after all. Perhaps we may give our reasons on a future opportunity.

A Tarnation Fix.

AMERICA, it is reported, is desirous of settling the Oregon question by the simple and pacific process of tossing up, and is only, we understand, prevented from making a proposition to the British Government to that effect, by the fear of having to borrow a dollar for the purpose.

MR. PUNCH ON THE FINE ARTS.

THE two following letters appeared in the *Times* last week :—

"SIR,—Can you assist me in the following dilemma?

"Is a visit to the exhibition of the Royal Academy a rational, Christianlike, and proper amusement for the afternoon of Sunday, after attending divine service in the morning—ay or no?

"If it be, why am I and my class excluded on that day?

"If it be not, why were 'THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE, PRINCE GEORGE, THE HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURGH STRELITZ (attended by MR. EDMOND MILDMAY), and THE GRAND DUCHESS STEPHANIE OF BADEN, accompanied by THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS, and attended by THE BARONESS DE STRUMFEDER,'' as per *Court Circular*, admitted?

"Yours, &c.

"A CLERK,

"Who never leaves business until dusk."

"SIR,—In answer to 'A Clerk,' applying for the opening of the Royal Academy on the Sunday, I would observe, that the titled personages whom he names (if they were admitted on that day) violated their duty to God and society by going, but in no way justified an act immoral and indecent in itself; and that if once this barrier should be broken, there can be no reason why every public exhibition in the country, and the theatres at night, should not equally be open also, as in Paris.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED CHRISTIANS."

These documents were attentively read by our exalted chief, and were observed to affect the venerable *Mr. Punch* in a most extraordinary manner. The latter letter especially excited him; and he was awake all night after it had appeared, tossing about in his bed in a fury, and exclaiming, "STIGGINS—it 's STIGGINS—I know it is—the rascal! to say the Royal Family is immoral and indecent, and insult the GRAND DUCHESS STÉPHANIE, and the BARONESS DE STRUMFEDER."

The next morning he arose quite calm, and calling for pens and paper, addressed the following ironic letter to the clerk, who wrote to the *Times*.

"MY DEAR, THOUGH UNKNOWN FRIEND,

"I have read your letter with deep feelings of sympathy. I know your condition—I know that you live in Chelsea or Camden Town, with four children and a lodger. You work in that little runt of a garden of yours for half-an-hour or so before breakfast: and having hurriedly swallowed your meal, in company with MRS. CLERK and the family, and having kissed the four pair of red cheeks, all shining with bread and butter, trudge off for a three-mile walk to business in the city, where nine o'clock finds you at your desk over the ledger. At seven or eight you are back to that little dingy cottage of yours, and must be glad to get to bed early in order to be ready for the next day's labours.

"How can you have leisure to improve your mind under these circumstances? My dear, worthy fellow, you must be in a state of lamentable ignorance—ignorance, indeed! O, you poor miserable sinner, not to know how ignorant you are: and to dare for to go for to make such an audacious proposition as that about being allowed to see pictures on a Sunday!

"To look at pictures on Sunday is a 'violation of your duty to Heaven and society.' It is an act 'immoral and indecent.' 'One of the people called Christians' has let you into that secret, in a neat and temperate letter, in reply to yours, which the *Times* publishes—and a very liberal and kind Christian he must be who warns you.

"It is a mistake to fancy that an examination of works of art, though they may ennoble and improve your mind on Saturday, is not an odious and wicked action on Sunday. BARONESS STRUMFEDER may do as her ladyship likes. As for the GRAND DUCHESS STEPHANIE OF BADEN, her Royal Highness is a Frenchwoman by birth, and a Princess living in a country where sad errors prevail—this dreadful one among others:—of admitting the public to recreation after the hours of devotion on the Sabbath, and flinging the galleries and museums open to the poor who can see them on no other day.

"Make up your mind, my lad, and console yourself for living in the only country in Europe where you are debarred from such godless enjoyments. Suppose that it has been the custom of all Christendom (and of England, until pious OLIVER CROMWELL came and put an end to the diabolical superstition) to recognise Art as not incompatible with Religion, and to believe that harmless happiness was intended and designed to be a part of the weekly holiday. We are right, depend upon it—and all the world for ages and ages is wrong. Wo betide the unfortunate sinners! I can't think of a company of French or German peasants (I ave seen many such) dancing under an elm-tree, with *Monsieur le Curé* ooking on, very likely, without a feeling of horror at their criminality—tempered, however, with pleasure in remembering that we in England are free from such crime; and that I am not involved, like these countless myriads of human beings, in the commission of deadly sin.

"Some of these unfortunate creatures believe it is wrong to eat mutton-chops on a Friday—and the wretched bigots will tell you that it is 'immoral and indecent and an insult to Heaven and Society' to do such a thing. Blind and miserable superstition! You must not amuse yourself on Sunday with pictures—but as for chops on a Friday, eat as many of them, my good friend, as you can buy.

"And it is in vain of you to expostulate with that ignorant arrogance of yours, which you mistake for good sense, but which is only monstrous pride and self-conceit; it is in vain for you to say 'if a man thinks it is a crime to eat chops on a Friday, I won't force him to eat them, but in the name of common sense let me have mine.' If I think in common with HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS OF CAMBRIDGE and BARONESS STRUMFEDER that there is no harm in seeing pictures on Sunday, what man of the people called Christians has a right to doom me to perdition for my opinion? Be you content that another should judge for you, and take his word for it. He has disposed of BARONESS STRUMFEDER and the other titled personages, as you see. Do you think he does not know what is good for, or what will hereafter happen to, such a poor miserable creature as you?

"No, my worthy friend—let this man lay down the law and be you contented to believe him. He must be right: he says "he is one of the people called Christians." If others of the people called Christians give you different doctrine, don't listen to them. Coals and gridirons! they are in fatal error. Be thankful for your chops on a Friday.

"Remember that the rational and beneficent law of the land is that you are NEVER TO ENJOY YOURSELF; that when the Saturday ends your hard week's labours and the day of rest comes, you have no right to interpret your ideas of rest in your own way.

"It might be rest to your weary eyes, that have been bleared all the week over the blue lines in a ledger, to look at such a picture as the *Catharine* of RAPHAEL, in the National Gallery, or the *Claude* that hangs beside it. It may be that you have a heart to be touched by their beauty, and elevated by those representations of purified and ennobled Nature. I, for my part, have often walked out with *Mrs. Punch* of a Sabbath evening, and looked at the fair landscape and the happy people, and heard the clinking bell tolling to chapel too; and yet, somehow, stayed in the fields without. Who knows whether the sight of GOD's beautiful world might not awaken as warm feelings of reverence and gratitude as the talk of the REV. MR. STIGGINS in-doors, who was howling perdition at me over his pulpit cushion for not being present sitting under him? It is very probable that he thinks his sermon a much finer thing than a fine landscape, and can't understand how a picture should move any mortal soul. But, stop—why are we poor worms to understand what he doesn't understand, or to inquire about anything which is beyond his Reverence's comprehension?

"Be you content, then, my poor friend, to follow that profound and humble-minded instructor. Depend on it, STIGGINS knows best what 's good for you. Doesn't he say so, and isn't he an honourable man? Never mind all Europe, but stick to STIGGINS. Remember your lot in life, and be resigned thereunto; no more aspiring to see pictures on Sunday, than to enjoy pine-apples and champagne on the other days of the week. And if doubts and repinings *will* cross your abominable mind, read over his letter, and after you see how he has disposed of poor STRUMFEDER, thank your stars that picture-gallery doors are shut against you on Sundays, and that you are the clerk you are.

"PUNCH."

"P.S. By the way there is one point in STIGGINS's admirable letter which is not altogether supported by his usual logic. 'There 's no reason,' he says, 'if the Royal Academy were opened, why every public exhibition through the country and the theatres at night should not be opened too?' To this it must certainly be answered, that if the museums in Birmingham, Manchester, &c., were open on Sunday afternoons, they would no doubt occasion in the provinces the dreadful depravity against which STIGG. protests in London.

"But because an Exhibition was open on Sunday afternoon, it does not *therefore* follow that a theatre should be open on Sunday night. No, dear STIGGINS, that is not put with your usual mildness of argument. The garden of St. James's Park is open till dusk, and the ungodly walk there—but it is not therefore open all night. You might go out for a walk of an afternoon, but it does not follow that you should stay out all night. No, STIGGY, I would not allow any one to say that of you. And our admirable legislature has provided that only the gin-shops should be opened on Sunday—not the wicked theatres."

A GOOD REASON.

EVERYBODY is astonished at the little progress made by the railway committees. In this, however, there will appear not much to wonder at, when it is considered that railways must be made in right lines, and that the House is little accustomed to straightforward proceedings.

A LITTLE BIT OF SENTIMENT.

LITTLE STORIES FOR GREAT HUMBUGS.

In Words of One Syllable.

THE GREEDY BOY WHO CRIED FOR THE MOON.

There Was a Big Bad Boy whose Name was Dan, and he used to Cry Out for all Sorts of Things which it was not Right for him to Have. One Day he would have This Thing, and the next Day he would have That, but he would not Keep Still, Give Him what you Would. At last he would Cry Out and Make a Great Noise for the Moon,* which he Said was His, but his Nurse Peel said he Should Not Have it, for it Would do Him no Good if he Got it. But his Nurse, who Would have been Glad to Keep Him Still, gave Him a large Slice of what was Sweet and Good, in the Hope that it Would Stop Dan's Mouth. But Dan Would Call Out Still for the Moon; He would Have That, and not One Thing else would do for Him. Oh, what a Bad Big Boy was this Dan! How shall we Serve Him, to Make Him Good? I Think we Must Whip Him if he will Go on so, for we Must not Let Him Make such a Noise, and Call Out for the Moon, which is quite Out of his Reach.

* Repeal.

Preparation for War!

A foot-race lately came off at Hounslow, between the Blues and the 2nd Life Guards, in reference to which a newspaper paragraph states that "for some time a great spirit of rivalry has existed between those distinguished Regiments, as to which of them could produce the fleetest runner." To run, has not, hitherto, been the ambition of the British soldier; and we hope this kind of emulation between the Life Guards and the Blues, has not arisen in anticipation of War.

"CHILDREN OF THE FOREST."

Another importation of these unsophisticated creatures—another batch of O-jib-way Indians—has been brought to London for the delight and instruction of a most thoughtful people. We hope that we are not without due admiration for the Red Man as we hear of him in the wilderness. His heroism, his activity, his powers of endurance, are not, we think, lost upon us; but, we confess it, when the said Red Man makes a show of himself for shillings—when he brings to market his war-songs, his war-dances, his war-paint, and all the mysteries of the medicine-man,—we cannot consider him otherwise than as a very miserable mountebank, in no way superior to our May-day sweeps and Jacks-in-the-Green. We think that anybody who throws away a shilling on these mummers from the wilderness, is shamefully neglectful of native talent, as sometimes exercised upon stilts in our streets. The humble artist who, for "twopence more" sends up "the donkey," is a practical teacher, a healthy satirist. As we see the elevated ass, we may think of the strange manner in which asses are sometimes sent up in this world. The lesson may beget in us useful thought—may make us for the nonce wiser and sadder men: now, the only feelings excited in us by the hooting, stamping, grinning of *Raging Storm* or *Bird of Thunder* are those of melancholy and disgust. We have, too, so much of John Bull in our heart that we would dispense the patronage of our halfpence upon the English maiden who, in spangled frock and trousers vaults on a spring-board in the highway, in preference to laying out shillings upon a greasy, painted, blanketed, *Woman-of-the-upper-world*. Such a human rarity, however, is now at the Egyptian Hall. How the poet Bunn, in his fine admiration of human exotics, could have let her slip through his fingers, is certainly a reproach to his characteristic watchfulness. After the *Enchantress*, by M. St. Georges, she would have come in with excellent effect in a ballet written expressly for her by another illustrious foreigner, *A Mighty Rock* or *Thunder Bird*. With such foreign attractions, too, the poet Bunn might have safely calculated upon royal patronage; for, of course, under such circumstances, Her Majesty would have honoured Drury Lane with a second visit in state. What *was* the bard about?

Punch's Nautical Weather Almanack.

We have some idea of publishing a Weather Almanack for the benefit and guidance of those unfortunate individuals who are about to undertake a sea-voyage. The following is a specimen of the sort of useful information which such an Almanack would contain:—

If you ask the Captain, previous to going on board, what sort of a passage you will have, and he tells you the sea will be as smooth as glass, you must presume that he means glass bottles, which resemble, on a small scale, the ups and downs you are likely to meet with on the ocean.

When you see the tars encasing themselves before leaving the harbour in coalheavers' hats and oilskin over-alls, you may make up your mind to a series of involuntary evolutions, such as rolling down the middle of the cabin and up again, changing sides, setting to the lady opposite, advancing and retiring with alarming rapidity, and indulging in a grand round all over the floor of the cabin.

If the Captain acknowledges that it may be a little rough, you may prepare for a series of small cataracts down the cabin-stairs, an occasional standing on your head when you fancied you were lying on your side, and a variety of other illusions of a similar character.

When you are told there's no sea to speak of, you may be sure that your utter inability to speak would prevent you from doing so.

DISPUTES OF DOCTORS.

A quarrel has arisen between the Surgeons and General Practitioners, which Sir James Graham proposes to step in and settle. We recommend the Home Secretary to let the Profession alone; for, "Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"

HIGHLY APPROPRIATE.

Ireland, we understand, at the dictation of Daniel O'Connell, is about to repudiate the shamrock, and instead of it to assume, for a national emblem, the aspen, as typical of eternal agitation.

Punch's Sporting Intelligence.

The great event in the political sporting world has been the match between little Jack Russell and Bob Peel, the former known as the Whig Pet, and the latter as the Carlton Slasher. The subject of the contest was a race to decide the speed of the two men, in getting to Free Trade, which was fixed upon as the winning-post. Considerable interest had been excited by the announcement of the match, for, though the parties had often sparred together in the Parliamentary prize ring, a race in the same direction between the two men was a bit of sport which none but the very knowing ones had ever dreamt of witnessing.

Before the match, betting was in favour of Jack Russell, who knew something of the ground, and had been over a part of it before, though he never had the courage to try his powers to any extent, so that it was really difficult to say how he would get along over it. Bob Peel, on the contrary, had invariably walked in quite an opposite direction, and the ground was so new to him, that many wondered at his boldness in undertaking a match where every step must be quite out of the track he had all his life been accustomed to. What, however, he wanted in the way of habit, was more than compensated by his hardihood—or, as it is technically termed, "pluck;" and as Jack Russell had sometimes shown himself timid in going on when he had once started, his antagonist became rather the favourite. At a given signal the men went away, but the Carlton Slasher made one or two false starts, and it was for some time doubtful whether he was really in earnest, and intended to complete the match, or whether he had been merely trifling. At length, however, he slipped off, and though the Whig Pet was a little beforehand with him, the Carlton Slasher struck away at such an unexpected speed, that his own backers were more surprised than any one. Jack Russell now began to step out, and managed to get side by side with Peel for some little time, but the latter soon distanced the former, who was allowed by his own friends to have been fairly beaten in the Free Trade foot-race by the Slasher.

REMARKS.

The race was on the whole a very good one, and Jack Russell might have had the best of it if he had gone fairly and honestly to work at once, instead of wavering, as he did in several instances. Bob Peel showed considerable game, and a good deal of tact, for he evinced consummate skill in getting to the right side at the right time, and turning so as to make the very best of his ground that was possible.

Caution.—To Parents and Guardians.

As some five or six painted savages, called O-jib-way Indians, are every day exhibiting themselves in London—exhibiting with paint, blankets, beads, tomahawks, and other seductive prettinesses—it is, we think, warned by what has before occurred, highly necessary that we should caution all parents and guardians against the danger of taking their daughters and wards within the fascinating influence of the darling Red Men. We understand that two or three of them are animated by the fiercest thoughts of marriage, and that therefore young ladies, of any property whatever, will be in especial danger. For ourselves, we think that no woman who will not declare herself above forty, ought to be admitted. If this rule were rigidly acted upon, we believe that then all London would not supply a single feminine spectator.

THE NEW OPERA OF "THE ENCHANTRESS."

AT DRURY LANE.

The poet Bunn has added another quire to that crown of foolscap in which his head is enveloped, and the *Enchantress* must be subjoined to that list of lyrical efforts enshrined from time to time on the walls of the Temple of the Drama by the paste of the bill-sticker. Scarcely has the public recovered from the bewilderment into which it was thrown by the startling announcement of the poet Bunn, that

"Hollow hearts may wear a mask,
'Twould break your own to see,"

when he bursts forth with another "new and original opera," abounding in "more nuts to crack" for the amusement of those who think it worth while to take the trouble of cracking them. Almost every one must have seen a lock in Bramah's window in Piccadilly, with a label offering a hundred guineas to any one who will find an instrument that will open the lock alluded to. The poet Bunn has beaten Bramah all to atoms, and we intend to prove our assertion by hanging up in the window of our office the following notice.

Five Hundred Guineas Reward.

Chorus.
"When earth is troubled or thick the air,
The sorrow to some,
On many may come,
For the *Sorceress* then is dwelling there."

Whoever can furnish a key to the above verse written by the poet Bunn in the opera of the *Enchantress*, or can find the smallest opening by which a glimpse of any meaning can be obtained, shall receive the above reward.

But we must not plunge *in medias res*—which, as applied to the poet Bunn's verses, may be translated very middling things—for we intend to go through the *Enchantress* critically and analytically, premising, however, that the poet Bunn has associated with him "the eminent French dramatist"—as the poet fancifully styles him—"M. de St. Georges," in the hope, perhaps, that two negatives may succeed in making one affirmative. Now we think it rather hard upon Messrs. Almar, Dibdin Pitt, and a few other gentlemen accustomed to write for Astley's, that a foreigner should have been brought over expressly to do the sort of thing that they are in the habit of doing every day, at the Amphitheatre over the water, the Saloon in the City Road, and other temples of the drama, where the manager does not—like the poet Bunn—write his own operas. The *Enchantress*, as a literary production and a spectacle—without the poetry—might take its place by the side of the *War in China*, the *Storming of Seringapatam*, and other literary vehicles for gas, glitter, gewgaw, and gunpowder.

The poet Bunn, feeling his own inability to compete with the dramatists alluded to in point of construction, refuses to ask the aid of the native concocters of carpenters' scenes and dramatic fustian, but sends for M. de St. Georges to get a lot of incidents into a tangle; and the jumble being complete, the affair serves as a *libretto* for the opera. It is not, however, with M. de St. Georges' part of the business we have to deal. It is with the lucubrations of the poet Bunn that our business chiefly lies; and though it requires an effort to go into the poetry, we will make a plunge next week.

FRENCH PATHOS.

There is an affecting letter in the French papers, from which we learn how sadly, shamefully, those peaceable and well-meaning men, the African Chasseurs, are treated by the Kabyles. The Frenchmen, in their laudable and Christian-like endeavours to civilise the savages by means of powder, ball, bayonet, and sabre, with an occasional burning of a village or so, and whole acres of growing crops, are treated with the most wicked ingratitude by the forlorn and darkened races! The following is very touching:—

"Ten soldiers were made prisoners. One of them, though wounded, had sufficient courage and strength left to kill the Arab who had seized him; but the poor fellow was immediately massacred by those around, and his unfortunate comrades suffered the same fate."

Shameful! When the wounded soldier *only* killed the Arab "who had seized him," what an unheard-of atrocity that the "poor fellow" should be immediately butchered! It is plain there is no teaching Arabs true gratitude. The goddess of war is an ugly old harridan at the best, but is certainly never so disgusting as when she weeps such harlot tears.

Very Simple.—A Gentleman last week became a member of the Royal Humane Society, under the impression that he could have one of their *Drags* to go in to Epsom Races.

PAS DES MIROIRS; OR, THE POWER OF IMITATION.

THIS very ingenious dance has for some time past excited the admiration of all who have witnessed it. The exactitude with which PEEL and his colleagues have imitated the movements of RUSSELL and the Whig *figurans* is really astonishing. Not a move or a turn of the latter has escaped the vigilance of the former, who has given so close an imitation, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the copy from the original. The exhibition has been carried on hitherto with much success, but the public are apparently beginning to get a little tired of it, for the transparency of the trick renders it almost too obvious.

THE GREEDY BOY WHO CRIED FOR THE MOON.

DAN, THE GREEDY BOY.—I will have Repale—hoo! hoo! hoo!—I won't be aisy—I will have Repale.

THE DEPUTY LICENSER.

"AND THE DRAMATISTS."

AT the recent Literary Fund Dinner—the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, on the strength of his literature manifested in his Somnauth and other proclamations, in the chair—the health of MR. JOHN KEMBLE, Deputy Licenser, "*and* the Dramatists," was given, and responded to at "great length" says the *Times*, by the Chamberlain's officer. His speech, however, did not appear in the morning papers. Happily, we have been supplied with a copy of it from an authentic source, and have peculiar pleasure in laying the document before our dramatic readers.

MR. JOHN KEMBLE rose, evidently in a flutter: the honour had fallen, as it appeared, most unexpectedly upon him. Nevertheless, after a few moments, having assured to himself a decent gravity of face, the Deputy-licenser began. He said—"Gentlemen, knowing the peculiar reputation for pleasantry acquired by the illustrious chairman in his late Indian government, I did at first believe, when I heard *my* health coupled with that of the living Dramatists of England—that it was only another of those brilliant and countless *jeux-d'esprit* that, whilst a jest-book shall remain to us, must immortalise the name of ELLENBOROUGH! (*Hear, hear, from Lord Brougham.*) I thought it purely a joke, believing myself in my official capacity to have about as much affinity to English dramatists as have the check-takers on the playhouse stairs. Doubtless, however, I was in error; and must henceforth feel that the Chamberlain's Deputy, who merely licenses a play, is quite on a par, if not something above, the highest dramatic poet who may have written it. (*Ironical cheers from Serjeant Talfourd.*) Fully aware that a besetting modesty is my weakness, and at the present moment labouring under an oppressive consciousness of the malady, I must nevertheless avow my conviction that I have done a great deal to purify the modern stage. I triumphantly appeal to the reformed appearance of the play-bills! When I entered upon my office, the name of the 'Devil' was made very free with by presumptuous managers. Again and again have I struck out the English word—so offensive to people of real respectability—suffering the 'Devil' to appear only in German. *Der Nacht Teufel*, produced at the Haymarket, is only one of the many instances of my paternal watchfulness. Look, again, at my tenderness towards MR. CROKER, and other living celebrities. Was there not a base attempt to put that distinguished and lofty-minded individual upon the stage in a dramatised version of *Coningsby*? Who prevented it? Who showed to Britons in what consisted the true liberty of communication of thought, by denying to *Rigby* any right whatever to appear before the foot-lights of a playhouse? It is not my fault, gentlemen, that I did not put a veto upon even the publication of *Coningsby*: it is not *my* fault if Government do not place MR. COLBURN and other publishers under a healthy censorship; for I conceive that I had as good a right, just as good, to deny *Coningsby* the grace of type, as to refuse the work admittance to the stage. (*Ironical laughter from Monckton Milnes.*) Gentlemen, it is my belief, and I confidently speak upon my reputation for veracity (*cheers*), that I have been selected for the post of deputy-licenser for some peculiar, some paramount fitness, to be found only in myself. I know it has been said by the malevolent, that the appointment was a job—a gross job. Gentlemen, allow me to explain the circumstances. My father, MR. CHARLES KEMBLE, was my predecessor in the office; but finding his interest strong with the Whigs, his paternal love induced him to shift his place upon my shoulders, thus providing for me for life, to the exclusion of every dramatic candidate. But, as I say, the Whigs must have chosen me for my own unconscious merits; for, can I believe that the claims of veteran dramatists would have been otherwise put aside to my exclusive advantage? With men like KNOWLES, KENNEY, and POOLE—men, who have grown grey in, I may say, an unrewarded art—is it likely that I, who never wrote a dramatic line in all my life, should have been elevated to a post peculiarly the right of the oldest and ablest dramatist—but for some extraordinary merits which, as they have hitherto been concealed from the world, have been no less hidden to myself? The censorious may call the affair a job, if they like. Never mind that. To my mind, a job may be like venison—all the better the more it's tainted. And therefore, gentlemen, I feel that it must, under the circumstances, give peculiar pleasure to all my countrymen exercising the dramatic art, to know, that on this occasion they have not been forgotten, but that, on the contrary, they have been elevated, ennobled, by the toast that couples 'the health of MR. JOHN KEMBLE AND the dramatists!'" The eloquent gentleman sat down amidst loud applause, not unmixed with laughter.

"CALL" OF THE IRISH MEMBERS!

"But will they come when you do call them?"—SHAKSPEARE.

MR. HUME is determined that the patriots of the Conciliation Hall—those fire-new CATOS and BRUTUSES, O'CONNELL, GRATTAN, and others of kindred tongue and swagger—should come to England and work upon committees. Now, most of them may say "we cannot work," though they cannot add, "and to beg we are ashamed;" begging, under the genial influence of the liberator, being their especial function. HUME has constituted himself call-boy of the House of Commons; and if every

JOEY HUME (*the Call-boy of the House of Commons*).

"NOW, MR. O'CONNELL, if you please, Sir!"

call-boy—London and provincial—were to write down their professional experience (and remembering the mighty stage-nothings, the "Daggerwood Papers" that are wont monthly to appear, we see no reason why they should not), they would hardly have for subject more miserable ranters, more empty, mouthing impotences than are to be found strutting and fretting at this moment in borrowed feathers in the city of Dublin. O'CONNELL himself has, it is true, a wide range of business: now acting *Pistol*, now *Cantwell*, now *Bombastes*, and now *King Arthur*. GRATTAN, O'BRIEN, and others, are limited to little more than the delivery of messages. We therefore hope that the Serjeant-at-arms will be spared a sea-sickness; that he will not be despatched to Ireland to give importance to the rant of mountebanks, and the tomfoolery of breeches-pocket patriots. A ship-full of Irish well-fed, well-conducted porkers, would be a far more valuable cargo than all the present brawlers of the Hall of Conciliation.

The Light of the Present Day.

WE understand that the trustees of the Kensington Road, in order to reduce the expense of lighting, are in treaty with HERR DOBLER for the purchase of the celebrated trick by which he was enabled to ignite one hundred candles at once by firing off a pistol. This arrangement would spare the superhuman labours of the "one man" who is engaged to light the lamps, and who, by beginning his round five hours before dark, is enabled to get through his task by an hour after daylight.

THE ROYAL PORTRAIT PAINTER'S FORLORN HOPE.

THE ONLY WAY LEFT TO PAINT F. M. PRINCE ALBERT.

TO THE BISHOPS.—WORTHY OF NOTICE.

THERE exists a melancholy periodical, called *The Monthly Advertising Sheet of the Clerical Registry*. We state the fact for the peculiar information of bishops, pluralists, and other "oily men" of the Church, who, we feel assured, are altogether ignorant of the circumstance. Otherwise, how would these men, "whose lives," as the grave LORD BROUGHAM lately avouched, "are as pure as their creed," feel distressed and scandalised at the advertisements in the said *Registry*, confronting the eyes of a too infidel world. In them right reverend prelates would see the cure of souls advertised for sale with no more reverence than cured bacon—on one hand, a "living" offered at the annual value of 1,850*l.*—and on the other, a starvation such as the subjoined :—

CURACY with Tuition offered near London. Tuition is required every day except Saturday in Greek and Latin, *for which board and lodging and* 10*l. per annum* will be given. *One hour's duty on a Sunday in a Lunatic Asylum* near the school, for which 20*l.* per annum will be given. Occasional duty would often be offered.

Board and lodging and 10*l.* per annum to a clergyman and scholar! Should the BISHOPS OF EXETER and LONDON see this, sure we are they would blush to the eyes to look at their footmen or butlers!

FATHER MATHEW'S DEBTS.

"My circumstances have become known to friends in England, and with their aid, and some partial help from Ireland, a sum over 7,000*l.* has been raised, and my debts are liquidated."

Who paid the good Father's debts?
I, said JOHN BULL;
And I'd do it again:
For I honour honest men;
So I paid his debts.

Who paid Big DAN?
I, says starving PADDY,
Though I 'm a poor laddy,
But I 'll do all I can
For that sootherin man,
Who discoorsis so gran'
Och DAN!

POOR CREATURE!

WE have often heard the Sister Isle called "Poor Old Ireland." Poor Ireland, it seems, is so very old, that she has now lost the use of her Members.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

THE poet BUNN, when he is not writing a libretto, is accustomed to let his rampant imagination run riot in his play-bills. There is a good deal of fancy in his allusions to certain alleged fits of enthusiasm into which audiences are said to have been thrown by the rhymes of the poet BUNN himself; but a day or two ago, there was a passage more deep and mysterious than usual. In telling the public that he had had a good house on Whit Monday, the poet frankly terms it "an extraordinary overflow;" but, what was still more extraordinary, even than the overflow at Drury Lane, was the announcement that "*in consequence* of the great attraction of the *Bohemian Girl* and *La Giselle*, they will be repeated for the *last time* this evening."

The great attraction of a performance is a strange reason for leaving it off, and indeed almost as strange as making its non-attraction a reason for keeping it on, as was the case, probably, with the *Daughter of St. Mark*, the last—no, alas! not the last—contribution of the poet BUNN to the national lyric drama.

ETONIAN ENGLISH.

EVEN *We* are not always, when we publish a joke, certain that our readers will laugh at it. We feel, however, no such uncertainty in calling their attention to the subjoined Advertisement. This truly funny composition was put forth lately by the learned authorities at Eton, for the recovery of a truant, who had run away in consequence of having been flogged; and if the individual who punished him, and the person who wrote it, are one and the same, we can only say that the executioner deserves the fate of the victim. Thus runs

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD.—Whereas, a Youth, aged 15, left Eton without permission yesterday morning, Wednesday, April 23, and is supposed to have gone in the direction of Windsor Great Park. He had on a blue jacket, dark blue waistcoat, with green-striped shepherds' plaid trousers, and turned-down shirt-collar. His complexion dark, small dark eyes, and very marked eyebrows, and a full dark head of hair, *parted on the forehead, with a slight stoop*; his linen marked "E. P. F."

So that, whereas the youth left Eton without permission, and was supposed to have gone in the direction of the Great Park, he was dressed in the blue jacket, and other things specified. The concluding sentence of the advertisement is a literary curiosity—a statement, without a verb in it. Could this piece of slip-slop have been written by the College butler? Hardly; it is too bad even for a footman. We are driven, therefore, to the conclusion, that an education too exclusively classical has incapacitated its author from writing English. Supposing the Latin of Eton to be on a par with its vernacular, we imagine that the writer of the above droll document might translate it somewhat in the manner following:—

QUINQUE LIBRÆ PRÆMIUM.—Quandoquidem juvenis, ætate quindecim, liquit Etonam sine permissione herè mane, Aprilis 23, et supponitur esse in directione Magni Vivarii de Windsor. Habuit super, cæruleum sagum, fuscam cæruleam vestem mediam corporalem, cum viridibus virgatis pastoris tartanibus braccis laxis, et verso deorsùm collare indusii: complexio ejus fusca, parvi fusci oculi, et valdè notata supercilia, et plenum fuscum caput crinis, divisum in fronte, cum levi inclinatione; linteum suum notatum "E. P. F."

We happen to have perused the statutes of Eton College, which are written in Latin, not dissimilar to the foregoing, and strikingly analogous to the English original; for which elegant extract we are indebted to the same seat of learning.

A HARD BARGAIN.

IT has been urged as an excuse for the Trafalgar Fountains, that they are at all events very durable. Our own opinion is, that they are altogether unendurable.

A SCAMPER

THROUGH THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE have taken a rapid rush through the rooms of the Royal Academy; and after having quitted the Exhibition, crowds of ladies and gentlemen seemed to dance through our brain in wild confusion; while ever and anon a landscape shot across our mental vision, and our senses were inundated by a sea-piece or a waterfall. The Exhibition for the present year displays on the part of the public a mania for seeing one's-self in oil almost as general as the ardour for seeing one's-self in print, which has prevailed at different periods. We cannot, however, dwell on any particular feature, or set of features, in the collection; but will proceed with our scamper as rapidly as possible.

No. 1. The very first picture in the catalogue is called *A Tournament*, and represents a scene very similar to those which are enacted in ASTLEY's Circle. The Knights are mounted on highly-trained chargers, and appear to be going through a surprising act of horsemanship. After the *Tournament*, we get six portraits in succession; and at No. 12 we are indulged with MR. ETTY's idea of *Aurora and Zephyr*. The picture is very prettily imagined; but we object to the notion of giving *Zephyr* the scarlet fever, so evident in his over-ruddy face; while the inflamed cheek of a little Cupid in the group is indicative of the boy being a severe sufferer from teething.

The next object that arrested us in our scamper was No. 66. *Portrait of Mrs. Thwaytes*, in which a lady is beautifully contrasted with some very new and gaudy furniture. The back-ground exhibits a pier-glass and console-table, of the very last fashion in upholstery; and there is a chair in the fore-ground which seems to have walked out of TROLLOPE's window in Parliament Street, in whose show-room the artist has apparently laid his scene.

No. 77 is called *Whalers*, by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., and embodies one of those singular effects which are only met with in lobster salads, and in this artist's pictures. Whether he calls his picture *Whalers*, or *Venice*, or *Morning*, or *Noon*, or *Night*, it is all the same; for it is quite as easy to fancy it one thing as another. We give opposite two subjects by this celebrated artist.

No. 93 is *A Study from Nature*, consisting of a bunch or two of grapes and a wine-glass. The student of nature may be allowed to study grapes; but a wine-glass would come rather under the head of art, and in a study from nature appears a little out of place, for the wine-glass is certainly not a natural product.

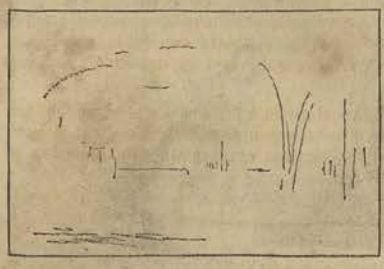
No. 131 is *The Heiress*, by C. R. LESLIE, R.A., who has succeeded admirably in the chairs and curtains, made a great hit with the lady's shawl, and picked out the buttons of the page *à merveille*.

No. 586 is a *Portrait of the Marchioness of Aylesbury* in a Spanish costume, or, in other words, the head of a lady peering out of a black satin hood, and balancing on her forehead a species of mushroom.

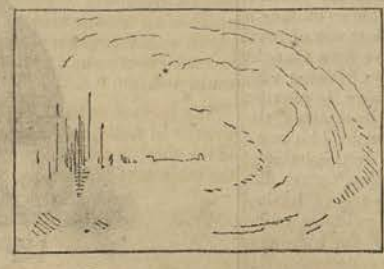
No. 605 is an attempt of HAYDON to idealise the old statue at King's Cross, by making it the principal figure in a picture called *Uriel and Satan*.

No. 651 is called *The Morning of Life*, and represents a party of sentimental Nobodies, both male and female, looking sheepishly up into each other's faces, and sprawling at each other's feet. There is a man in nankeens, and a light brown coat, who must have paid for the picture, or he would certainly not have had so large a share of the foreground assigned to him.

Having professed nothing more than a Scamper



VENICE BY GASLIGHT—GOING TO THE BALL.
MS. Fallacies of Hope. (*An unpublished Poem.*)—TURNER.



VENICE BY DAYLIGHT—RETURNING FROM THE BALL.
MS. Fallacies of Hope. (*An unpublished Poem.*)—TURNER.

through the Exhibition, we leave it for the present, but it is not unlikely that we may honour it with another visit.

A PORTRAIT. BY COUNT D'ORSAY.

MR. TWYFORD AND HIS FRIEND.

If we are to judge of a man by his friends, we hardly know what to think of Mr. Twyford, the magistrate at Bow Street. A man is brought before him charged with uttering a counterfeit sovereign, and Mr. Twyford recognises the prisoner as an old friend whose company he (the magistrate) is frequently in the habit of dining in. The adage about "birds of a feather" is partially but not libellously true in this instance, for while Twyford's friend utters counterfeit coin, Twyford himself is in the habit of uttering counterfeit justice. One would have imagined, to have read the commencement of the case, that the magistrate actually intended to do a bit of real justice, for he observed, with a considerable show of straightforwardness, that

"Although he was intimately acquainted with the defendant, and frequently in the habit of dining in his company, he would act towards him and treat the case as if the defendant belonged to the class of persons who were daily brought before him on such charges."

Spoken like an Aristides, Mr. Twyford! But let us see how this burst of eloquent equity was acted up to in the sequel. The defendant acknowledged to being in the habit of carrying about in his purse ten counterfeit coins, of which he admitted to have tendered one in payment for an article at the Anti-Corn-Law Bazaar. Mr. Twyford's friend avowed it to be his constant practice to carry at one end of his purse a quantity of imitation gold coin, a habit about as respectable as stuffing a purse with flash notes, to say the very best of it. The mere fact was of itself suspicious, and, coupled with the actual uttering, might have been thought somewhat strong evidence against any one not in the habit of dining with the magistrate. However, the accused's dinners interposed to prevent his getting his desert, for no one will deny that even if he uttered the coin by mistake, he deserved a little inconvenience to make him more cautious in future how he deals with the bad money he is in the habit of carrying about with him. "After considerable discussion," says the report, "Mr. Twyford said he would treat the charge as one of having tendered a counterfeit coin by mistake, and ordered the prisoner to be discharged." This decision was a dreadful drop down from the high tone of impartiality which the magistrate had assumed at the outset of the proceedings. However, everybody seemed to be infected with the amiability of Mr. Twyford, for even the complainant "offered his hand" to the magistrate's old friend, and "after some compliments were paid, the parties left the court;" thus giving quite a joyous and cosey termination to an affair that at first seemed to wear a most unpleasant aspect.

We recommend the accidental utterer and habitual carrier about of base coin to give a dinner on his discharge, at which the principal toast should be "Mr. Twyford and the Police Magistracy of Great Britain!" while the very touching air of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," would come very appropriately after it.

USE AND ABUSE OF THE "——."

The penny-a-liner is sometimes touched with strange tenderness towards the scoundrel of respectability, for assuredly there is such an animal, and a wicked pest he is. This "conscience and tender heart" was a day or two since strongly developed by the reporter of a case heard at the Mansion House. A young woman was charged before the unaccountable Gibbs with robbery:

"It appeared from the reluctant statement made by the young woman, that Captain P—— had been paying attention to her in Norwich, and had promised to marry her, but that, finding his intentions were not honourable, she had left the town and come to London to avoid his importunities; that the Captain followed her to town, and perceiving that she was determined to shun him, charged her with having robbed him of his trunk, just as she was getting into an omnibus."

Now, if Private Potts or Pringle had been guilty of such infamy, he would not have been treated with the tenderness of a "——." No; Potts or Pringle would have been written full, every letter taking its proper share of the iniquity. But then, "what in the Captain's but a choleric word," in the aforesaid private would have been very abominable indeed. The way in which the case was disposed of is no less edifying—no less encouraging to scoundrel captains, wherever they may be.

"The Captain *sent a certificate* to the Mansion House stating that *he had no intention to appear against the young woman, and the* Lord Mayor *discharged her.*"

And so, at the Captain's wish, the Lord Mayor thinks no more of the case than if it were part and parcel of the accounts of Walbrook! Either the Captain compromises a felony, and is abetted therein by a magistrate, or he has committed a gross rascality. In such case, why was his name suppressed? Why was it not gibbetted in the paper, that its owner might meet the contempt of every honest man—the scorn of every virtuous woman? But no; it would seem that the "——" was expressly invented for the rascal of respectability.

THE LEAGUE BAZAAR AND THE LADIES.

Considerable consternation was caused to the Council of the League in the course of last week, by the announcement that the ladies presiding at the stalls had struck, and positively refused to go on with the duties they had undertaken. On inquiry, the rumour turned out to be quite correct. The ladies had taken alarm at the awful aspect of some of the shilling visitors, and declared that they did not bargain to be stared out of countenance at the very low charge alluded to. The Committee consequently met, and a deputation was despatched to remonstrate with the fair insurgents, who, however, peremptorily refused to continue their task, unless the price of admission was raised sufficiently to ensure them against the gaze of the *ὁι πολλοι*.

The Council accordingly yielded, and the entrance money to the Bazaar was raised on Friday last to half-a-crown.

We regret however to say that several persons who might have afforded to act more liberally were present on the cheap days, and among the visitors on one of the cheap occasions we noticed

THE GREATEST M.P. OF THE DAY.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XVII.

CAUDLE IN THE COURSE OF THE DAY HAS VENTURED TO QUESTION THE ECONOMY OF "WASHING AT HOME."

OOH! A pretty temper you come to bed in, MR. CAUDLE, I can see! Oh, don't deny it—I think I ought to know by this time. But it's always the way! whenever I get up a few things, the house can hardly hold you! Nobody cries out more about clean linen than you do—and nobody leads a poor woman so miserable a life when she tries to make her husband comfortable. Yes, MR. CAUDLE—comfortable! You needn't keep chewing the word, as if you couldn't swallow it. *Was there ever such a woman?* No, CAUDLE; I hope not: I should hope no other wife was ever put upon as I am! It's all very well for you. I can't have a little wash at home like anybody else, but you must go about the house swearing to yourself, and looking at your wife as if she was your bitterest enemy. But I suppose you'd rather we didn't wash at all. Yes; then you'd be happy! To be sure you would—you'd like to have all the children in their dirt, like potatoes: anything, so that it didn't disturb you. I wish you'd had a wife who'd never washed—*she'd* have suited you, she would. Yes; a fine lady, who'd have let your children go that you might have scraped 'em. She'd have been much better cared for than I am. I only wish I could let all of you go without clean linen at all—yes, all of you. I wish I could! And if I wasn't a slave to my family, unlike anybody else, I should.

"No, MR. CAUDLE; the house isn't tossed about in water as if it was NOAH'S Ark! And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk of NOAH'S Ark in that loose manner. I'm sure I don't know what I've done to be married to a man of such principles. No: and the whole house *doesn't* taste of soap-suds either; and if it did, any other man but yourself would be above naming it. I suppose I don't like washing-day any more than yourself. What do you say? *Yes; I do?* Ha! you're wrong there, MR. CAUDLE. No; I don't like it because it makes everybody else uncomfortable. No; and I ought not to have been born a mermaid, that I might always have been in water. A mermaid, indeed! What next will you call me? But no man, MR. CAUDLE, says such things to his wife as you. However, as I've said before, it can't last long, that's one comfort. What do you say? *You're glad of it?* You're a brute, MR. CAUDLE! No, you *didn't* mean washing: I know what you meant. A pretty speech to a woman who's been the wife to you I have! You'll repent it when it's too late: yes, I wouldn't have your feelings when I'm gone, CAUDLE; no, not for the Bank of England.

"And when we only wash once a fortnight! Ha! I only wish you had some wives: they'd wash once a week! Besides, if once a fortnight's too much for you, why don't you give me money that we may have things to go a month? Is it *my* fault, if we're short? What do you say? *My 'once a fortnight' lasts three days?* No, it doesn't; never; well, very seldom, and that's the same thing. Can I help it, if the blacks will fly, and the things must be rinsed again? No; I'm *not* made happy by the blacks, and they *don't* prolong my enjoyment; and, more than that, you're an unfeeling man to say so. You're enough to make a woman wish herself in her grave—you are, CAUDLE.

"And a pretty example you set to your sons! Because we'd a little wash to-day, and there wasn't a hot dinner—and who thinks of getting anything hot for washerwomen?—because you hadn't every thing as you always have it, you must swear at the cold mutton—and you don't know what that mutton cost a pound, I dare say—you must swear at a sweet, wholesome joint like a lord. What? *You didn't swear?* Yes; it's very well for you to say so; but I know when you're swearing; and you swear when you little think it; and I say you must go on swearing as you did, and seize your hat like a savage, and rush out of the house, and go and take your dinner at a tavern! A pretty wife people must think you have, when they find you dining at a public-house. A nice home they must think you have, MR. CAUDLE! What! *You'll do so every time I wash?* Very well, MR. CAUDLE—very well. We'll soon see who's tired of that, first; for I'll wash a stocking a day if that's all, sooner than you should have everything as you like. Ha! that's so like you: you'd trample everybody under foot, if you could—you know you would, CAUDLE, so don't deny it.

"Now, if you begin to shout in that manner, I'll leave the bed. It's very hard that I can't say a single word to you, but you must almost raise the place. *You didn't shout?* I don't know what you call shouting, then! I'm sure the people must hear you in the next house. No—it won't do to call me soft names, now, CAUDLE: I'm not the fool that I was when I was first married—I know better now. You're to treat me in the manner you have, all day; and then at night, the only time and place when I can get a word in, you want to go to sleep. How can you be so mean, CAUDLE?

"What! *Why can't I put the washing out?* Now, you have asked that a thousand times, but it's no use, CAUDLE; so don't ask it again. I won't put it out. What do you say? *Mrs. Prettyman says it's quite as cheap?* Pray, what's MRS. PRETTYMAN to me? I should think, MR. CAUDLE, that I know very well how to take care of my family, without MRS. PRETTYMAN'S advice. MRS. PRETTYMAN, indeed! I only wish she'd come here, that I might tell her so! MRS. PRETTYMAN! But, perhaps she'd better come and take care of your house for you! Oh, yes! I've no doubt she'd do it much better than I do—*much*. No, CAUDLE! *I won't hold my tongue.* I think I ought to be mistress of my own washing by this time—and after the wife I've been to you, it's cruel of you to go on as you do.

"Don't tell me about putting the washing out. I say it isn't so cheap—I don't care whether you wash by the dozen or not—it isn't so cheap; I've reduced everything, and I save at least a shilling a week. What do you say? *A trumpery shilling?* Ha! I only hope to goodness you'll not come to want, talking of shillings in the way you do. Now don't begin about your comfort: don't go on aggravating me, and asking me if your comfort's not worth a shilling a week? That's nothing at all to do with it—nothing: but that's your way—when I talk of one thing, you talk of another; that's so like you men, and you know it. Allow me to tell you, MR. CAUDLE, that a shilling a week is two pound twelve a year, and take two pound twelve a year for, let us say, thirty years, and—well, you needn't groan, MR. CAUDLE—I don't suppose it will be so long; oh, no! you'll have somebody else to look after your washing long before that—and if it was n't for my dear children's sake I shouldn't care how soon. You know my mind—and so, good night, MR. CAUDLE."

"Thankful for her silence," writes CAUDLE, "I was fast dropping to sleep; when, nudging my elbow, my wife observed—'Mind, there's the cold mutton to-morrow—nothing hot till that's gone. Remember, too, as it was a short wash to-day, we wash again on Wednesday.'"

The First Day of Term.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR did not give a breakfast to the judges; but MR. BRIEFLESS gave a *matinée cigaresque* to some judges of the Havannahs. MR. BRIEFLESS went very deeply into a case of CHEROOT *ex parte* FRIBERG. He subsequently did business in the Rolls, and discussed some DOUGH on the demise of HARD ROE *re* BLOATER.

The judges of the Havannah, after sitting for some time, announced their intention of taking nothing after three o'clock, unless it was something short, when MR. BRIEFLESS opened a case of COGNAC *versus* FISH, and appealed to the Digest in support of his argument. The judges delivered their opinions *seriatim*, as follows:—

FIRST JUDGE: This may be against the strict letter, but it is not against the spirit. I am of opinion that the judgment must be in favour of COGNAC.

SECOND JUDGE: There would have been gross *laches* if COGNAC had not appeared. It would have amounted to contempt, if I am not greatly mistaken. But COGNAC has come in, and COGNAC'S rule must be absolute.

THIRD JUDGE: I cannot go so far as to say COGNAC'S rule must be absolute; but I agree in opinion with the other judges.

FOURTH JUDGE: If this case savoured of duplicity, I should give my judgment against COGNAC; but as counsel has come before us with a proper spirit, I should be unwilling to dissent from my colleagues.

A SUPERFLUOUS WISH.

AT a recent public dinner, where the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was—of course—in the chair, VISCOUNT RANELAGH proposed the Duke's health, and concluded by wishing "Long ears to his Royal Highness."

PUNCH'S LOUNGE AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE last week we took a scamper through the Exhibition, but we have since indulged in a lounge, of which we shall proceed to give the public the benefit.

No 16 is *The Parting of Sir Thomas More from his daughter, Margaret Roper*, a picture by S. A. HART, the principal feature in which is SIR THOMAS MORE'S very long nose, though the whole of the sentiment of the subject is thrown into a snivelling old beef-eater, who appears to be struggling with his emotions, and wiping his nose on the tassel of his halberd.

We turned with considerable interest to No. 33 for *A Portrait of Lady Sale*, with whom we had become familiar at ASTLEY'S; and we found a picture quite worthy of the Amphitheatre for dramatic effect and depth of colouring. In the back-ground is a supernumerary habited like a Turk just turned out from NATHAN'S masquerade warehouse, holding in his hand his kabob; while a Kan of the veritable AKHBAR—the Eastern substitute for lemonade—stands upon the table.

Never having heard of LORD DUNKELLIN, we should not have taken much notice of No. 35, had not the name been written legibly on the frame as well as inserted in the catalogue. His lordship seems to have a predilection for intensely blue neckcloths, which certainly throw up the shirt-collar into very high relief; but otherwise there is nothing remarkable or characteristic in the picture.

No. 49 is a promising picture by ANTHONY, called *Thinking of the Future*, which seems to indicate that the artist's future will be worth thinking of.

Whalers, by TURNER (No. 50), would have been better for a motto from SHAKSPEARE. "Very like a whale" should have been written under the title in the catalogue.

MR. PIDDING has produced some very fine mackerel in No. 63, but we have had so many of these things *au naturel* in the various exhibitions, that we should be glad to see them *à la maître d'hôtel* on a future occasion. If TURNER would try his hand at this sort of thing, he might smother them in parsley and butter with prodigious effect, if we may judge by what he has already done in that direction.

The principal object in the exhibition which stares every one in the face is an enormous horse, with a neck as long as a camel's, and a twinkle

in his eye, as if he was saying to the public, "Well, here I am! What do you think of me?" At the horse's side is our old friend *The Marquis of Londonderry*, covered with almost as many orders as may be seen on the desk of the poet BUNN on the first night of a new opera. The Marquis has, with considerable prudence, placed his breast-plate on the ground, for if he had put it on over his orders, it must have smashed them all to atoms.

No. 87 represents *Peter the Great teaching his subjects the art of Shipbuilding*. His system seems to be something between SQUEERS'S and the HAMILTONIAN, for he is simply poking the end of his walking-stick on to a blank sheet of paper. His scholars must have been apt indeed, if they acquired a knowledge of ship-building from lessons so vague and unsatisfactory. Passing over a quantity of portraits—including one of *A Gentleman* which makes us involuntarily exclaim, "No! You don't say so!" when we read the description in the catalogue—we come to

No. 126, *Undercliff, near Ventnor in the Isle of Wight*, by COLLINS. As the artist has R. A. at the end of his name, we must conclude that the picture is quite correct, and we therefore must conclude that the horizontal line is not quite so horizontal as people are in the habit of thinking it. We experienced some difficulty in finding where the sky leaves off, and the sea begins. In the picture they appear all one—and we have no doubt that they are so in nature, or W. COLLINS, R.A., would have contrived to keep them separate.

The next picture in the catalogue is *The Shepherd's Prayer*, by E. LANDSEER; a very beautiful collection of sheep, though a connoisseur near us objected to their being "rather woolly." This, however, appeared to us sheer hypercriticism.

LESLIE, a Royal Academician, has contributed *A Scene from Molière*, which would have been passable enough but for the rheumatic affection he has thrown into all the arms and necks, which are as stiff as though the east wind had got hold of them. The hair, too, of some of the ladies is dreadfully "ropy"—if we may be allowed to use a term which is common to this kind of criticism.

No. 150 is called *Still Life*, by CHARLES LANDSEER, and consists of a pork pie supported by a jug for hot water and a mustard-pot. The mustard-pot is terribly out of proportion with the pie, and there must be mustard enough to serve for a hundred such pies as the one alluded to. We presume the hot-water jug is a portrait, and indeed the mustard-pot looks like an old family favourite, which is the only excuse for CHARLES LANDSEER having committed that and himself on this occasion to canvass.

No. 163 is a beautiful little bit of mystery by WARD, R. A. On looking to the catalogue for the title of the picture, we find *What is it?* Echo—the usual respondent on these occasions, significantly answers, What?

We had almost forgotten MR. J. M. W. TURNER, R. A., and his celebrated MS. poem, the *Fallacies of Hope*, to which he constantly refers us as "in former years," but on this occasion he has obliged us by simply mentioning the title of the poem, without troubling us with an extract. We will, however, supply a motto to his *Morning—returning from the Ball*, which really seems to need a little explanation; and as he is too modest to quote the *Fallacies of Hope*, we will quote it for him:—

> "Oh! what a scene!—Can this be Venice? No.
> And yet methinks it is—because I see
> Amid the lumps of yellow, red, and blue,
> Something which looks like a Venetian spire.
> That dash of orange in the back-ground there
> Bespeaks 'tis Morning! And that little boat
> (Almost the colour of Tomata sauce,)
> Proclaims them now returning from the ball!
> This in my picture, I would fain convey,
> I hope I do. Alas! *what* FALLACY!"

The arrangement of Nos. 171 and 172, bespeaks a genial spirit of waggery in the hanging committee, for they have placed a very spoony young gentleman playing on a guitar immediately over a picture with the words, *What a beauty!* on the top of its frame. So that the exclamation, *What a beauty!* appears to belong to the spoony young gentleman. We trust that it is not a portrait—for if it happens to be one, it must be hurtful to the feelings of the spoony young gentleman and his family. By the way, talking of portraits, the present exhibition swarms with them, and we caught several ladies and gentlemen blocking up the thoroughfare by standing wrapped in admiration before their own effigies. Next year we hope all the portraits will be put together in a single room, so that the parties interested may know where to find them.

The R.A.'s of course claim our especial attention, and we therefore notice MR. A. COOPER'S *19th of June, 1815—A Scene in Belgium*. The scene consists in an old soldier—already sentimentally drunk—taking a glass of something short from the hands of a female. Whereabouts in Belgium this scene occurred we are not told, and as it did not powerfully interest us, we shall not dive very deeply into the Belgic annals to inquire.

It is to be regretted that MR. HOWARD, R.A., is not prohibited the use of paint-brushes. It is painful to see such things emanating from the Professor of Painting as the *Sketch from Southey's Thalaba*. The motto, "Away! away! away!" is the only good point connected with the picture. The words come naturally to the lips of all who look at it.

EASTLAKE has done (No. 222) a very highly-finished thing from MILTON'S *Comus*, of which we are told to "see the concluding lines." If artists generally were in the habit of telling us to "see" this and that from such and such authors, we could not go over the exhibition without a portable library of reference. Nevertheless, EASTLAKE'S picture is worth "seeing," without the concluding lines of *Comus*; though we regret that he will make all his angels on the model of those penny wax dolls, which are to be met with in the windows of the cheap toy-shops.

The next picture, No. 223, is *A Portrait of Richard Hotham Pigeon, Esquire, Treasurer of Christ's Hospital*. PIGEON is taken in full feather. His hat is laid in a most *dégagée* manner on a chair, in such a position as to show the lining, which is evidently new for the occasion. A pair of

new gloves are thrown artistically near it; but the gloves are a little too new, for it is clear that PIGEON has never even tried them on, the fingers being as stiff and formal as if they had just emerged from the drawer of the hosier. It must have taken at least half-an-hour to "set" PIGEON—as the theatrical phrase is—when he went to give the artist a sitting. There was the hat to balance neatly on the brim, the gloves to lay out on the chair, and the account-book of Christ's Hospital to hold in a picturesque attitude, the dust to wipe off the boots—which are brilliantly thrown in—and the hair to comb off the forehead, before PIGEON and his properties were all grouped for the artist's purpose. As it is painted, by the desire of the Governors, to be placed in the hall of that Institution, we presume the accessories are according to order, and we must not criticise either the artist or the sitter for including them.

No. 206 brings us to *Professor Owen*, of the College of Surgeons, his connection with that institution being indicated by an enormous bone—apparently that of a Mastodon—in his hand, towering high above his head, and throwing him into insignificance by its gigantic altitude. This is the only bone we have to pick with the artist, MR. H. W. PICKERSGILL, R. A., for the picture is in other respects a happy one.

PORTRAIT OF A PROFESSOR WITH AN ENORMOUS BONE.

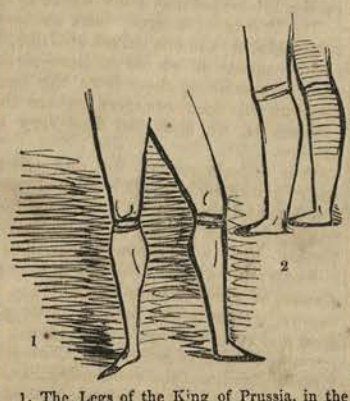
We have complained, in common with almost every one else, of being bored by the abundance of portraits. If they were all like *Miss Singleton* (No. 228), a pretty and very intelligent face, very well painted by F. GRANT, A., we might learn to put up with them.

The picture of the Exhibition is, perhaps, DANBY'S *Wood-Nymph's Hymn to the Rising Sun* (No. 272). He must have frequently "Not been home till morning," to have caught with such exquisite truth the rays that tinge alike the mountain and the chimney-pot, the leafy branch and the rusty weathercock. But Nature is alike bountiful to all, and the same sun that shines on Mont Blanc, smiles upon Mount Pleasant. But away with idle pathos! let us have a squint at No. 366, *The Jews lamenting over the ruins of Jerusalem*, by MR. CLAXTON. The worst of this picture is that there is only one Jew among the whole lot. The picture might as well be called *Old Clothesmen lamenting over the Taking Down of Monmouth Street.*

Viscount Sandon, M.P. (No. 389), looks bilious. His Lordship is, we believe, among the regularly advertised patrons of COCKLE'S Pills, but the portrait says little for the efficacy of the medicine.

No. 471 is an ambitious effort by LANCE to do something historical. When this clever artist confines himself to "apples, oranges, nuts and pears, ginger beer or bottled porter," he is quite at home. He may draw fruit, bottles and corks; but he must not attempt to draw incidents in the life of the *Maréchal duc de Biron.*

No. 789 is *A Portrait of Lord Ernest Bruce, M.P., Vice-Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household.* The artist, E. D. SMITH, has handled the legs rather oddly, by making them resemble a pair of compasses. We know that court-breeches are very trying to the legs; but we think MR. E. D. SMITH might have slightly flattered the calves of the Vice-Chamberlain of HER MAJESTY'S household.



1. The Legs of the King of Prussia, in the Christening picture by Sir J. Newton.

2. The Legs of Lord Ernest Bruce—Miniature Room.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte (No. 489), by F. STONE, has really made us very ill, for MR. F. STONE has favoured us here with a new edition of *The Heart's Misgivings*, except that he has put the standing figure into male attire, and the sitting figure into petticoats; thus reversing the sexes of the parties, but leaving the situation and the sentiment precisely the same as in the former work. The title, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, may be very aptly translated, "It is only the first step (made by MR. F. STONE) that has any value."

Among the sculpture we have little to notice, but an ungainly figure of HER MAJESTY, for the Royal Exchange. It would have made a good pair with the King's Cross statue of GEORGE THE FOURTH, and looks like an opposition to QUEEN ANNE, in St. Paul's Churchyard. The face has the intelligence of the QUEEN'S, but the figure is literally monstrous. Not far from HER MAJESTY is a model of a bust of MR. GEORGE HAINES—the auctioneer—of Kensington; so that the public may have an opportunity of going at once from the sublime to the ridiculous. The Kensington Auctioneer is put on the top shelf in the sculpture-room, probably to prevent his being knocked down as a very odd lot at the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

We have now come to the conclusion of our notice, and also to the conclusion that the Exhibition is below the average of former years, which is saying a great deal, or rather saying very little in its favour.

PUNCH ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

MAKE me Prime Minister.

Allow me to sign myself,

Your real friend,

April 1st to 23rd. PUNCH.

P.S. I have been twenty-three days writing the above. During that solemn period I have read and re-read it fifty times to myself and to every one who came near me, as I was determined nothing mischievous should escape from my pen—nothing which might injure the great cause I have dearest to my heart. I find this postscript has run to very much greater length than I think advisable; but greater condensation, (however much it would to me improve it), I found impossible.

April 23rd to May 20th.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

AT a meeting of landowners and tenant farmers, recently held at Stafford, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for protection to agriculture, the following conversation took place between a farmer and LORD INGESTRE.

"HE (LORD INGESTRE) agreed with the seconder of the resolution, that if rents were entirely abolished, he did not think they would materially benefit the tenant.

"*A Farmer.* Try it, my Lord.

"*Viscount Ingestre.* Perhaps you would wish the landlords to be entirely without money; if so, what are we to do?

"*A Farmer.* Same as we do, my Lord,—make shift. (*Loud laughter*)."

Of course there was loud laughter. Ha! ha! Who ever heard so ridiculous a speech as this farmer's? The idea of a nobleman making shift! The man will be the death of us. Ho! ho! We cannot help laughing at such an absurd notion, even on paper. How would MR. HODGES, or JOSKINS, or whatever the farmer's name is, have a nobleman make shift? Perhaps he would wish him to alter his family livery, put his servants into some common dress, and go without hair-powder. To economise, like a person of limited means, in wax-lights, and even to study when and where he might burn composition instead. Actually to regard expense in giving a dinner-party or a *soirée*. Positively to consider the price of furniture. Absolutely to stint his Lady in jewellery. Possibly this bumpkin would expect him to reduce his stud, or put down one or more of his carriages. Nay—for plebeian audacity has no limits—we should not wonder if he dares to think, as something not altogether out of the question, that a nobleman might give up his box at the Opera! What then would become of the splendour of our country—as exhibited in Rotten Row? What of Music and the *Ballet*—for how could our exotic *artistes* sing or dance in case of a reduction of their scanty salaries? Make shifts indeed! As if our nobility were like distressed needlewomen.

Let us contrast this rustic's senseless speech with the self-evident wisdom of LORD INGESTRE'S:—"If rents were entirely abolished, I do not think they would materially benefit the tenant." Of course not. What advantage would it be to the tenant to put the few trifling thousands which he pays his landlord into his own pocket?

The Season at Sea.

CAPTAIN TUNE, of the City of Boulogne Steam Packet, has been giving a series of *dîners dansans* during the week in the British Channel. The company has been select, but the scene has been on each occasion very animated. ÆOLUS has been in attendance with his band of wind instruments, playing a series of well-known airs, while the dancing, including the *pas des assiettes*, the Decanter Galop, and the Cruet Cracovienne, has been kept up incessantly.

THE POLITICAL "PAS D'EXTASE!"

THE Premier has lately created a considerable sensation in a grand *pas*—which some appear to regard as a *faux-pas*—the object of which has been the fascination of O'CONNELL. The Irish Agitator has, it must be confessed, led him a very pretty dance; but PEEL has been determined to gain his point, and has *chassez*-ed from side to side with his usual adroitness.

O'CONNELL at first bounded away, and shunned the advances of PEEL; but as the latter changed his steps, the former was unable to retreat, and has at last fallen, completely subdued, into the hands of the Premier. The idea of the dance is similar to that of the *Pas d' Extase* between PERROT and LUCILLE GRAHN; but it will be known more familiarly as the Grand Maynooth Caper, in which PEEL has cut one of the prettiest and most original figures that ever were exhibited.

ILLUSTRIOUS FISHMONGERS.

LORD BROUGHAM got awfully eloquent at the dinner given to PRINCE ALBERT by the Fishmongers' Company, and passed such a panegyric on fishmongers, as must have gladdened the heart of GROVES, and elevated LYNN, of Fleet Street, to a height in his own opinion that he otherwise never would have dreamed of. According to BROUGHAM, the greatest glory a man can aspire to is keeping an oyster-shop, for his Lordship declared that statesmen, warriors, and even princes had reason to be proud of being Fishmongers. We should suggest a new order as a sort of companion to the Golden Fleece, to be called the Silver Mackerel.

Fashions for the Opera.

PRESUMING the costume in the operas and ballets performed at Her Majesty's Theatre to be correct, we are justified in giving the following as some of the latest fashions:—

Morning Dress for Village Maidens.—Corsage of white satin, with short sleeves, and very much off the shoulders. Petticoat of starched muslin, under a skirt of very stiff *tulle* made to terminate at the knee or immediately below it. Diamond rings on the fingers, and brooch *en suite*. Head-dress of artificial flowers; or a very little straw hat, fastened with pins on to the right ear, is occasionally substituted.

Walking Dress for Male Peasants.—Jacket of blue satin, with sleeves slashed with yellow, over a low-necked shirt. Breeches of white kerseymere, fastened at the knee with pink sarsnet ribbons. White satin shoes, with sandals of a bright colour. Black wig, with hair rather long at the back, hanging over the shoulders.

Working Dress for Fishermen.—White satin breeches, and Spanish jacket of the same material in a fancy colour. Castanets and black satin slippers. The nets for fishing may be trimmed with sarsnet ribbons, or bound round with sky-blue velvet.

Travelling Dress for Noblemen.—Red velvet short cloak, trimmed with gold; light satin richly embroidered and faced with stars in paste or tinfoil. Satin trunks and flesh-coloured leggings. Walking pumps of white satin, with *rosettes* of ribbon.

The upholstery on the opera stage is also worthy of observation. There is nothing new in chairs; but the old one-and-ninepenny japanned with rush bottoms are still much in vogue for Spanish *salons* and Italian palaces.

"Oh! The Merry Merry Month of May!!!"

THE PAS D'EXTASE; OR, MINISTERIAL FASCINATION.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

TERRIFIC is the effort required to take the plunge which we promised last week; but "Come what come may, time and the hour run through the" vilest twaddle; so once—twice—thrice, and away we go into BUNN's poetry.

CHORUS.

"By the glimmering stars,
So pure and pale,
A gentle wind
Yet swells our sail."

Here the poet BUNN evidently uses the glimmering stars as he would the "immortal gingo" or the "holy poker." The stanza might as well commence:—

"By the holy poker,
So pure and pale!"

Let us see, however, how the poet proceeds:—

"Sons of the sea,
The horizon's mark
Is the constant guide
To our gallant bark."

These sons of the sea must have been as green as their native element; for, if they made the horizon's mark their constant guide, we defy any one on earth to say what the ship could have been driving at.

We next come to a solo, which is omitted in the representation, but is too good to be left out of the book, and is, therefore, printed between inverted commas, so that the public may lose none of the poet BUNN's poetry. Let the reader have the benefit of it:—

"However bright
The sea to-night,
Its treacherous wave
Engulfs the brave.
Fathomless deep,
Where myriads sleep."

The wave seems to be a good deal like BUNN's poetry—"Fathomless deep where myriads would sleep," if myriads happened to meet with it.

The gentlemen who are singing this chorus are a set of sentimental pirates who have lost their chief, who has left a daughter who is quite a child; and they are all swearing to be revenged if their chief dies, when they suddenly turn religious and begin a prayer, in which the poet BUNN seems to have caught the calm dignity of STERNHOLD, with a little of the humble humdrum of HOPKINS:—

"See where the golden sun
Spans the horizon's girth."

This gives us a picture of the sun in the act of measuring the horizon for a belly-band. It is a fanciful notion truly, and is a favourable specimen

SENTIMENTAL PIRATES.

of the poet BUNN's imaginative powers. A very sentimental pirate, who may be labelled "extra superfine" in his feelings, and who is called RAMIR, sings the following

SOLO.

"To pillage and to death
These Portuguese we 'll give;
And bathe in blood the land
Where TELLES ceased to live!"

This is fine, but familiar. It has a terrible earnestness towards "*these* Portuguese," reminding us, however, of the celebrated "Oh, *dat* ROSE!" in the ditty on the subject of the coal-black individual alluded to.

The remarks already made refer only to what the poet terms the prologue; and we now come to the opera.

Act I. After a *religious* chant comes an (*animated*) chorus, in which we are told that

"Blest is the hermit in whose cell
All that are good and pious dwell."

We need hardly tell the poet BUNN, that this is against the new Building Act, which does not allow so many to reside in one room; and though the "good" may be very scarce in BUNN's *libretto*, the hermit's cell could not afford accommodation to "all the pious," consistently, at least, with the health and comfort of the inmates.

The next piece of poetry is a ballad describing the whereabout of the *Enchantress*. We are told

"She's seen on the loftiest mountain's brow,
In caves of the hollow rock,
Which mortal footsteps do never plough,
And mortal approach which mock."

The Poet BUNN here fancies somebody wanting to plough a hollow rock, and, having tried to plough it with his foot, failing in the experiment. The idea of the rock mocking mortal approach, gives us the notion of a mountain—say Ben-Lomond—"taking a sight" at a traveller who is trying to come over him. This is the only conception we can form of "a rock which mortal approach doth mock," as the Poet BUNN vigorously hath it. Presently, *Don Sylvio* enters, who has seen and fallen in love with the *Enchantress*. He sings an air, commencing—

"As borne on my unruly steed,"

proving that he was in the habit of riding a brute almost as unmanageable as that very awkward animal, the Poet BUNN's Pegasus. The *Sorceress* has saved *Sylvio's* life; but the peasants disregard his appeal in her behalf, and exclaim—

"Follow, follow, heed not him,
Find out the Sorceress—*scatter each limb*,"—

a bit of terrible revenge, which must have occurred to the Poet BUNN after a fit of—indigestion. The *Sorceress* appears in the shape of MADAME THILLON, when the Poet BUNN bursts into the following sublime brace of couplets:—

"Oh, what a fearful sight,
It doth the soul affright,
That one whom guilt so dyes
Should have such lovely eyes."

We were not aware that guilt was a dyer, nor does MADAME THILLON, when she comes on, give any proof of having been recently subjected to the dyeing process. The simple line—

"Should have *such* lovely eyes"

is a masterpiece of homely humbug, and common-place compliment. But we cannot proceed at this rate through the whole of the opera, nor can we go more quickly forward, for in every page the Poet BUNN has favoured us with something to provoke criticism or comment.

We must leave the *Enchantress* at least for the present, but before we do so—as we have given a specimen of the poetry—it would be only fair to give a sample of the dialogue, and for this purpose we will take a speech, on which the poet BUNN must have bestowed unusual pains, for it will be found to contain the only one joke in the opera. If unity is strength, the *Enchantress* is singularly strong in its one joke.

The QUEEN has lately given permission for the Literary Fund to add the Crown to its arms; and we have no doubt HER MAJESTY will follow out the principle thus laid down by allowing the poet BUNN to place the royal arms entire over the one joke in his opera. We therefore, in anticipation of the royal permission, print the ONE JOKE in the *Enchantress*, with what we consider its due honours.

"*Mat.* (*in despair.*) Two hours! why we shall be hung three times a piece, long before that; and that would be the *height* of inconvenience."

N.B. The reader will be good enough to remark that the word *height* is the word on which the joke is made, by an implied allusion to the scaffold, which is usual in cases of hanging, and which is elevated on ordinary occasions above the multitude. To prevent mistakes, however, the poet BUNN has considerately caused the word *height* to be italicised.

We feel that we have not done half justice to the poetry of the *Enchantress*, but we should fill an entire number of *Punch*—which, with all our appreciation of the subject, is really more than the *Enchantress* is worth—if we were to proceed any further at present.

BROUGHAM AND THE QUEEN'S BALL.

THE dances at the QUEEN'S *Bal Costumé* are to partake of the character of the dresses, and several of the nobility are practising the steps proper to the period. LORD BROUGHAM is, we understand, determined to come out particularly strong on the occasion, and is trying his hand—or rather his feet—at the *Menuet de la Cour*, which is expected to be the favourite dance at the ball given by HER MAJESTY. The only difficulty his Lordship has experienced is in finding a lady who will consent to become a partner in his grand Terpsichorean effort. The influence of the ex-Chancellor with the fair sex is, however, known to be very considerable, and he has prevailed upon a middle-aged female scion of a middle-aged baronial house, to practise in middle-aged costume the stately steps of the *Menuet*. Whether the parties will get sufficiently perfect to allow the matter to come off remains to be proved. The last report is, that his Lordship's legs are getting on amazingly.

A Voice from the Ventilator.

WITH wet feet, on a committee,
To our seats tied hard and fast,
We sit half-starved, and to our call
Comes DR. REID at last:
Comes DR. REID at last, my boys,
And turns the valves so free;
Away the cold air flies, and leaves
The room at eighty-three.

"Oh, for a cool and gentle wind!"
I heard a member cry;
"But give it to me hot and hot,"
Another did reply:
Another did reply, my boys;
So DR. REID made free
To give it to us half-and-half,
And wretched men were we!

The Speaker sits at freezing point,
At fever heat the crowd;
In the reporters' gallery
They all complain aloud:
They all complain aloud, my boys,
Of REID, in language free;
And say, not even PEEL can blow
So hot and cold as he!

TO ALDERMEN, CITY GENTLEMEN, &c.

TO BE DISPOSED OF—A Fine, Strong, Healthy Appetite. The sole object of the owner parting with this invaluable treasure is, because he has no further use for it, as he is going directly into a Union Workhouse.—Apply to K.C.B., any day during the hours of dinner, where the appetite can be seen in full operation, on the payment of the expenses, at the British and Foreign Destitute, George Street, Hanover Square.

FOUR CHAPTERS ON NERVOUS AND MENTAL COMPLAINTS.

PREFACE.

AN individual calling himself, by advertisement, a clergyman of Cambridge University, and professing to practise medicine "from benevolence rather than gain,"—the Reverend scholar by "gain," meaning, we apprehend, the desire of gain—has written a book with the above title. We never read this book, and do not know what it is like; but we know how we should write such a volume were *Punch* a reverend practitioner; only, we must confess, we should do it for gain rather than from benevolence. Something like the following would be

THE BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT a boon it would be to humanity were there a remedy for Nervous and Mental Complaints! The value of this boon is incalculable, but some idea of it may be gathered by inquiry of the *Rev. Dr. Punch*.—Fee One Guinea.

CHAPTER II.

As the fall of an apple revealed gravitation to NEWTON, so did a train of circumstances reveal this discovery to its author. Those circumstances shall be mentioned in the next chapter, but will be more fully gone into to anybody who will call on the *Rev. Dr. Punch*.—Fee One Guinea.

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Punch, a clergyman of Cambridge University, having been twenty years afflicted with a Nervous or Mental Complaint, discovered a method of curing himself; and now offers, from benevolence rather than gain, to cure others by means, which will be communicated to any sufferer who will come to the *Rev. Dr. Punch*.—Fee One Guinea.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS discovery cures insanity, as certainly as water quenches thirst; as will be proved to the satisfaction of any madman who will have recourse to the *Rev. Dr. Punch*.—Fee One Guinea.

THE PEERS MAKING FUN OF POOR HENRY!

LORD BROUGHAM, the other night, in the House of Lords, presented a petition from some people in Newfoundland,—absolutely in few words, and with little fuss. Nay, after a short conversation on the subject, he agreed to let it rest for the present. At this every Peer in the House mentally thanked goodness, and LORD STANLEY might have refrained from thanking aloud. But he jumped up and said that he (LORD STANLEY)—

"Did not wish his noble and learned friend to make another speech. (*A laugh.*)"

Rude LORD STANLEY! Do you not know, my Lord, that great Ministers, as well as little boys, should sometimes keep their thoughts to themselves? Unstatesmanlike LORD STANLEY! how could you be so sincere? Naughty Peers, to laugh when you ought to have cried "Order!" You should always say "Order!" and not laugh, when you hear a blunt truth; that is what is parliamentary and proper.

LORD BROUGHAM might, perhaps, have remained quiet, if he had been let alone. But see, now, how one word brings on another!

"LORD BROUGHAM said his noble and learned friend's pleasantry was exceedingly premature. (*A laugh.*)"

No, no; it was not pleasantry. LORD STANLEY meant what he said. It was premature perhaps: if we should not cry out till we are hurt, neither should we exclaim till we are bored. But there was another laugh—at LORD BROUGHAM'S remark. How wrong to laugh at anybody for what he cannot help! Poor LORD BROUGHAM cannot help being funny; though certainly it was very funny to hear him call LORD STANLEY his noble and *learned* friend, because it must have seemed as if he had been alluding to LORD CAMPBELL.

He proceeded to observe that—

"He had never known pleasantry that had less foundation in fact."

Of course; because we all know that what was meant was that LORD BROUGHAM was likely to be prosy. Now, we are sure that his Lordship's language is not prose—nor yet poetry.

He continued—

"Though it was not often in the nature of pleasantry to be founded in fact."

Certainly; thus we have heard it said by way of pleasantry that LORD BROUGHAM could talk a dog's hind leg off, which is physically impossible.

"Indeed," pursued the noble Lord, "it was often more entertaining and enlivening by being contrary to the fact. (*Laughter.*) The pleasantry in this case was not at all enlivening or entertaining. There was no fact and not much joke. (*Renewed laughter.*)"

Poor HENRY LORD BROUGHAM! Did they say they didn't want to hear him speak? Did they laugh when he lost his temper, then? Did they go and leave him one night to speak ever so long with only three of their Lordships to listen to him? Shame! We would go away and have nothing more to say to them, if we were HENRY.

War Declared at Portsmouth.

THE peace of Europe, we find from a placard now before us, has been thrown into jeopardy by the impetuous people of Portsmouth. This rash and hot-headed race of men have sounded the belligerent alarum, tugged, by the hand of their town clerk, at the tocsin of war, and bellowed, through the voice of their Mayor, defiance to the foreigner. The Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth has put the place in a state of semi-siege, while the Mayor, seconding his bellicose views, has warned the inhabitants, and the town clerk, bitten also by the war mania, has fixed his name to a proclamation of a fearfully martial character. We like to see a town having a proper spirit. We could appreciate the zeal of the Light Cockney Artillery who, on the threat of invasion, rushed to Wormwood Scrubs to be taught their exercise, or die in the attempt; we could sympathise with those gallant volunteers who fell—over each other—in the field of White Conduit, when they whom NAPOLEON never daunted because they never met him, fled in terror and consternation from an over-driven ox; we could understand all this, ay, and more than this; but we cannot comprehend the motive of the Portsmouthians in provoking the French by a wanton display of warlike preparation. It is too bad that the nations should be embroiled in the horrors of battle by a petty, but impetuous town, which will go at it "hammer and tongues" without either "rhyme or reason," plunging recklessly into a series of demonstrations which it has neither the right to begin, nor the powder and shot to go on with. But to the placard now before us.

It begins by saying that "The Lieutenant-Governor has communicated to the Mayor that the great guns at Block House Fort will be fired on Wednesday morning." Why, gracious goodness! this is beginning the battle at once, notwithstanding the artful and jesuitical announcement that it is "for the purpose of cleansing them." Fire off a gun to cleanse it! Why, you might as well run a man through with a sword to give the weapon a polish! or knock him down for the sake of shaking the dust off your walking-stick. No, no! if the people of the town alluded to are firing their guns they mean mischief, and if their intention be to irritate the French, we shall be the first to agree with the last in stigmatising the former after the fashion of the latter, as *la perfide bouche du port* or Perfidious Portsmouth.

There must, however, be some mistake in that part of the proclamation which recommends the inhabitants "to open their windows and doors to prevent damage." Surely if any damage is to be expected, it would be better to keep the windows and doors shut, so that there might be a chance—though a slight one—of keeping out the cannon-balls and bullets. If we heard the firing of guns in our neighbourhood, we should not be disposed to "ask in," as it were, the fatal lead, by starting open house for its immediate accommodation.

This part of the document must be meant to warn the inhabitants of the possibility that their houses will be turned out of window by the terrific foolery which the authorities contemplate.

We call upon Portsmouth and its people to retract ere it is too late. We implore them in the name of peace, to desist from a course of military madness which can only irritate France, wear out the guns, excite national prejudices, waste powder and shot, give a blow to civilisation, and cause the infliction of an occasional topper on the town, from *Punch's* bâton.

Split in Conciliation Hall.

YOUNG Ireland and Old Ireland, it is said, have quarrelled about the "Godless Education" Scheme. If PEEL has set these two factions by the ears, it is a master-stroke of policy, whereby the body of quiet people in Ireland may benefit.

For has not the poet remarked, that, "When certain persons fall out, certain other persons come by their own"?

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

THE costume of 1745 has been, it is said, adopted for HER MAJESTY'S *Bal Poudré*, in order to accustom HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE FIELD MARSHAL to the smell of powder.

THE ALLEGORY OF THE FOUNTAINS.

"Since the Fountains of Trafalgar Square have begun to play, a well which the Union Club sunk at a great expense is quite dry."

THE Clubbists of the Union sunk a well
Deep, deep into the bowels of Pall Mall;
The rushing water gurgled in the shaft,
And all the footmen washed, and all the members quaffed.

Two wondrous fontanels arose to grace
LORD NELSON'S column and Trafalgar Place;
Deep in the bosom of the earth below,
The builder digg'd to make his fountains froth and flow.

Up, up to heaven Trafalgar's Fountains rose,
Their spray bedewed the DUKE OF BRONTE'S nose,
GEORGE'S fat statue, and St. Martin's Rail,
And bathed in silver dew Northumbria's Lion Tail.

Down, deeper down, the Union's waters sank,
No more the footmen washed, the members drank:
Ask ye the fatal reason of the drought?
The Union wells were sold, and up Trafalgar's spout.

A moral from those Fountains twain I drew,
(Each thing in life a moral hath, or two,)
And thought St. Stephen's Chapel could compete
With those two aqueducts of Cockspur Street.

The Liberals sought and found the spring and sank it—
It was the cunning Tories came and drank it;
'Twas RUSSELL bade the water rise and flow,
Lo from PEEL'S brazen pipes it issues now!

Thus recognising Whig and Tory types
In voluble and brazen water-pipes—
I 'm thankful that the stream at last is free;
BOBBY or JOHNNY what 's the odds to me?

'Tis hard for JOHN, no doubt, that Stealthy BOB
His stream of fame should thus divert and rob;
And that for which he toiled through seasons hot,
Should fructify another's garden-plot.

Let us, not caring for the strife a dump,
Accommodate ourselves with PEEL for pump;
And so the liberal waters to compel,
Pump freemen, day and night! AND WORK THE HANDLE WELL!

Holiday Excursion Trains.

CHEAP excursion trains, to enable the people to run out of town for a holiday, having become very general, we beg leave to suggest to railway directors the policy of allowing the public to enjoy the holiday without its being turned into a positive punishment. On Whit Monday last hundreds of unhappy individuals who had been tempted to take a day out, on one or other of the railway lines, found themselves at all sorts of places, without the means of getting away until it suited the railway people to allow them. Trains continued flying past in a homeward direction, without taking any notice of the wretched excursionists standing in clusters on the platforms at all the stations, and their shrieks to the engineer to stop were only answered by his shrill, unearthly whistle. If a train did happen to pull up, and the poor excursionists flocked towards the carriages, they were mercilessly driven back at the point of the truncheon, and heartlessly told the holiday train—horrible mockery to call it a holiday train—would be up in a couple of hours. Some vented their disappointment in loud complaints, others drowned their sorrows in brandy-and-water, while a few turned into the neighbouring fields, and philosophically filled up the time in a moonlight game at leap-frog.

It was sufficient for an individual to announce that he had got an Excursion Ticket, to make him at once a subject of total neglect from clerks, porters, and indeed from all the railway authorities. The only officials that took any notice of him, were the policemen, who poked him and truncheoned him, and staved him off, whenever he came forward to inquire if the train had arrived that was to take him home again.

A ROYAL HEIR LOOM.

AT the dinner recently given by the Goldsmiths' Company to PRINCE ALBERT, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE GEORGE OF CAMBRIDGE remarked, "That it would always afford him the greatest satisfaction to meet his fellow-citizens at their hospitable board." It is by little touches of this sort, that we recognise in the son all the genius of the father!

RAILROAD SPECULATORS.

"HOW MANY HUNDRED SHARES HAVE YOU WROTE FOR?"

THE night was stormy and dark, The town was shut up in sleep: Only those were abroad who were out on a lark, Or those who 'd no beds to keep.

I pass'd through the lonely street, The wind did sing and blow; I could hear the policeman's feet Clapping to and fro.

There stood a potato-man In the midst of all the wet; He stood with his 'tato-can In the lonely Haymarket.

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags, Came out of a shop for gin, Swaggering over the flags:

Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did walk; And I went and followed those seedy ones, And listened to their talk.

Was I sober or awake? Could I believe my ears? Those dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad shares.

I wondered more and more: Says one—"Good friend of mine, How many shares have you wrote for? In the Diddlesex Junction line?"

"I wrote for twenty," says JIM, "But they wouldn't give me one;" His comrade straight rebuked him For the folly he had done:

"O JIM, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad town; *I* always write for five hundred shares, And *then* they put me down."

"And yet you got no shares," Says JIM, "for all your boast;" "I *would* have wrote," says JACK, "but where Was the penny to pay the post?"

"I lost, for I couldn't pay That first instalment up; But here 's taters smoking hot—I say Let 's stop my boy and sup."

And at this simple feast The while they did regale, I drew each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-nail.

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and tost, And thought of railroad specs., And how money was won and lost.

"Bless railroads everywhere," I said, "and the world's advance; Bless every railroad share In Italy, Ireland, France; For never a beggar need now despair, And every rogue has a chance."

SPEC.

Proper Retribution.

PRINCE ALBERT has been very harshly condemned for visiting the Royal Academy on a Sunday, when that particular day was chosen by him, we have been told, with the kindest motive. It was the wish of His Royal Highness, knowing the alarm it would create among the artists who had pictures at the Exhibition, to keep the circumstance of his visit a profound secret. The circumstance, however, having most indelicately transpired, and been commented upon in a most ungracious spirit, PRINCE ALBERT has thrown aside all further consideration for the artists, and has since made one or two purchases. We hope this will be a timely warning to the ungrateful R.A.'s.

ORGANIZATION OF THE PARLIAMENTARY FORCES.

SUCH is the difficulty of obtaining members to sit on Parliamentary Committees, that SIR ROBERT PEEL intends appointing a recruiting-sergeant to beat about the Clubs, the Opera-House, and the French Plays, in order to enlist young members. The *douceur* will be the privilege of grouse-shooting over one of the largest estates in Scotland, and a retiring pension will be given to such members as can give proofs of active attendance on three committees during the same session. Should this system, however, not succeed, then it is the intention of the Premier to enforce the old national law of impressment, by sending the Sergeant-at-arms into BELLAMY'S of an evening, with a detachment of Sheriff's officers, to carry off as many able-minded Members as may be wanting to make up the complement of a committee. We are glad to state that a number of charitable ladies of the West End have formed a Visiting Relief Society to supply the distressed members at one o'clock every day with sandwiches and strong soups. May a grateful country record the names of these patriotic daughters of England!

PARVUS APOLLO.

BUNN AS HE WOULD HAVE APPEARED HAD HE BEEN CALLED ON AFTER THE OPERA OF "THE ENCHANTRESS."

THE poet BUNN entered so very enthusiastically into the poetical character on the first night of his great national lyric, called the *Enchantress*, that he ran up into the wardrobe, ransacked the stock of dresses, and habited himself in the garb of APOLLO. He then rushed to the property room, and seizing a precious lyre of papier-mâché, hurried down to the wing, exclaiming, "Now, if they call for the poet, I am prepared to meet the public in my proper character." The call for the poet was, however, so mild and yet so mirthful withal, that PARVUS APOLLO suspected the presence of chaff, and, like an old bird, refused to be caught by it. He therefore did not come before the curtain, but feeling inspired in the APOLLO'S dress, while the fit or rather the mis-fit was on him, he retired to his own room, and wrote the following ballad for his next opera:—

FIRST COUPLET.

"While I was sitting near a stone,
And Memory's music rung
Over the spirit dark and lone,
That grief too deeply stung.
When friends that once we warm'd and fed,
Shall act the traitor's part;
When Hope's fair flowers are lying dead,
I 'll press thee to my heart.

SECOND COUPLET.

"'Tis true, the moon is constant still,
To where it throws its light,
And stars may twinkle in the rill
That runs beneath the night.
'Tis true that Memory's shadowy hues
Are pangs at which we start;
At such a time I' ll not refuse
To press thee to my heart."

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XVIII.

CAUDLE, WHILST WALKING WITH HIS WIFE, HAS BEEN BOWED TO BY A YOUNGER AND EVEN PRETTIER WOMAN THAN MRS. CAUDLE.

I F I'm not to leave the house without being insulted, Mr. Caudle, I had better stay indoors all my life.

"What! Don't tell me to let you have *one* night's rest! I wonder at your impudence! It's mighty fine, I never can go out with you, and—goodness knows!—it's seldom enough, without having my feelings torn to pieces by people of all sorts. A set of bold minxes! *What am I raving about?* Oh, you know very well—very well, indeed, Mr. Caudle. A pretty person she must be to nod to a man walking with his own wife! Don't tell me that it's Miss Prettyman—what's Miss Prettyman to me? Oh! *You've met her once or twice at her brother's house?* Yes, I dare say you have—no doubt of it. I always thought there was something very tempting about that house—and now I know it all. Now, it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your beginning to talk loud, and twist and toss your arms about as if you were as innocent as a born babe—I'm not to be deceived by such tricks now. No; there was a time when I was a fool and believed anything; but—I thank my stars!—I've got over that.

"A bold minx! You suppose I didn't see her laugh, too, when she nodded to you! Oh yes, I knew what she thought me; a poor miserable creature, of course. I could see that. No—don't say so, Caudle. I *don't* always see more than anybody else—but I can't and won't be blind, however agreeable it might be to you: I must have the use of my senses. I'm sure, if a woman wants attention and respect from a man, she'd better be anything than his wife. I've always thought so; and to-day's decided it.

"No; I'm not ashamed of myself to talk so—certainly not. *A good, amiable young creature, indeed!* Yes; I dare say; very amiable, no doubt. Of course, you think her so. You suppose I didn't see what sort of a bonnet she had on? Oh, a very good creature! And you think I didn't see the smudges of court plaster about her face? *You didn't see 'em?* Very likely; but I did. Very amiable, to be sure! What do you say? *I made her blush at my ill-manners?* I should like to have seen her blush! 'Twould have been rather difficult, Mr. Caudle, for a blush to have come through all that paint. No—I'm not a censorious woman, Mr. Caudle; quite the reverse. No; and you may threaten to get up, if you like—I will speak. I know what colour is, and I say it *was* paint. I believe, Mr. Caudle, *I* once had a complexion; though, of course, you've quite forgotten that: I think I once had a colour, before your conduct destroyed it. Before I knew you, people used to call me the Lily and Rose; but—what are you laughing at? I see nothing to laugh at. But as I say, anybody before your own wife.

"And I can't walk out with you but you're bowed to by every woman you meet! *What do I mean by every woman, when it's only Miss Prettyman?* That's nothing at all to do with it. How do I know who bows to you when I'm not by? Everybody of course. And if they don't look at you, why you look at them. Oh! I'm sure you do. You do it even when I'm out with you, and of course you do it when I'm away. Now, don't tell me, Caudle—don't deny it. The fact is, it's become such a dreadful habit with you, that you don't know when you do it, and when you don't. But *I* do.

"Miss Prettyman, indeed! What do you say? You won't lie still and hear me scandalize that excellent young woman? Oh, of course, you'll take her part! Though, to be sure, she may not be so much to blame after all. For how is she to know you're married? You're never seen out of doors with your own wife—never. Wherever you go, you go alone. Of course people think you're a bachelor. What do you say? *You well know you're not?* That's nothing to do with it—I only ask what must people think, when I'm never seen with you? Other women go out with their husbands: but as I've often said, I'm not like any other woman. What are you sneering at, Mr. Caudle? *How do I know you're sneering?* Don't tell me: I know well enough, by the manner of you.

"No; you never take me out—and you know it. No; and it's not my own fault. How can you lie there and say that? Oh, all a poor excuse! That's what you always say. You're tired of asking me, indeed, because I always start some objection? Of course I can't go out a figure. And when you ask me to go, you know very well that my bonnet isn't as it should be—or that my gown hasn't come home—or that I can't leave the children,—or that something keeps me indoors. You know all this, well enough, before you ask me. And that's your art. And when I *do* go out with you, I'm sure to suffer for it. Yes; you needn't repeat my words. *Suffer for it.* But you suppose I have no feelings: oh no, nobody has feelings but yourself. Yes; I'd forgot: Miss Prettyman, perhaps—yes, she may have feelings, of course.

"And as I've said, I dare say a pretty dupe people think me. To be sure; a poor forlorn creature I must look in everybody's eyes. But I knew you couldn't be at Mr. Prettyman's house night after night till eleven o'clock—and a great deal you thought of me sitting up for you—I knew you couldn't be there without some cause. And now I've found it out! Oh, I don't mind your swearing, Mr. Caudle! It's I, if I wasn't a woman, who ought to swear. But it's like you men. Lords of the creation, as you call yourselves! Lords, indeed! And pretty slaves you make of the poor creatures who're tied to you. But I'll be separated, Caudle; I will; and then I'll take care and let all the world know how you've used me. What do you say? *I may say my worst?* Ha! don't you tempt any woman in that way—don't, Caudle; for I wouldn't answer for what I said.

"Miss Prettyman, indeed, and—oh yes! now I see! Now the whole light breaks in upon me! Now, I know why you wished me to ask her with Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman to tea! And I, like a poor blind fool, was nearly doing it. But now, as I say, my eyes are open! And you'd have brought her under my own roof—now it's no use you're bouncing about in that fashion—you'd have brought her into the very house, where——"

"Here," says Caudle, "I could endure it no longer. So I jumped out of bed, and went and slept somehow with the children."

PLAYERS, LOOK TO YOUR EFFECTS.

We have been thrown into a state of unwriteable delight, by a paragraph in the *National*, from which we learn that the "celebrated Russian tragedian, Karatigine," who has been decorated by his Emperor with the Order of the Pit and Boxes,—an order, by the way, not exclusively Russian—"is about to quit Russia on a journey through Europe." Listen, however, to his object.

"The object of his journey is to study the principal theatres of Europe, *to observe the gestures, the tones, and the attitudes* which produce the greatest effect, *and to introduce the results of his observations on the Russian stage.*"

If Karatigine can only carry away the fire of Osbaldiston—the tones of Hicks—the gestures and attitudes of Charles Kean, with many other peculiarities of folks who receive money under the false pretence of acting,—if he can only do this, why with all our bile against Russia,—with all our recollections of her manifold iniquities,—we shall feel the fiercest satisfaction; yes, a sweet and grim revenge!

"The Disowned."

It seems that "Young Ireland" is like Mrs. Sarah Gamp's *Mrs. Harris*,—quite an imaginary personage. Mr. O'Connell assures us he doesn't know any such party, and it is equally "unbeknown" to Mr. Davis and everybody else. We think, after this cruel desertion of "Young Ireland," some member of the Repeal Association ought to be taken up for deserting his own offspring; and we say this the more feelingly, as we are inclined to think favourably of the little fellow, since he has been so universally disowned. But perhaps he has been sent "a-begging" by his parent purposely, that he may learn the value of imitating the Liberator as early as possible.

HINTS FOR THE NEXT EXHIBITION.

IN consequence of the difficulty experienced in seeing those pictures at the Royal Academy, which come literally under the head of high art, from their being placed just below the ceiling, it is to be hoped that next year ladders will be introduced for distribution among the visitors. Every artist should be bound to deposit a ladder with the door-keeper, on sending in a picture likely to take a very elevated position on the walls, if not in the opinion of the public.

In order to meet the views of the artists, it has been proposed to appropriate the rooms of the Academy to certain classes of pictures, devoting the rooms, according to their sizes, to the three or four sorts of works that have formed the great bulk of all the exhibitions for the last ten years. The largest room of all will, of course, be devoted to portraits; and it is proposed to save space by hanging one before another, so that the person wishing to look at the portrait underneath—which will probably be his own—may lift up the portrait that happens to be placed directly over it. The inner room will be set apart for "Vicars of Wakefield."

The great staircase might serve admirably for the miniatures which in their present place only fatigue the eye, from being too near, while if they were hung on the walls of the vestibule, no one would feel bound to take the trouble of looking at them. The historical paintings might be placed at the back of the man who takes the umbrellas and walking-sticks, who could explain what the pictures mean, a desideratum which is not supplied generally by the artist. Considerable difficulty having been experienced in seeing some of the paintings in the octagon room, or condemned cell—a considerable advantage to some of them—it has been suggested that a few policemen's bull's-eyes or dark lanthorns should be at the disposal of the money-taker.

As the condemned cell does not interest many besides the artists themselves and their immediate friends, the bull's-eyes need not be very numerous. We are quite satisfied that if these little suggestions are carried out, the exhibition will be more interesting and intelligible than it has proved hitherto.

THE CONDEMNED CELL.

PUNCH TO THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to the gentlemen who wield the scissors for the provincial press, and begs to call their attention to the act which makes it highly penal to appropriate articles above the value of forty shillings. As all *Punch's* articles are worth considerably more than that insignificant sum, it is of course exceedingly criminal to steal wholesale from his pages without any acknowledgment. *Mr. Punch* has been robbed in this way of a considerable quantity of Candle, and other valuable matter. He requests country editors will remember, when using their own paste, to give *Mr. Punch* credit for his own brilliants. He begs to add, that if this system of unblushing theft is pursued, he shall be under the painful necessity of nailing up a few examples on his columns, as moles are occasionally impaled on barn-doors.

THE LABOURING CLASSES.

IT is the intention of MADAME TUSSAUD to collect into one group for her Exhibition the different railway "groups" that have been scattered about lately by the Board of Trade. It will be called "The House of Commons at One View;" and will show, when exhibited, that the members of this country are undergoing an amount of suffering equal to any yet revealed in a parliamentary blue-book. The group will be shown in a very small room, without curtains, sofas, or a single easy-chair. Into this small compartment will be crowded a full Committee, Counsel, witnesses, ushers and reporters; and the time chosen will be when a Queen's Counsel is in the middle of a long speech. The expressions of nausea and fatigue, the aching brow, the dilated nostril, the fevered cheek, the parched lip, will be rendered with all the fidelity of bees'-wax, and cannot fail to direct the sympathies of the country to the sufferings of a class of people who are undermining their constitutions in a way only worthy of a coal-pit.

ARTICLES AND ART.

NOTHING can be finer than the exhibition of the Royal Academy, except the articles upon it in the newspapers. They are storehouses of critical maxims; and, by a diligent study of them, *Punch* has arrived at a thorough knowledge of art, and, what is more, of the principles of criticism thereof. Anxious to extend this acquisition to others gifted with less analytical acumen than himself, he has digested his results into the following apothegms:—

GENERAL MAXIMS.

I. The power of criticism is a gift, and requires no previous education.

II. The critic is greater than the artist.

III. The artist cannot know his own meaning. The critic's office is to inform him of it.

IV. Painting is a mystery. The language of pictorial criticism, like its subject, should be mysterious and unintelligible to the vulgar. It is a mistake to classify it as ordinary English, the rules of which it does not recognise.

V. Approbation should be sparingly given: it should be bestowed in preference on what the general eye condemns. The critical dignity must never be lowered by any explanation why a work of art is good or bad.

VI. Never use the word "*picture*," say "*canvas*:" it looks technical. Never speak of a picture being "*painted*;" say, rather, "*studied*" or "*handled*."

The following terms are indispensable, and may be used pretty much at random:—"*Chiaroscuro*," "*texture*," "*pearly greys*," "*foxy browns*," "*cool greens*," "*breadth*," "*handling*," "*medium*," "*vehicle*."

CHARACTERISTICS OF PARTICULAR STYLES.

1. *To criticise a Picture by Turner.*—Begin by protesting against his extravagance; then go on with a "notwithstanding." Combine such phrases as "*bathed in sunlight*," "*flooded with summer glories*," "*mellow distance*," with a reference to his earlier pictures; and wind up in a rapturous rhapsody on the philosophy of art.
2. *To criticise a Picture by Stanfield.*—Begin by unqualified praise; then commence detracting, first on the score of "*sharp, hard outline*;" then of "*leathery texture*;" then of "*scenic effect of the figures*;" and conclude by a wish he had never been a scene-painter.
3. *To criticise a Picture by Etty.*—Begin by delirious satisfaction with his "*delicious carnations*" and "*mellow flesh-tones*." Remark on the skilful arrangement of colour and admirable composition; and finish with a regret that ETTY should content himself with merely painting from "*the nude Academy model*," without troubling himself with that for which you had just before praised him.—N.B. Never mind the contradiction.
4. *To criticise a Picture by E. Landseer.*—Here you are bound to unqualified commendation. If the subject be PRINCE ALBERT'S Hat or the QUEEN'S Macaw, some ingenious compliment to royal patrons is expected.

Punch will be happy to supply newspaper critics with similar directions for "doing" all the principal painters in similar style.

He subjoins some masterly specimens of artistic criticism:—

The "*facilè princeps*" of daily critics of art (he of "*the Post*") has the following, in a criticism of HERBERT'S *Gregory and Choristers*:—

"There is a want of *modulative melody* in its colours and mellowness in *its hand* (whose?), *pushed to an outré simplicity in the plainness and ungrammatical development of its general effect*. The handling is firm and simple, though in the drapery occasionally too square and inflexile."

This is an admirable illustration of our fourth and sixth apothegms; and we defy the most ingenious reader, artist or no artist, to understand the meaning of the phrases in italics. This is something like criticism, which has no more business to be conveyed in ordinary English than acting has to imitate nature.

So the same great authority speaks of

"An ungainly group of sharp colour and clumsy forms, *excepted* by a few passages of natural grace."

An entirely new use of the word "*excepted*." Mark the following, and say whether it is praise or blame:—

"The light and shade is neither scientific nor unaffected, and pure in its want of breadth."

The Critic of Art may dispense with ordinary rules of grammar. Thus, when the gentleman who does the exhibition for "*the Globe*" says of No. 570, *Settling for the Cargo*, H. P. PARKER,

"*One* must almost go on *their* knees to see this beautiful specimen of one of the most *characteristic* artists of the present day,"

We have no right to call him to account. It is critical, not vulgar English he is writing.

We feel sure that, when the criticism of Art has reached its present high position, Art itself cannot long lag behind at the immeasurable distance which now separates the artist from the judge.

THE GROGOMETER.

WE have to propose the construction of a new instrument, to be called the Grogometer, made on the same principle as the Barometer, and intended to indicate the various points of social elevation at which it is possible to arrive, as we know that many persons are in the habit of taking more wine than they ought, under the plea that they have no means of exactly ascertaining and regulating the quantity they may drink. The lowest point in our Grogometer would, of course, be very dry, and the glass would then go through the various gradations of wet—heavy wet, squally and stormy, until it reached the highest point of elevation.

There might be a thermometer in connection with the Grogometer, showing spirit heat, blood heat, and the other degrees of warmth which are marked by the glass, from the freezing point of politeness before dinner up to the greatest possible warmth of friendship afterwards. Persons regulating themselves at the dinner-table by the Grogometer should take care to leave the glass giving a steady even temperature, and pointing to set fair.

A VOICE FROM THE PEA-AND-THIMBLE.

TO SIR JAMES GRAHAM, BART.

"SIR JAMES,

"I'm just come back from Epsom, broken-hearted! It isn't the skeleton—no, not the ghost of what it was! Its glories is gone: there isn't a thimble to be seen—there isn't a pea moving: for I count as nothing the one little table that I saw under a hedge, where a poor fellow, with all his eyes in his elbows, looking out for the police, was trying to get a bit of honest bread for his family. And you have done this! For shame, SIR JAMES! you, who owe so much to pea-and-thimble; only you play the game in such a different way! How often, in the House of Commons, do you hide the pea—how often do you shift the thimble—and how often is JOHN BULL done by your dodging! But then, thimble-rigging in the House of Commons is a grand thing, because it 's for thousands: when it comes to a race-course for a few shillings or so, why then it 's wicked and infamous. Are we honest thimble-riggers to be persecuted because we can't all be Home Secretaries? It would seem so.

"I tell you, SIR JAMES, the thimble-rig was, I may say, the very life-blood of the Derby. I should like to know what harm it did. People—respectable, steady-going people, came down once a year with five or ten pounds in their pocket, a purpose to lose it. They knowed they should be done, and they was done, and they always seemed to like it, for they was as safe to come agin the next year, safe as the green leaves.

"Thimble-rigging, SIR JAMES, in some way, is a part of what people call the human mind. They must have it some way or the other, or they give themselves up to solitary drinking and swearing at the Income-Tax: hoping, therefore, that if only for a fellow-feeling, you 'll next year restore to us the freedom of our tables, I remain,

"For Myself and Brothers, your humble Servant,
"PETER SWEETPEA."

"P.S. If you won't let us set up our tables again, will you at least buy 'em? For they 're of no use to us, and *you'll* be sure to want 'em."

[*Punch* gives MR. SWEETPEA'S letter; but it is hoped it is needless to add that *Punch* does not accord with MR. S.'s arguments.]

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

THE Members of Conciliation Hall are so earnest for a dissolution of the UNION, that they have got up a *split* among themselves.

RE-CONCILIATION HALL.

SINCE the affecting scene at the Repeal meeting, where there was such violent weeping, MR. O'CONNELL and MR. DAVIS have been called the Irish "*Thiers* party."

THE POLITICAL TINKER.

Most of our readers will be familiar with an old fellow, who goes about bellowing and shouting in the capacity of a political tinker. His anxiety to get a job makes him sometimes very noisy, and unfortunately he is seldom entrusted with repairs that he does not make a much larger hole than the one he has been employed in stopping. The old tinker is said to have a very sharp eye to the tin, of which in his time he has received large quantities. He sometimes uses a good deal of soft sawder, of which he gave a curious instance the other day, when trying to patch up a sad hole in a pretty kettle of fish belonging to Lord Ellenborough.

THE TEMPLE WAITERS.

We regret to hear that the ancient and honourable order of Temple Waiters, comprising the old original esquires of the forensic knights or crusaders of Pump Court, is likely to become extinct. The same civilising spirit which has driven the red man into the West, is fast hurrying the white-aproned man away from the East, and the Temple Waiters will soon be added to the Allobroges, the Cimbri, and other lost tribes whose names now figure in the pages of history. The Temple Waiters are being rapidly superseded by a race of clerical churls, "who"—as Gibbon would say—"fired by a thirst for gold, are content to add to the daily duties of barristers' clerks, the menial occupation of handing the cup or changing the plate at the evening meals of their masters." In plain language, the poor old Temple Waiters are being superseded in the Temple Hall by a number of barristers' clerks who, flunkies at heart and footmen in soul, degrade the clerical character by practising an art common to him who beats the suburban carpet, lets out the useful truck, or delivers with care the social message.

In a word, it is too bad that the regular waiters at the Temple—men who have been born, as it were, to the badge, and bred up to the white apron, it is, we say, too bad that these men should be discarded from the Temple Hall to make room for the clerks of barristers, who abandon the brief for the napkin, the wig-box for the dish of calf's-head, and the blue bag for the bread-basket. We call upon the benchers of the Temple to restore the waiters to the position they have hitherto occupied.

RAILWAY RACES.

As the rail is rapidly superseding the road, it is to be expected that the engine will soon annihilate the horse, or—to use a figure that would have suggested itself to the old wags—put the horse completely *hors de combat*. Instead of encouraging the breed of racers, the sporting world will be employed in improving the build of locomotives; and we shall hear of Braithwaite's lot being backed against the Panklibanon Iron Works' favourite, for the Oaks or the Derby. We shall be having thorough-bred engines winning by half a turn instead of by a neck, and the great patrons of the turf will abandon the study of horse-flesh for the cultivation of a knowledge of iron.

We have heard of high-mettled racers, and of horses showing their mettle; but when the racers are made of metal altogether, the sport will of course be beautiful. The task of training will necessarily devolve on those who are accustomed to railroad trains; and when riding the race, the substitute for whip and spurs will be a scuttle full of coals and a poker.

If the system of railroad racing should be adopted, *Punch* will probably go upon the turf with a splendid stud of locomotives, and will be prepared to back his own lot against the field to any amount, and for any distance.

The following is the sort of account that might be given of our run for the first *Sweepstakes*. The race is supposed to be between ourselves and one or two individuals who are a good deal addicted to political sporting:—

"The Start."

"After two or three false starts, the whole lot got fairly off, and Peel went at a slapping pace on Free Trade—his two-year-old boiler; but he was a good deal encumbered by the Conservative ruck, who were fearfully tailing him till he went slap away, and left them nowhere. Brougham now made all the running, but went very wide, and in going down the hill was lost sight of altogether. *Punch* now came up on his four-year-old, and went slap in among the lot, winning cleverly by several heads, to the delight of the assembled multitude."

The Winner.

THE POLITICAL TINKER.

"An—y Old Laws to Mend? or New—Ones—to Repeal?"

HIGHLAND MEN AND HIGHLAND MUTTON.

THE *Times* having issued its commission for an inquiry into the "Condition of the Poor in the Highlands of Scotland," certain facts have been adduced that show how very inferior men may be to sheep, when valued by a ducal land-owner. A peasantry is a small matter; not so Highland mutton. Old *Shylock*, a subtle appraiser of all worldly goods, says—

"A pound of man's flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, *profitable neither*,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats."

We have no Jews in Parliament; and the BISHOP OF LONDON has "a vow in heaven" that we never shall have: nevertheless, there may be a Christian Duke with the calculation of a *Shylock* in the House of Lords; a Duke, who, in the matter of men and sheep, feels and acts upon the principle that Highland peasants

"Are not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons,"

fed on Highland pasture. Hence, possessed of this breeches-pocket truth, thousands of acres are turned into sheep-walks; and, for the peasantry, why the only natural claim they have to the soil, is so much of it as will cover them when misery and famine shall have turned them into profitable manure—shall have made them excellent bone-dust. God made the world for sheep, and not for man. Long-wools and short-wools are a blessing to the land; but so many Adams are really an incumbrance.

The *Times* writer takes the condition of the county of Sutherland. The Duke's estate, we are told, "covers a district 90 miles by 70 in extent. Its rental is from £30,000 to £35,000 a year." And how is this rental chiefly acquired? Why, "nearly the whole county has been parcelled out into vast sheep-walks held by a few individuals." We learn that 30,000 acres of land give employment and subsistence to only eleven families!

"The population that still remains—the highland cotters—by this parcelling out of the country, are driven into corners, and on to barren hill sides here and there, to make fertile a desert spot for some future sheep-walk. *It is a rule on the estate, that as far as possible no new cottage shall be allowed to be built.* If the population increases, *it must be driven out as it increases.*"

It is another "rule on the estate," that a son or a daughter "are not allowed to marry and reside in the same cottage with their father or mother." It is not for the interest of the sheep. There is, however, "another rule:"—

"If the young men or women remain with their parents till the old people die, and the cottage or 'bothie' and land becomes vacant, *they are suffered to remain*, AND MAY THEN MARRY. If the young people will not wait, but marry, and 'go south' and take their chance, and the old people die, the 'bothie' and croft do not become a vacant tenement for any young couple; the rule is that it shall then be added to the next croft if the tenant will have it, and the cottage is pulled down."

"Pulled down" for the interest of the sheep! And all this, we are told, "is no powerless principle." Oh no! for—

"Every tenant is a tenant at will, and an infraction of the rules is followed *by the certain expulsion of the tenant from his holding, without the slightest possibility of his getting another in Sutherlandshire.*"

And when we had read the documents from which the above are extracts, we asked ourselves,—can they be true? Is there no mistake?

We have a regard for the reputation of the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND. We have been used to fondle the prejudice that assured us he was a high-minded gentleman—a man especially sent into the world to adorn a coronet. Such, for a long time, has been our faith; and we cannot, without some dilaceration of spirit, forego the creed. Therefore do we call upon His Grace—with a voice of respectful regard do we entreat him—to step from out the iron circle of "his order," and set himself right with his fellow-men. We pray of him that he will condescend to be rightly understood. In the name of common virtue, do we entreat him to appear as he really is, a gentle, wise, benevolent man. Why should he suffer himself to be drest in masquerade? Why, to unthinking eyes, should he appear little other than a coroneted huckster—a mercenary dealer in mutton—when, sure we are, he has a heart filled with softest humanity for the world? Why should he stand before the country as little better than the tyrant of a Coburg melo-drama, when he is a man of active goodness—of most wise and enlarged philanthropy?

We further learn from the *Times* that the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND—the sole heritor of the parish of Assynt, a district from which he obtains 3,000*l.* a-year—subscribes to the poor's fund the sum of 6*l.* per annum!

"Taking the highest sum as the Kirk Session collection, together with the heritor's voluntary contribution, the relief per head only averages 6*s.* 1½*d. a year* to the poorest of the poor, or not quite *three halfpence a week.*"

Now, we daily expect that his GRACE OF SUTHERLAND will set all these matters right. Should he, however, be unable to do so, the world will be certain to reward him in its estimation as a great maker of sheep-walks. Whilst other noblemen are decorated with the Order of the Fleece, the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND will most certainly be dignified with the Order of Mutton! And then his "voluntary contribution" to the poor of Assynt!—bright, indeed, must be his ducal glory, with, from this time forward, the "*three halfpence*" in his coronet!

THE DISAPPOINTED SPONGE TO HIS HOST.

I CALL'D on you, designing
To stop and take pot-luck,
On mutton you were dining
When I expected duck;
You had no currant jelly;
Alas! how I was dish'd:
Your soup was vermicelli;
I for mock-turtle wish'd.

I for potatoes care not,
Except they 're mash'd or fried;
And yours, confound you! were not,
Nor had you greens beside:
Then you were out of mustard;
Your tart was fruit, not jam;
Nor had you any custard,
Of which so fond I am.

And Cheshire cheese succeeded;
The proffered plate I waiv'd;
Stilton was what I needed;
How badly you behaved!
I hoped to taste your Sherry,
That fav'rite drink of mine;
But found, disgusted, very,
You 'd nought but ginger wine.

You 've hurt my feelings greatly,
You have, you have indeed;
You never, until lately,
Gave me so poor a feed.
Oh! keep a better table,
Or, though 'twill give me pain,
I never shall be able
To dine with you again.

HER MAJESTY'S BAL POUDRÉ.

IF his Royal Highness THE PRINCE wears the dress of GEORGE THE SECOND—who despised and bullied artists as we know in HOGARTH'S case—we engage to find a painter who will be delighted to be kicked down-stairs by His Royal Highness.

If PEEL will go to the Bal Poudré in the costume of his grandfather, we will not make a single joke at him for six weeks.

If O'CONNELL will go in the costume of LORD LOVAT, that double-tongued old Conspirator, it will suit him to a nicety.

If he will *act the part out*, LORD BROUGHAM says he is so fond of DAN that he will be happy to appear as GEORGE SELWYN.

"If BROUGHAM appeared as DOCTOR SWIFT in the latter days of his life," O'CONNELL said, on hearing the above remark, "he 'd act the part to admiration."

"If we were invited," said one of DAN'S Irish brigade to another, "and appeared in the cawsthume of our ancesthors at Fontenoy,—Bedad we 'd beat them English over again at the supper-teeble!"

If every man fit for the part of a Young Pretender were to have his will, Young England might furnish a half-dozen of CHARLES STUARTS.

If THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, as the Great Captain of the Age, appears in the costume of FREDERICK THE GREAT, of course LORD LONDONDERRY, that illustrious general and coal-owner, will appear as MARSHAL SACKS.

If the age of LOUIS XV. and MARIA THERESA has been chosen because petticoat-government was the order of that day—to be sure what a number of great ladies might lay claim to the costume of the Empress-Queen!

If WILL. HOGARTH and HARRY FIELDING could wake up and witness the scene, and behold respectable old men befooling themselves in masquerade dresses, modest old matrons forced to begrime themselves with powder, and disfigure their persons with monstrous hoops and furbelows: if they could see grave statesmen and generals obliged to dress up with wigs like *Pantaloons* in the Pantomime; and high-bred English gentlewomen ordered to powder and rouge like mountebanks in a fair: Good Lord! what an opinion they would form of the taste of our court, and what a satire they could make between them!

YOUNG ENGLAND'S OLD HABITS.

IT was on one of the gloomiest mornings of the late gloomy month of May that a stout and somewhat elderly gentleman was wending his way through Holywell Street. His broad-brimmed beaver and top-boots, together with his protuberant waistcoat, and spacious but discontented countenance, proclaimed JOHN BULL.

"Give ye good day, Sir!" exclaimed a trader with long ringlets, rushing out of one of the old clothes' shops, with which the thoroughfare abounds.

"I wish you could!" grumbled the stout one, with an imprecation on the weather.

"Nay, sweet Sir," said YOUNG ENGLAND; for he was the first speaker. "Marry, doth your Worship now lack a bravery?"

JOHN BULL, with an allusion to the Prince of Darkness, asked him what he meant?

"Be not wroth, good Master mine," replied the youth. "Here is goodly gear, mark you; and you shall find other great store within." He pointed, as he spoke, to some rusty helmets, greaves, pikes, partizans, and targets; which, together with some tattered trunk-hose, doublets, and other middle-aged, not to say old clothes, were suspended over his shop-window.

"I don't want any of your rubbish," cried MR. BULL, buttoning up his pockets.

"I have here a jerkin, Sir," urged YOUNG ENGLAND, "that will suit your Worship to a marvel."

"Go to Jericho," returned JOHN, "with your jerkins, or gherkins, or whatever you call them."

"Gramercy, good Sir!" exclaimed the other. "I would fain commend these galligaskins to your Worship."

"Keep your galligaskins to yourself," growled JOHN BULL.

"An your Worship would truck with your servitor, it should content him well;" pursued YOUNG ENGLAND. "This Spanish hat now for your Worship's beaver—at small boot!"

"Hate a small boot," was the reply.

"Would your Worship a bartizan?"

"No—no!"

"Or a basnet?"

"No—no—no!"

"A suit of orange tawny, murrey colour, Lincoln green, or russet—tagged and tasseled *point-de-vice!* A slashed velvet?"

"I'll slash you if you don't mind," cried JOHN BULL. "Let me pass, will ye?"

"Nay, Sir; prythee—in sooth—'ifegs—ifackins!" pleaded YOUNG ENGLAND. "Is there nought your Worship is minded to purchase withal?"

"No!" said JOHN BULL. "Confound the fellow! I tell you no! Get out of the way, I say!" And flourishing his thick walking-stick, he pushed forcibly by YOUNG ENGLAND, who, being the weaker of the two, would necessarily have gone to the wall, if MR. BULL, rushing between him and it, had not jostled him into the kennel.

Muttering "Marry, come up!" the Young English old clothesman retired into his shop.

"What, the deuce!" exclaimed JOHN BULL, as he bustled onward. "Does the man take me for a fool? Does he think I 'd buy a parcel of trumpery, worn to tatters four centuries ago? Old England for ever, I say; but burn your Old Habits!"

A CASE OF "DARK BLUE SPOTS."

A MR. THOMAS WARRELL attempted to enter the opera-pit, with his newly-married wife on his arm, and "a coloured neckerchief, with dark blue spots," about his neck. He was told—civilly told, it is said—that he must wear either white or black. Moreover, we are assured that the check-taker kindly informed MR. WARRELL that there were tradesmen in the Opera Arcade "by whom fitting neckerchiefs were *let out on hire* to gentlemen unprovided with such things." (We shall soon see toothpicks advertised to be let out on hire by the single dinner or week!) MR. WARRELL would not be advised; and, to come to the pith of the matter, he was brought before MR. HALL, of Bow Street (HALL and TWYFORD! "twin cherries on one stalk!") for giving "a blow in the face" to a police constable. MR. STRUTT, solicitor for the accused, eloquently argued his defence. MR. WARRELL had been much excited "by what he deemed to be insulting treatment, *especially* in the presence of *his newly-married wife*." MR. STRUTT, by this defence, showed a subtle knowledge of the human heart. Had the wife not been newly married, why the assault would not have been so venial.

Come we, however, to the judgment of MR. HALL. He said—

"The violent conduct of the defendant *was quite inexcusable*, as he had been respectfully treated by the officers in the first place; whilst, from his remark on the occasion, it would almost seem that he had experienced such scenes before. *However, as Mr. Lumley* (lessee of the Opera House) *had expressed a wish that he should not inflict the full penalty, he would fine him* 50*s.*, *or be committed for* 14 *days in default of payment.*"

And thus, conduct "quite inexcusable," was to be "excused" by the "wish" of MR. LUMLEY. It was not the question whether the assault upon the police-officer—MR. LUMLEY, by the way, did not himself suffer "the blow in the face"—was gross and unprovoked, but whether MR. LUMLEY wished for a lenient or severe sentence upon it. How very polite on the part of MR. HALL! In a short time, magistrates will become as courteous as any tradesmen to people of influence. And whereas dealers behind the counter consult the wishes of their customers, so will magistrates, in the same spirit, ask the desires of complainants—"How would you like the prisoner treated, sir? Two months at the treadmill, or only a simple fine?" At times, great is the urbanity at Bow Street!

Royal Patronage of the Arts.

AN extraordinary artist from Kentucky has arrived in England. He balances a feather on his nose in a manner that defies all hope of rivalry. He would, at least a week ago, it is supposed, have been commanded to exhibit at Buckingham Palace; but, as it appears, some evil-disposed persons had circulated the scandal that the artist was not a Kentuckian, but only an Englishman. The American Ambassador has very properly taken up the matter; and it now being proved that the feather-balancer is a real, undoubted foreigner, it is every day expected that he will be graciously commanded to the Palace.

AN INCURABLE COMPLAINT.

THE Royal Albert and Victoria Yacht is still on the sick list. She was recommended sea-bathing some time back, but she shook so violently when she went into the water, that it was thought that the remedy would be the death of her. She has been laid up at Portsmouth ever since, and great fears are entertained whether she will ever recover the shock.

A BARGAIN.

A CALL TO BE DISPOSED OF.—To any of the Irish members who have any fear in crossing the Channel, it is particularly recommended. Apply in person to MR. JOSEPH HUME, or by letter to the Serjeant of the House of Commons, who, upon being favoured with a member's address, will be happy to oblige him with the "call" at his own residence.

A SHAKEY PEER.

WE understand that poor BROUGHAM accuses *Punch* of an attempt to write him down. His fidgetty Lordship must be in a very nervous state, if he is in constant fear of our knocking him down with a feather.

THE BISHOPS!—TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE!

The Bishops of London and Winchester have long been bleeding with an inward wound. The idle, unthinking world, or at least that portion of it that has beheld the Reverend Fathers in their places in Parliament, or caught a glimpse of their faces through their carriage-windows, may have thought them in the enjoyment of excellent health and serenest spirits. Alas! little knows the world of its greatest men! Both Bishops have for a long time been suffering; and, at length, their pain becoming intolerable, they have spoken out. A few days since, the Bishops attended a meeting of The Scripture Readers' Association, and thereat, in moving words, declared the cause of their pain and anxiety. It was this: an intense and undying consciousness of the spiritual wants of tens of thousands of forlorn creatures in London. Every day—every hour—souls were perishing about them, souls lost to Heaven and gained by the great enemy of man. In the north-eastern portion of London alone—averred its Bishop—there were 18,000 men and women perishing! The Bishop of Winchester "recognised with pain some dark spots in that part of his diocese nearest to the metropolis." In one parish there was only one clergyman to one thousand sinful parishioners—in another, only one to ten thousand, and so on in a frightful scale of ascent!

The Bishops, naturally enough, were much affected. So was the audience. Two or three ladies almost wept. And the reader, we know it, feels his eyes moistening, and yearns to know what remedy was proposed by the Episcopalian shepherds, troubled for their wandering sheep. And now the reader—ingenuous soul!—at once jumps to the cure. "I have it," he says. "There are not clergymen sufficient to comfort the spiritual wants of the people. Therefore, the Bishops propose to increase the number, and that, too, without increasing the expense. For inasmuch as there are scores of churchmen holding pluracies, being as it were three or more clergymen 'rolled into one', it is proposed to reduce their appointments to the singular number, dividing their plural cures among newly-ordained teachers. Hence, many a prebend, many a dean, may—properly divided—give three or more hard-working, conscientious pastors for the people. An excellent, common sense plan!"

"Oh no," say Bishops of London and Winchester, "do you think we would despoil the church? Think you we would lay our wicked hands upon the Ark of Pluralities? We trust not. No: we propose to institute an order of Scripture Readers—a kind of local militia to the Church militant—who should visit the poor and ignorant in their own houses; and, as they cannot come to church, in a manner take the church to them. They will be a kind of *Frères Ignorans*, doing the hard, vulgar work of soul-saving; we, church dignities, feeding, like pears—the true *bon-Chrétien* sort—in the sunshine of worldly comfort. It may be supposed, that in good time the Scripture Readers will, by their domiciliary visits, by their mixing themselves up in the worldly anxieties of their pupils, and by making themselves their fireside counsellors, almost entirely supersede the utility of the parish clergyman; and so ensure to that functionary a dignified ease, that will accord with habits of high clerical meditation!" Such, we take it, would be the response of Bishops of London and Winchester!

The Bishop of London, however, is not a mere, flashy theorist. He is not a Bishop to attend a public meeting like a kind of human poor-box; with open mouth for the money of others, but giving no farthing himself. No: the Bishop proposes to show what may be done for and by Scripture Readers. The body, to be useful, must be supported by a large amount of money. Souls are not to be saved gratis. Hence, the Bishop will, in the first place, subscribe a very large proportion—say, two-thirds at least of his own revenues—to the glorious work; and further, will personally instruct the neophyte readers and scripture teachers.

We have thought it right to say thus much that the advertisement of the sale of many of the most costly effects of Fulham may not be misinterpreted by a hard-judging world. Mr. George Robins has, in his own inimitable words, been honoured by the commands of the Bishop, and the advertisement—we hope yet to print an early copy—will very shortly appear. The pictures, plate, and objects of *virtù*, are expected to fetch the highest prices; they will doubtless be bought as beautiful relics, endearing mementos of true episcopal Christianity. The wines especially are expected to create the most lively competition.

And the Bishop of London having thus munificently subscribed to the fund—having proved his earnestness by the indubitable proofs of £. s. d.—he will then, with Bible in pocket, and staff in hand, like another Hooker, sally forth, smiling and hopeful in the glorious purpose that plays divinest music on his heart-strings! Already has the Bishop made himself acquainted with the hovels of the indigent. Already has he been known to give scripture readings at the hearths of some of the poorest poor of Fulham. The hour that he comes forth from his palace on his self-imposed mission is not generally known, or sure we are there would be a crowd at his gate to bless him. Old men and women would call down blessings like manna on his head, and little children drop heart's-ease and lilies-of-the-valley in his path!

We have not yet heard what the Bishop of Winchester intends to do—what dear sacrifices he purposes to make: but when we know them, our readers shall know them too.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT IN DANGER!

In the strength of an advertisement which lately appeared in the *Hampshire Telegraph*, we were about to congratulate Colonel Sibthorp and Lord Brougham. For, if authentic, it would have proved that the railway mania had at length reached its height, and might now, perhaps, therefore, be expected to decline. We are told, by this startling announcement, that—

"A Company is in course of formation for the purpose of constructing a Railway through and across the Isle of Wight."

Now the Isle of Wight is just 21 miles long and 13 broad, so that with a railway through and across it, it would be much like a good-sized hot-cross bun. Its traffic consists in the transference of pigs, sheep, cattle, and sacks of grain, from farm to farm, and from market to market; between which the communication about as much requires to be facilitated as that between Leicester Square and the House of Commons. Its attraction to visitors consists in its scenery, which, for extent as well as character, has occasioned it to be called the Garden of England, and a railway in it would resemble a gravel path in a garden. It is a pretty place in fact, to walk about in; and a pretty place that would be for a railway! The butterfly might as well roam by steam from flower to flower, as the tourist from landscape to landscape here. Railways would be about as useful and ornamental to this little dot in the ocean, as they would be to that little dot in the Thames—Twickenham Ait.

This consideration induces us, supposing the speculators to be in earnest, to offer them a small suggestion. There is a certain other little dot in the Thames which would be the best fools' playground in the world. If any set of madmen want to make a needless railway, let us call their attention to the Isle of Dogs. That will be a much better place for their purpose than the Isle of Wight. They will spoil no beauty; injure no individual there. There they may gratify an insanity which will at least be harmless. But we cannot believe these people serious. The notion of an Isle of Wight Railway is too outrageous for any sublunary Bedlam. It is, in fact, inconceivably maniacal; and the advertisement must be a joke. The wag who wrote it might have added, as part of the scheme, a proposal for a tunnel to Cowes, under Southampton Water. But this, perhaps, would have rendered the fabrication too palpable. We regard the whole affair as a mere hoax, intended to make unhappy Isle-of-Wight gentlemen uneasy about their parks; and to annoy and shock all lovers of the picturesque. If it is not so, we can only say that we hope the "Company in course of formation" will at once publish their names, that they may be caught and taken care of before they do anybody a mischief.

Master Wood.

We saw advertised the other day, in the *Times*, a "Mahogany child's chair." We have heard of wooden-headed boys who won't or can't learn at school; but we should be curious to see this mahogany child whose chair is announced for sale in the public journals.

A HINT TO THE LORDS.

There has been a deal of talk in the House of Commons about some new marine glue, which is so adhesive, that when two things have been joined together by it, it is impossible to separate them. If it were made into lip-salve, what a friendly present it would be to Lord Brougham!

PUNCH'S REVIEW.—THE SIMNEL PLUM-CAKE, BURY.

Dedicated to "Punch" by his Bury admirers.

This work abounds in cuts of considerable richness. It has a delicate binding of sugar; and altogether it is a production that requires to be well digested. There are several good things profusely scattered throughout the whole, and there are bits here and there which ought to be in the mouth of every one.

THE DERBY DAY.

As the interest excited by the Derby Day has all the evanescence of ginger-beer without its wholesomeness, and as we shall not go to press till the subject has been "used up" in every shape from faithful narratives, written a week in advance, to portraits of the winner, drawn last year, with fresh eyes picked in, and a fresh nose picked out, to suit it to the present moment,—as people will be thoroughly nauseated with the tremendous doses of Epsom that will have been administered before the present number appears,—we shall cut the matter rather short, preserving only one or two of the most salient points that presented themselves to our notice.

Punch, of course, was present on the Derby Day at Epsom. Not having patronised a sweep, we had no opportunity of drawing the favourite; but we have drawn a sentimental young gent., who evidently thought himself the favourite on the occasion alluded to. We never saw

A SENTIMENTAL GENT, WHO DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF GREATLY AT EPSOM ON THE DERBY DAY.

any living creature in such a high state of snobbism. Nothing short of poetry can do him justice; so, in order to hit the pretender to style, it will be necessary to strike the lyre:—

His hat was made of gossamer,
And cock'd upon his crown,
While from his head there fell some hair,
Of lanky whitey-brown.
His collar o'er an opera-tie,
Was *à la Byron* bent.
He had an eye-glass for his eye,
That sentimental gent.

His coat it was a cutaway,
Of rather dingy black;
And being ready-made, it lay
Upon him like a sack.
His waistcoat was of yellow-white,
To wash too often sent;
He was of an alarming height,
That sentimental gent.

On the road home several equestrian feats were gone through with much skill and ability. Among others, an individual, who looked a good deal like Young Stickney, or Il Diavolo Somebody, performed an involuntary evolution from the back of a highly-trained charger into a hedge, where he stood for at least a minute balanced on his head; and it only wanted a firework of some kind to render the *tableau* perfectly adapted for the centre of the last scene in a pantomime. We never witnessed

a more rapid act of horsemanship, and it was impossible to see a more clever specimen of hedging off than was afforded by the individual alluded to.

Cambridge's English Speaker.

The frequency of the Duke of Cambridge's appearance at public dinners, where he of course occupies the chair, and is called upon to speak very often, has the effect of making his Royal Highness a perfect master of the arts of eloquence.

It is, we believe, the intention of the Duke of Cambridge to publish a new "English Speaker," including a number of after-dinner orations applicable to all sorts and descriptions of charitable purposes. The collection will include several of the Duke's own powerful bursts of eloquence, of which we are happy to have the privilege of giving a few specimens.

Speech of the Duke of Cambridge *on behalf of the Royal Free Hospital.* 1845.

"Gentlemen—ahem, I—I—I—rise to say—that is I wish to propose a toast—wish to propose a toast. Gentlemen, I think that you'll all say—ahem, at least I think that this toast is as you'll all say, the toast of the evening—toast of the evening. Gentlemen, I belong to a good many of these things—these things—and I say gentlemen this hospital requires no patronage—at least you don't want any letter of recommendation. You've only got to be ill—only got to be ill. Another thing—they're all locked up, I mean they're shut up separate—that is they've all got separate beds—all got separate beds. Now, gentlemen, I find by the report, (*turning over the leaves*) I find gentlemen, that from the year seventeen—no, eighteen—no, ah, yes—I'm right—eighteen hundred and fifty—No! it's a 3, thirty-six—eighteen hundred and thirty-six, no less than 193 millions, no! ah! (*to a committee-man at his side*) eh! what? oh! thank you, yes—193,000, two million, no—(*looking through his eye-glass*) two hundred and thirty-one—193,231. Gentlemen, I beg to propose Success to this Institution."

Speech of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge *on the Occasion of his Health being Drunk.*

"Gentlemen, I'm much obliged to you for drinking my health. Health, gentlemen, is a great blessing—a very great blessing, and I'm pretty well, very well! Gentlemen, I can only say—I'm very much obliged to you."

Inaugural Address of his Royal Highness on Laying the First Stone of a Literary Institution.

"Gentlemen,—This is a very interesting occasion, and I'm very proud to be here, doing what I am. This stone, I hope—that is, I'm sure; I'm certain, gentlemen, this stone will cement the interests of this Society. Gentlemen, I wish success. Literature is a great thing, gentlemen—at least I think so. I hope, gentlemen, this Institution will be successful."

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XIX.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS "IT WOULD LOOK WELL TO KEEP THEIR WEDDING-DAY."

AUDLE, love, do you know what next Sunday is? *No! you don't?* Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear? Think, love, a minute—just think. *What! and you don't know now?* Ha! if I hadn't a better memory than you, I don't know how we should ever get on. Well, then, pet,—shall I tell you what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day ——What are you groaning at, MR. CAUDLE? I don't see anything to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No: I rather think it's *I* who ought to groan!

"Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man then, MR. CAUDLE. What do you say? *And I was a very different woman?* Not at all—just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your head about on the pillow in that way: I say, just the same. Well, then, if I'm altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure—certainly not. Don't tell me that I couldn't talk at all then—I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you who've made me talk. What do you say? *You're very sorry for it?* CAUDLE, you do nothing but insult me.

"Ha! you were a good-tempered, nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done anything for me. Yes, yes, if a woman would be always cared for, she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, MR. CAUDLE, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonsense but you. Now, it's no use your turning and turning about in that way, it's not a bit of—what do you say? *You'll get up?* No you won't, MR. CAUDLE: you'll not serve me that trick again; for I've locked the door, and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you all the day-time,—but here you can't leave me. You needn't groan again, MR. CAUDLE.

"Now, CAUDLE, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks who, I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps; but *you* are aggravating; you must own that, CAUDLE. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? *They'd think it hypocrisy?* No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable; and if ever man was happy, *you* ought to be. No, CAUDLE, no; it isn't nonsense to keep wedding-days; it isn't a deception on the world; and if it is, how many people do it! I'm sure, it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the WINKLES—don't they give a dinner every year? Well, I know, and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonth, that's nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with anything else.

"As I say, CAUDLE, it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It's as much as to say to the whole world—'There! if I had to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose!' Well! I see nothing to groan at, MR. CAUDLE—no, or to sigh at either; but I know what you mean: I'm sure, what would have become of you, if you hadn't married as you have done—why, you'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, CAUDLE; and—I don't like to say it—but you'd have been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes you'd have got into I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. The trouble I've had to keep you respectable—and what's my thanks? Ha! I only wish you'd had some women!

"But we won't quarrel, CAUDLE. No; you don't mean anything, I know. We'll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now don't say you don't care—that isn't the way to speak to a wife; and especially the wife I've been to you, CAUDLE. Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now don't grunt, MR. CAUDLE, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding-day? What? *If I'll let you go to sleep?* Ha, that's unmanly, CAUDLE; can't you say 'Yes' without anything else? I say—can't you say 'Yes'?—There, bless you! I knew you would.

"And now, CAUDLE, what shall we have for dinner? No—we won't talk of it to-morrow; we'll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular—something out of the way—just to show that we thought the day something. I should like—MR. CAUDLE, you're not asleep! *What do I want?* Why you know I want to settle about the dinner. *Have what I like?* No: as it's your fancy to keep the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, CAUDLE; so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? *Nonsense; mutton will do?* Ha! that shows what you think of your wife: I dare say if it was with any of your club friends—any of your pot-house companions—you'd have no objection to venison. I say if—what do you mutter? *Let it be venison?* Very well. And now about the fish? What do you think of a nice turbot? No, MR. CAUDLE; brill won't do—it shall be turbot, or there shan't be any fish at all. Oh, what a mean man you are, CAUDLE! Shall it be turbot? *It shall?* Very well. And now about the soup—now CAUDLE, don't swear at the soup in that manner; you know there must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real turtle. *No, you won't, you'll have nothing but mock?* Then, MR. CAUDLE, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? *Let it be real then, for once?* Ha, CAUDLE! as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago.

"And CAUDLE, you'll look after the venison? There's a place I know, somewhere in the City, where you get it beautiful! You'll look to it? *You will?* Very well.

"And now who shall we invite? *Who I like?* Now, you know, CAUDLE, that's nonsense; because I only like whom you like. I suppose the PRETTYMANS must come? But understand, CAUDLE, I don't have MISS PRETTYMAN: I'm not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof! if she comes, I don't appear at the table. What do you say? *Very well?* Very well be it, then.

"And now, CAUDLE, you'll not forget the venison? In the City, my dear? You'll not forget the venison? A haunch, you know; a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison?——"

"Three times did I fall off to sleep," says CAUDLE, "and three times did my wife nudge me with her elbow, exclaiming,—'You'll not forget the venison?' At last I got into a sound slumber, and dreamt I was a pot of currant-jelly."

ON AN M. P. WHO RECENTLY GOT HIS ELECTION AT THE SACRIFICE OF HIS POLITICAL CHARACTER.

His degradation is complete,
His name with loss of honour branding:
When he resolv'd to win his seat,
He literally lost his standing.

A COOL PROJECT.

A CONCERN has lately started in the Strand, under the title of the Wenham Lake Ice Company. The stock of the company appears to consist of large blocks of ice, so that great care must be taken not to melt the whole of the capital. We do not quite understand what the object of the company may be, or whence the profit is to be derived; but the enormous lumps of ice look as if they were intended to pave the streets, and the ice would, no doubt, prove a formidable rival to the wood, if the former should be brought into competition with the latter. The only question would be, as to the durability of the ice, though its hardness seems to denote that it has many of the properties of freize-stone.

By the way, the Wenham Lake Ice Company might make a very excellent speculation of laying down the Serpentine, or some other popular river, with ice, for the benefit of skaters between the bathing and the skating seasons. We recommend the directors to look to this as speedily as possible.

LITTLE STORIES FOR GREAT HUMBUGS.

In Words of One Syllable.

Poor Mike Gibbs was used ill by some Boys in Blue Coats, who would not let Him sit in a Chair when the Queen came to see them. Mike got quite fierce, and struck at the Boys; but they did not mind this, and made Fun of Him for His Rage, and did pelt Him. But Mike Gibbs ran and got a large Mace, with which He did hit out Right and Left; but He hurt no One, for no One did care what He did. How sad that Mike, by His Bad Ways, should get no One to care for Him. One Day the Queen came to see the Boys in Blue Coats, and Mike said He had a Right to see the Queen. But it was the Cry of All, that He was not fit to meet the Queen while He was in a Mess; and as He would not rub off the Dirt, they would not let Him see Her, lest Mike should shock Her. This made Mike Gibbs more Cross than He had been yet; but no One can help that, for it is His own Fault, and the Fault of no One else, that brought Him to the State He is now in.

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

Bentley's Miscellany of this month contains a story of a husband being very nearly poisoned by the lover of his wife,—the poison having been sent to the cook to be mixed up with a dish of which the husband alone was passionately fond. This is afterwards explained away by the husband himself, as a trick he had resorted to in order to poison his wife's mind against the aforesaid lover. This story is very funnily told, and is called "The Plum Pudding;" but unfortunately, the very same incidents were described in *Hood's Magazine*, two months back. The story was there entitled "The Herring Pie." We only mention this circumstance as a most extraordinary coincidence. We have heard of writers describing the same ideas in the very same words—there was that very singular case of Lord William Lennox and Sir Walter Scott—but we are certainly puzzled when the resemblance is kept up through an entire story. However, we do not pretend to account for this mysterious relationship, but simply refer the curious in similar freaks of literature, to the two tales in question, begging of them to bear in mind that the one in *Hood's Magazine* was published the first.

"PERSONALITY" OF PUNCH.

The *Art-Union* scourges poor *Punch* for his graphic sins—for his wickedness, "that degrades art to the purpose of caricature, and renders personal the satire that should be only universal." We feel the blow: it falls upon our back with the weight of a goose-down feather. The castigation is incidentally dealt upon us in a notice of the labours of Kenny Meadows (to whom be all health and honour!) It is true, *Punch* is sometimes personal. His dealings are, at times, with the knaves and simpletons of the world—the knaves and simpletons in chairs of authority—and, whenever truth calls for the right word, why, be it ever so hard a one, that word is administered. But the *Art-Union* has no such serious mission. The *Art-Union* is established as a twelvepenny temple, whereto men are invited that they may therein ponder on the beautiful; where there are no politics, no social iniquity, no want, no human suffering to ruffle and distress the prejudices and sympathies of the reader. In the *Art-Union* personality would, indeed, be a foul thing—a very toad in a porphyry temple. And therefore, even as the most delicate lady would avoid the aforesaid reptile, therefore is personality avoided by the *Art-Union:* let the reader judge from the following extract, taken from the very same number as that in which *Punch* is belaboured—

"No. 66. '*Portrait of Mrs. Thwaytes,*' A. E. Chalon, R.A.—This portrait is a very humiliating, but a very powerful illustration of our national character. The might of money in England is a proverb. The lady here painted—whose humble name has been transformed from Thwaites into Thwaytes, we *hope by order of the artist* only—is *the widow of that respectable grocer who bequeathed a sugar-plum to the wife he had married when he was vending figs by the pennyworth*—

'A plain good man.'

She has, it *appears, exhausted one of her money-bags* in the purchase of diamonds, which she has permitted the artist to look at; and they are 'all over' her—money's worth from head to foot! * * * There could be no possible objection to her commissioning Mr. A. E. Chalon to paint her ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds and her face (for 500*l.*); but to exhibit *the homely daw* in the peacock's feathers—*not borrowed, but bought*—in the place of honour in the British Royal Academy, is giving her 'a glory' of which her honest grocer-husband never could have dreamt."

It is plain there is no personality here: nothing personal in the allusion to the dead fig-vendor; nothing personal in the "homely daw," or the "honest grocer-husband;" certainly not. Mrs. Thwaites—by all accounts a worthy, excellent person—will of course receive what would otherwise appear to be the sneers of a critic—(a critic who, doubtless, would fall upon his knees at a portrait of Prince Albert's dog, watching his master's tooth-pick,)—as the legitimate opinions of a writer, devoted to the abstract excellence of art. And yet how arrogant of Mrs. Thwaites to have her diamonds—the diamonds "not borrowed, but *bought*"—painted and exhibited among the gems of the superior classes, for many of which valuables, it may be, no receipt was ever given!

PRACTICAL PIGEONS.

The system of pigeon expresses, which is already applied to stock exchange and racing purposes, might, we think, easily be introduced into our commercial operations. If every banking-house had a pigeon establishment attached to it, the birds might be despatched with notices of bills lying due—and a set of pouters might be kept to announce with an appropriate pout the fact of an acceptance having been dishonoured. The system would also work well for butchers and others having to send round for orders to a large and extended circle of customers. By simply tying "a leg of mutton"—in writing of course—round a pigeon's neck, or attaching "a sirloin of beef" to its foot, orders could be forwarded with rapidity from any distance to Giblett, of Bond Street, or Slater, of Kensington. The delivery of letters might also be conducted on the same plan; and indeed, if every householder were compelled to keep one pigeon, who might be fed on an average at about one penny a week, he would save more than that amount in postage. The arrangement would also spare the country the humiliation of having occasionally benefits—there was one the other night at the Haymarket—for the distressed postmen. If the government cannot afford to pay the letter-carriers, surely the public coffers could stand the cost of a few pigeons, who might be kept literally in clover, at a charge which would be almost nominal.

THE IRISH MARTYRS!

O'Connell and his brother martyrs have experienced the most touching proofs of the sympathy of their countrymen. As mementos of what the martyrs suffered whilst in gaol, they have received from various parts of Ireland everything to eat and drink. There is no doubt that whilst in prison, much of their martyrdom, like that of St. Lawrence, came from a gridiron!

THE STATESMAN'S DREAM.

A TALE FOR SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

It chanced that on a night, of late,
Exhausted with a long debate,
To bed a Statesman crept;
His Settlement of Paupers Act
Had been the theme; yet, though the fact
Is strange to tell, he slept.

He slept; but in a moment more,
This Legislator for the Poor
Woke in the world of dreams;
That shadowy world of joy and pain,
By fancy fashioned from the brain,
With imaged thought that teems.

He slept, a Minister of State,
One of the wealthy and the great,
Mature in years—not old;
He woke a feeble aged man,
Whose days had reached their utmost span,
Poor, ragged, wretched, cold.

An old wife, too, had he; and they
Were slowly tottering on their way,
A distant home to seek;
The only home that they had left,
Of house, and goods, and friends bereft:
The WORKHOUSE, truth to speak.

It seemed an age of travail sore
Until they reach'd the Union door,
In sick and weary sort;
A surly Beadle mock'd the tone
In which they made their piteous moan,
And bade them cut it short.

And then they went before the Board,
Who on their heads reproaches pour'd,
For lazy, worthless folk;
The Statesman in that dreamy maze,
Some memory had of better days:
His heart felt nearly broke.

And then his wife was from him torn,
And then his hoary head was shorn,
And then they made him don
The Workhouse dress, that every eye
Might see he was a pauper by
The garb that he had on.

They gave him, faint for want of meat,
Some gruel and a crust to eat.
Oh, it was sorry stuff!
But of that "coarser kind of food"
When for a little more he sued,
They cried, "You 've had enough."

And when his heart was sorely wrung,
And bitter words came to his tongue
Beneath his treatment hard,
They lock'd him in a prison-cell,
In lonely wretchedness to dwell,
For brawling in the ward.

The jarring lock his slumber broke,
And to reality he woke,
A warm and downy bed:
Now will this Statesman's dream have taught
One GRAHAM anything—or nought?—
That 's more than can be said.

Another New Spec.

AMONG the speculations at present in progress is a Great Libyan Desert and West End Junction Arabian Sand Association, for the purpose of supplying England and the Continent of Europe with sand paper. Tables have already been prepared, showing the daily consumption of this useful article in the metropolis alone; and it is suggested that by the manufacture of scouring paper also, the company will be able to take advantage of the present rage for travelling, and put it in the power of any person of moderate means to scour the whole of the Continent. A sample of the sand may be seen at the company's temporary (very temporary) offices in Tooley Street.

THE WRONGS OF THE POSTMEN!

WE have received the following petition from an important section of the female kind; namely, the wives of the postmen—(poor underpaid pilgrims!).—The said petition was agreed to at a very numerous meeting, though we have not seen it reported in any contemporary columns.

To Her Gracious Majesty the Queen: The Humble Petition of the Wives of the Postmen.

"MADAM,

"MAY it please your gracious goodness to look with a smiling eye upon the husbands of your Petitioners. Your gracious goodness supplies to 'em from the Crown a coat, a waistcoat, and a hat with a band which only the illiterate multitude take for gold. Your Petitioners pray that the Crown would not leave off at the waistcoat, but continue its bounty in the way of trousers, and end it with shoes. Then would your MAJESTY'S Postmen be all of a piece. As it is, half of your MAJESTY'S Postmen belongs to the Crown—and half to the Jews. They get their coats and waistcoats from the government, and (saving your MAJESTY'S presence), their trousers and high lows from Holywell Street!

"If your Petitioners' husbands were like mermaids, and never but half-showed themselves, your Petitioners would not approach you with their distressed tale,—but as your Petitioners' husbands are often respectable about the shoulders, at the same time that they are seedy about the toes and knees, your Petitioners pray that you will be graciously pleased to make their husbands all alike.

"Your Petitioners humbly appeal to your MAJESTY'S sympathies as a wife. What would be your MAJESTY'S feelings to see PRINCE ALBERT in the fine laced coat of a General (or a late Twopenny), with shabby trousers and boots not fit for any painter to take him in?

"Your Petitioners would not distress your MAJESTY'S feelings by dwelling on the dreadful sight, but again entreating that your MAJESTY will give orders that all—instead of a part—of their husbands may henceforth be the care of a maternal government, so that in future they may not complain of half-measures on the part of the tailor,—

"And your Petitioners will ever pray."

Here follows an army of signatures.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

"CAN'T MAKE A LIVING? LOR! WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE INJUN DODGE, LIKE ME?"

A STUDY FROM NATURE.

THE beautiful statue of the "Greek Slave," by MR. POWER, has excited such universal admiration, that a companion to it, we understand, will shortly be exhibited by the same artist, under the title of "THE AMERICAN SLAVE." It is the figure of a negro, with his hands fastened with a chain, on the manacles of which is cut the American Eagle. Round his back is wrapped the national flag, on which the stripes are conspicuously displayed. The crouching attitude of the figure is most wonderfully depicted, but the statue is most to be admired for its powerful truth and unaffected simplicity. We have been assured by gentlemen, who have had opportunities of judging by frequent visits to the Land of Liberty, that they have never seen anything so wonderfully true to nature.

AN INTERESTING ADDITION TO PUNCH'S SHOW.

MR. CATLIN, now or lately of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, wrote a book about the North American Indians. *Mr. Punch*, to a certain extent, proposes to take a leaf out of the book of MR. CATLIN. The latter exhibited his Ojibbeways and Ioways. *Mr. Punch* will, if he can manage it, get up an exhibition of other savages. It is his desire to communicate to his fellow-citizens some idea of their uncivilised ancestors. By these, he does not mean the woad-painted aborigines, but their rouged descendants, a kind of later Picts, the somewhat less ancient Britons of a century ago.

That *Punch's* show will equal the *Royal Bal Costumé*, he cannot hope; but he does hope that it will teach the public, who will not be admitted to the former sight, what a degraded race of beings were their said forefathers. For this purpose, he thinks of taking some rooms, probably at the back of his office, therein to display these savages in their own barbarous costumes. Being unfortunately unable to wake the dead, it will not be in his power to procure genuine Second-Georgians; but their representatives shall be persons as much like them in all respects as he can get.

Discarded waiting-maids or footmen who have been sent about their business will be readily engaged as such at *Punch's* Office; and those who can obtain no character from their last places will be preferred. Appearing as noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies of quality, these persons will exemplify admirably the fashions at once gaudy and ludicrous of the period, the most remarkable for tasteless vanity in all our history.

Punch himself will attend by way of demonstrator. Adverting, for instance, with his wand to a bag-wig, he will point out the correspondence of the exterior to the inner furniture of the head, and its wonderful fitness, as a covering, for a numskull. Directing attention to a laced coat, or a spangled waistcoat, he will ask his audience to consider whether it is more shapeless or showy? Displaying the whole fop from head to foot, buckles and all, he will show them how man, through a perverted taste, can invest himself in the frippery of a mountebank.

In like manner, he will explain to the ladies how a savage notion of ornament can convert the loveliest tresses into a peruke, and will delicately hint at the analogy between pomatum and powder and a peculiarity in the toilet of the Hottentot. He will likewise remind them where the waist ought to be, and how long the barbarism of their great grandmothers made it. Also he will bid them look at a high-heeled shoe, observe its resemblance to a flat-iron, and consider how the wearer put her foot in it. He will descant on the similarity of the painted cheek to that of the original Cherokee; and of its spots of court-plaster to tattooing. And then he will take the whole dowdy, and advise them to thank goodness for the civilisation but for which they might be such figures themselves.

He will further indicate the warriors, counsellors, medicine-men or doctors, and other professional personages of the time, in their peculiar habiliments, with a full exposition of the absurdity of each scarecrow. After that, he will make the creatures execute their ungainly minuets and other dances in all the richness of solemn burlesque; and besides, dice, gamble, and otherwise enact their rude pastimes and amusements.

Finally, he will moralise for the edification of his company, and tell them how humble they ought to feel when they reflect on their descent from such a set of monkeys as their ancestors of the reign of GEORGE THE SECOND.

Cheap Trips Round the World.

THE rapidity with which locomotion is now carried on has led, we believe, to a project for a cheap trip round the world, that is to take place in the course of the ensuing summer. We presume there will be hand-books for the travellers who start on this expedition: and a little *brochure*, to be called—"*Every Man his own Columbus*," would not be inappropriate.

We have not yet heard the particulars of the intended cheap excursion; but as it is to be "round the world," the party will probably start from London Bridge, go along by Blackwall, Greenwich, Gravesend; and having gone fairly round the world, will come down the other way, through Putney Bridge, and so on, by Battersea and Vauxhall, to the Old Swan Pier, where the fourpenny boats lie at anchorage.

For our own parts, we should prefer stopping at home, and letting the world go round us, to going round the world; but taste is everything. It would not be a bad spec. to send up a monster balloon, with a good supply of provisions, to accommodate a party that might be desirous of remaining stationary in the air to witness the world's going round; and the earth's revolution being complete, the party could pop down again on to the very spot they had started from.

This would enable one to see quite as much of the world as if one went round it, and the trouble would of course be nothing in comparison. The treat would be similar to that of witnessing a grand moving panorama, which is much better than running from one end to the other of a tremendous picture in order to look minutely into every part of it.

Among the promised advantages of the cheap trip round the world, is perpetual summer; but how the projectors intend to manage this part of the business we are quite at a loss to conjecture, unless they take a cargo of summer weather out with them. Where the article is to come from we really don't know, for the summer has been so long due that it appears to be keeping out of the way to avoid its creditors.

We presume there is a sunshine company at the North Pole; for if it is possible to have a Wenham Ice Company in full play in the Strand during the dog-days, it may be perfectly practicable to establish an emporium for heat in the coldest climates.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE THE NEW W(H)IG?"

OR, SIR R. PEEL DRESSED IN CHARACTER FOR THE QUEEN'S BALL.

THE PECULIAR BURDENS UPON LAND.

Mr. Ward has lately brought forward an unsuccessful motion for an inquiry into this subject. We quite agree with the majority that rejected it—there is no reason for any inquiry into the matter, We can save the house a blue-book (so called from its effect upon the looks of honourable members while engaged in its perusal) by a succinct account of these "peculiar burdens" for each of the three divisions of the United Kingdom.

ENGLAND.

Imprimis, we should say a very peculiar burden upon the land in England is—

1. A sporting landlord, in whose eyes partridges are of more consequence than paupers, and who in all his schemes of amelioration spells "peasant" with a "ph."

2. An ill-paid overworked labourer, with a mind as bare as his body, a dog-hole for a dwelling, and an union-house for a refuge.

3. An ignorant tenantry, with a confidence in Sir Robert Peel and a blind dependence on protection and the landlord.

4. A non-resident rector, with a taste for Cheltenham waters, and a notion that the working clergy are composed of curates at £80 per annum.

IRELAND.

1. An absentee proprietor, who considers hedge-shooting the natural amusement of the Irish pisantry; believes the only "*genteel*" residence for a man of taste to be an English watering-place, and holds the duties of property to be all on the side of the tenant.

2. A Protestant ascendancy parson, who looks on Orange Lodges as a development of the Christian church; "Boyne water" as a hymn; and a National School as a favourite parade-ground for the Evil One.

3. A rack-renting agent, whose favourite argument is a policeman's bayonet.

SCOTLAND.

1. A Highland landholder, with a preference for sheep-walks over small holdings, and a tendency to promote Emigration on a large scale by driving out forty families in one clearing.

2. A population of paupers depending on what the heritors like to give them.

Let England, Ireland, and Scotland, rid themselves of these burdens respectively, and we should not despair of even more wonderful results than a Repeal of the Corn Laws, a millennium in which the Duke of Buckingham should play in Mr. Cobden's drying-grounds, and Villiers sport over Sir John Tyrell's preserves; when Sibthorpe should exchange the kiss of peace with Bowring; and Hume and Herbert sit cheek-by-jowl on the Treasury Bench, with the smile of brotherly love upon their faces, and their arms round one another's necks.

NOTHING LIKE A PRECEDENT!

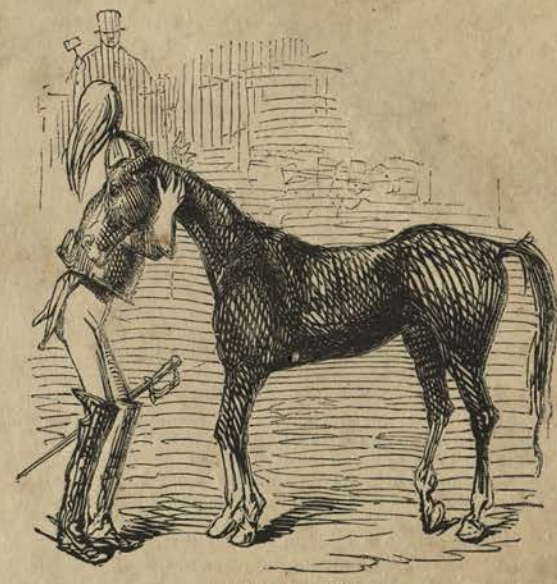
The defence of the un-English practice of opening letters is "precedent." But it strikes us that more than one minister, who distinguished himself in his day *à la* Sir James Graham, was afterwards dismissed. How is it Sir Robert does not make use of that precedent?

THE BLUES AGAIN.

For some time past we had hoped that this bold and courageous regiment had been wholly extricated from its little pecuniary difficulties. Judge, then, of our horror at finding that "Mr. Dixon is instructed by the Commanding Officer to bring twenty very superior long-tailed troop-horses to the hammer."

It is terrible to think that an auctioneer should knock down, at last, those noble beasts which have stood unfailing and unfelled before the fire of the enemy. But the worst of all is the sort of people whose attention is invited to the sale of the once proud but now degraded animals. "Job and funeral masters, omnibus proprietors, and tradesmen," are called upon to suit themselves from this stock of splendid troopers; and it is possible that the same noble brute who was never in the rear may be compelled to bring up the van, loaded with second-hand furniture. The charger that once revelled in danger, may be doomed to have an ignoble patent safety ever dangling at its heels; or may be attached to one of those omnibuses that will mock its most cherished *souvenirs* with the name of Waterloo painted on the panels.

We understand that several of the old soldiers were greatly affected at having to part with their horses, and were in all directions seen cutting off locks of the animals' tails—most of them, by-the-bye, are sham—to keep in remembrance of the animals from



AFFECTING INCIDENT.

whom they were about to separate. One old veteran, who took them to Dixon's yard, was so much affected, that the following pathetic ballad suggested itself to the mind of a sentimental bystander:—

Air.—"*The Soldier's Tear.*"

Upon the ground he stood,
To take a last fond look;
At the troopers as he entered them
In Mister Dixon's book.
He listened to the neigh
So familiar to his ear;
But the soldier thought of bills to pay,
And wiped away a tear.

Beside the stable door,
A mare fell on her knees;
She cock'd aloft her crow-black tail,
Which fluttered in the breeze.
She seemed to breathe a pray'r,
A prayer he could not hear;
For the soldier felt his pockets bare,
And wiped away a tear.

The soldier blew his nose,
Oh, do not deem him weak!
To meet his creditors he knows
He 's not sufficient cheek.
Go read the writ-book through,
And 'mid the names, I fear,
You 're sure to find the very Blue
Who wiped away the tear.

WAXING DISLOYAL.

Among the amusing announcements put forth by Madame Tussaud, of Wax-work celebrity, is that of "The House of Brunswick at one View," which consists of some half-dozen dolls, looking with a stare of intense meaning at vacancy. We were, however, a little startled by the information that among the new figures would be found "The Prince of Wales *taken from life* by the express permission of Her Majesty." Madame Tussaud being a foreigner, is perhaps not aware of the stringent state of the law with reference to the crime of compassing or imagining the death of the heir to the throne; otherwise, she would not thus openly advertise "the Prince of Wales taken from life," an expression that becomes doubly base from the addition of the words, "by the express permission of Her Majesty." We should recommend Madame Tussaud to remodel this announcement as speedily as possible, for it is one against which English loyalty revolts with considerable vehemence.

YOUNG IRELAND.

MR. PUNCH (OF *Punch*) TO MR. DAVIS (OF *The Nation*).

SIR,—The custom of the British Press gives us leave to address great public characters. Any day in the week you may read specimens of such letters, which a regard for the national welfare induces individual patriots to send forth. Thus it was that JUNIUS (altogether without his Grace's concurrence no doubt) wrote to the DUKE OF GRAFTON: thus did MR. MAC NEILL only yesterday address the DUKE OF WELLINGTON: thus, weekly almost, LORD JOHN or SIR ROBERT, or some great political authority, receives favours, per the *Dispatch* Newspaper, and signed by the tremendous *Publicola*. In the same way let *Punch* be permitted, Citizen Editor, to approach you. I write not to DAVIS, of whom I never heard until now; but to the great leader of the Irish nation.

"I had never heard of *him* either until I found in your last week's Paper that you were the man. The pathetic row between yourself and O'CONNELL you describe as 'the greatest peril the Association ever knew.' Had there been a collision, you say that 'the forces would not have been unmatched.' 'Extreme language was used,' you add, 'and some of it to *us*.' Now the extreme language was used to DAVIS: therefore DAVIS is the *Nation* newspaper: therefore a row with DAVIS was the greatest peril the Association ever knew: and therefore, your forces not being unmatched with DAN'S, you are equal to that illustrious leader. Allow me, as a *confrère*, to congratulate you upon this prodigious elevation you have attained—a position which has never before been achieved by a literary man.

"Nor is it likely that a man of your genius will stop at mere equality. You and DAN only meet to repeal the Union: that point gained, you give pretty broad hints you will leave the Liberator behind. 'Some Repealers think,' you say, 'that Repeal is, *under no circumstances, worth a drop of human blood*.' That's a hint at DAN'S unreasonable squeamishness. 'Others,' you say, 'have no particular objection to the sacrifice of life;' and you call upon your people to 'organize' at some not distant anniversary, and to separate only in triumph.

"Fools that English statesmen are, and ignorant of the state of affairs in Ireland! It is DAN we fancy is still regnant. We don't know that you have come quietly in and deposed him. 'How the deuce shall we appease the old fellow?' says PEEL to me. 'How the dickens, Duke, are we to satisfy him?' says I to an illustrious warrior. We are all thinking about O'CONNELL, when—fiddle-de-dee—the pea is not under that thimble at all. It is no longer DAN, but DAVIS!

"Nor can the country be sufficiently admired and complimented which has chosen you for its leader. Your pretensions for it and yourself are so moderate—your schemes of government so wise, practical, and sound. Since the time of MARAT, there has not been a statesman like you. It is quite agreeable to think the great philosopher has not lived in vain, and to contemplate the Christian beauties of your political scheme.

"I wanted to have been present myself at the Martyrs' Levee, and had ordered a new suit of green and gold for the occasion; but somehow, when I came to put it on, the people here laughed at me. JUDY quizzed my foraging-cap; my dog Toby snarled and bit at the gold lace on my legs; and as for the coat, I found the collar of it so uncommonly tight and choky *about the throat* that I couldn't help thinking—well, never mind what. I sold the things a bargain to MADAME TUSSAUD, and they are to figure in the *patriot* room betwixt the immortal THISTLEWOOD and the spotless victim of CHARLOTTE CORDAY before-mentioned. Well, the Martyrs' Levee has passed off brilliantly enough without the presence of *Mr. Punch* at the Rotundo; but grander than the Rotundo, or DAN in his chair; or 'the bugles of the people;' or the countless millions marshalled to welcome their martyrs; is your article in the *Nation*.

"Bedad, dear Sir, it beats everything—it beats DAN'S best. 'We had,' say you, 'the elements of a National Convention, whose taxes the people would pay; round whose war-flag the people would rally; who could negotiate, legislate, battle and triumph!' *We might* do all this, say you, but we don't choose it. DAVIS lets off the Imperial Goverment just at present. Thank Heaven we have breathing-time!

"'The garrison of Dublin,' you go on to say, 'was paraded. Its cartridges were ready, its battalions concentrated, to meet—unarmed citizens. Viceroy of the Alien! your precautions were cowardly.' This is not merely fine eloquence, but very noble, courageous conduct, too. I like the spirit of the fellow who goes up to a soldier, and shakes his fist in the tyrant's face, exclaiming—'You dastardly coward! you armed ruffian! you miserable bully! I could thrash you if I liked, but I don't choose;' for though the soldier has precise orders not to move out of his place, yet it is evident he *might* move, the blood-thirsty assassin!—and what right has he to be interposing his great bayonet and cartouche-box in the society of peaceful men?

"That you *are* peaceful there can be no doubt. For, though you say you might set up a war-flag, and levy taxes, yet you don't—and though you say 'O, men of Ireland, will you not unite, organize, and meet us at some not distant anniversary to separate only in triumph.' Yet, have us fixed that anniversary? No; and it is manifestly gross cowardice to prepare against it. Though you call the Lord Lieutenant 'Viceroy of the Alien,' which means that the QUEEN is an alien, yet, does it follow that you are disloyal? He is an oppressor, tyrant, rascal, liar, blood-thirsty murderer—Saxon, in a word—who says so.

"Ah! dear Sir, don't fancy we are all indifferent to your wrongs. Europe must contemplate with horror the atrocious tyranny under which you labour. Three or four hundred thousand of you can't meet as in other countries, and hurl defiance at an iniquitous government,—but troops must get ready their cartridges forsooth! You can't make little attempts to disunite the empire, but some of you are clapped into prison. Every nation and every regular government in Europe must look down with profound pity upon this tremendous oppression, and join with you in your appeals for liberty. That appeal, by the way, is perhaps the richest *morceau* of all:

"'O liberty, liberty! for which SARSFIELD fought, and TONE *organized!* Liberty gained at Clontarf and Dungannon—lost by division—come, come quickly, we are athirst for freedom!'

"Come quickly, thou celestial nectar-bearer; MR. DAVIS, of the *Nation*, is thirsty! And what is the draught to soothe his parched vitals?—no half-and-half liberty—no small-beer freedom. MR. DAVIS likes a rosier liquor. He means *blood!*—out with the word at once. Every man has his taste; and why balk this Christian philosopher? This Protestant logician wants back the liberty which SARSFIELD fought for—being neither more nor less than JAMES THE SECOND. This peaceful leader wants the liberty for which TONE *organized*. Mild word! TONE organized the Croppy and Tory cut-throats; he 'organized' the Catholic pikes which massacred at Wexford; and the Protestant torches which fired the hospital at Enniscorthy: he 'organized' a French invading army, which was to bring freedom in its train, as is the wont of French armies to do: and he 'organized' the slaughter of thirty thousand men in his country by pike and gun—the horrible and unheard-of tortures—the bigotry, ruffianism, and cowardice—the lies and treason—and that legacy of hatred which a dying war always leaves behind it, and which great spirits, like that of DAVIS, are eager to share.

"If your darling NAPOLEON, in whose camp TONE 'organized,' had been brought over to Ireland by that skulking martyr, it is possible that the country would not have enjoyed its monster meetings; that MR. O'CONNELL would not have been allowed to levy his rent, or to wear his Irish crown; and that we should have lost that inestimable benefit—the pleasure of reading the *Nation* newspaper.

"What would have been your vocation then, and what the bent of your sublime genius?—but why ask? MR. DAVIS, of the *Nation*, was not born then. MR. DAVIS is a young gentleman, no doubt, who was not breeched very long before the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. The leader who is to measure strength with O'CONNELL has not had a beard very long; and began to shave a good forty years after TONE, the organizer, had used *his* last razor. But why meddle with edged tools?—it 's dangerous work!

"In the mean time, and until young DAVIS has mastered old DAN, let us see fairly the state of things:—The Irishmen assemble by millions, and the British tyrant does nothing. O'CONNELL reigns and levies tax, and the British tyrants let him. DAVIS calls the QUEEN an alien; the army cowards; instigates 'triumph'; has no objection to blood; incites, infuriates, simple folk; and the British tyrant has not a word to fling at him. If his eloquence should bring about commotion, be the blood on the British tyrant's head, not on DAVIS'S. I feel assured that this is the feeling of every just man in Europe; and that all governments admire your orderly spirit, would court your peaceful alliance, applaud the infallible means by which you would secure your national prosperity, and detest the monstrous despotism which bows your meek spirit down.

"Farewell, dear Sir. Continue to rouse patriotism, and to benefit your country. It is a sweet place now; but, ah! what a Paradise it will be, if you can realise your delightful plans regarding it!

"PUNCH."

Wit of the House of Lords.

WHEN BROUGHAM the other night attacked the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE for interrupting the DUKE OF WELLINGTON in his speech on the Maynooth Bill, LORD LYNDHURST tugged BROUGHAM familiarly by the skirt of the coat, observing, "NEWCASTLE is warm; he is flaring up: don't add fuel to the fire."—"I can't help it," replied BROUGHAM.—"My dear fellow," continued LYNDHURST, "adding fuel to the fire is in this case literally taking coals to Newcastle." The joke was too powerful for BROUGHAM to resist; so he laughed, and sat down.

PRIVILEGE! PRIVILEGE!

(From Our M.P.)

Of "all the storms" that have "lowered upon our house," none, since Cromwell's time, has equalled that which is now rising, like a small cloud, on the troubled horizon of Brougham's working brain.

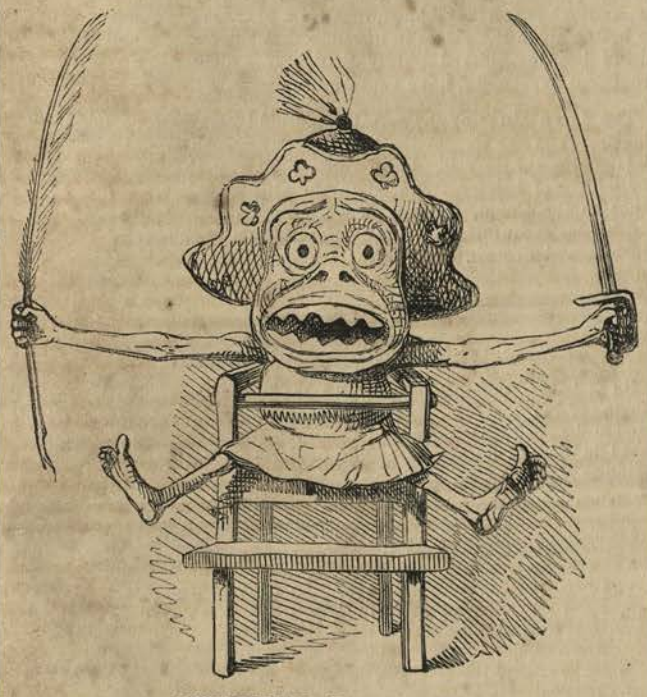
He would abolish our freedom from personal arrest!

Yes, he has brought in a bill that will leave the member of parliament naked to his creditors. The bailiff's hand that taps our sacred shoulder, will no longer fall paralysed—"what is writ" (to others) "is writ" to members from the day this bill is passed. Heaven and the government avert it!

How can we do our work on public bills with the fear of private ones before our eyes? How can we calmly decide the fate of railways with the conviction that we may be wanted by a bailiff outside the door of the committee-room?

Talk of justice to Ireland! What is the use of giving her members, if they may be pounced on by every rascal to whom they owe more than twenty pounds?

Instead of the hack-cab proudly rolling in the broad blaze of day down Parliament Street, with its freight of members, blandly smiling as they pass grim men frowning at shop doorways—imagine the contrast! We shall have the same men shrinking, muffled in great-coats, through Hungerford Market by Westminster back streets, to St. Stephen's; pausing at corners, and peeping down back alleys—nay smuggled, perhaps, by their unembarrassed brethren into the house as servants, witnesses, or what not! Young England will be wailing its lost one; Young Ireland



FANCY PORTRAIT OF YOUNG IRELAND.

will be weeping and lamenting for its shining lights; Finsbury will be hung with black: and on a division muster, instead of the whipper-in breaking up snug supper-parties in Bellamy's, or uproarious gin-twist coteries in the smoking-room, we shall have Peel compounding with a supporter's creditors, and Graham in daily attendance at Portugal Street. Attorneys will supersede doorkeepers, responsible bail men will form part of the government staff, and reporters, instead of announcing that "an honourable gentleman here made a remark that was inaudible in the gallery," will have to write "here an honourable member was removed by a bailiff amidst much confusion and in spite of considerable resistance."

The prospect is a dreadful one.

Lord Brougham, "on my knees I implore you not to press this bill." It has a show of common sense and reason to recommend it. Some wrong-headed Radical will be taking it up if you persevere, and it may be passed; if not now, some future session. Were I Peel, I would, like the Athenians with Salamis, make it death to propose such a measure, and imprisonment for life to speak in its favour.

Selections from the Album of the Poet Bunn.

In consequence of the interest excited by the publication of the MS. songs of the poet Bunn, we may occasionally give an extract from his album. The following is a very favourable specimen of the poet Bunn's abilities.

WOMAN'S EYE.

A gallant knight with sword and bow,
  And bearing frank and free,
Went out to fight the recreant foe,
  As bold as bold could be.
He looked around with fearless glance,
  Then gave a coward cry,
Reflected in his glittering lance,
  He gaz'd on Woman's Eye.

But still determined not to fail,
  He raised his vizor bright,
His feather floated in the gale,
  He sought again the fight.
He took his bow within his hand,
  And let an arrow fly,
It shot above the hostile band,
  And vanquish'd Woman's Eye.

A PORTRAIT SOIREE.

The abundance of portraits that are being exhibited at the Royal Academy may furnish a valuable suggestion to those who are in the habit of giving expensive parties; for all the objects of visiting may be accomplished without any of the cost or inconvenience. Considering how little requiring either intellect or animation goes on at a fashionable *soirée*, it is quite clear that people, who wish merely to see their friends, might derive quite as much satisfaction from seeing their portraits.

If every person invited to an evening party might send his likeness as a substitute for himself, a great deal of unnecessary expense would be saved in the way of dress to the guest, while the host would not have to lay out money in entertaining him. A portrait *soirée* would at least be something new in the fashionable world, and if only on that account, there is every chance of its becoming popular in the higher circles.

Some idea may be formed of the effect of such an assemblage from the present aspect of the rooms at the Royal Academy; and, as many go to parties only to have their appearance canvassed, by having themselves canvassed before they went, much trouble would be saved to those who make it their business to criticise.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

During the late war the notion prevailed that one Englishman could thrash at least three Frenchmen. We do not think this national belief is so strong now as it used to be when there were no steamboats and cheap excursions; but even supposing the proportion were underrated, it would be nothing to the number of Arabs one Frenchman is able now-a-days to master. The average number, at the lowest computation, is forty, and so little fatigued is the Frenchman with the exertion, that he carries off afterwards a couple of camels and half-a-dozen sheep, thus combining profit with pleasure. These extraordinary facts we have carefully compiled from the recent bulletins of Marshal Bugeaud, from Algiers, and any one who doubts them must be incredulous enough to question the truth of the memoirs of Baron Munchausen, who, it is very well known, was a French historian, and merely wrote his adventures "*pour encourager les autres.*"

New Coinage for Ireland.

O'Connell, being *de facto*, if not *de jure*, king of Ireland, is about to issue a new coinage. Its impress will be borrowed from that of Laputa,—with a difference. The Laputa coin, Swift tells us, bore the figure of a king clothing a beggar. The coin of Dan will bear a king taking a beggar's rags (in the way of rint).

THE QUEEN'S BALL.

The *Morning Post* says that "the Pompadour silks, which have already been purchased for the Court Ball, would cover many acres." We wonder how many wiseacres will be found among the acres that the silks are destined to cover.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

LAST week, a deputation of the Dramatic Authors' Society waited on the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, for the purpose of communicating through his Lordship with HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN. The object of the deputation was, if possible, to remove any prejudice that might exist in the royal mind, that by visiting any English theatre, at which Opera was performed, there would be even an indirect patronage bestowed upon any part of the English drama. The deputation begged to assure his Lordship that the operas now being performed were taken from the French; and further, they had to impress upon his Lordship the agreeable truth that MR. BUNN (known to Europe as the Poet BUNN), with his characteristic loyalty, with his usual anxiety to meet the expressed or implied wishes of the Court, had—"at an enormous expense"—imported a Frenchman for the purpose of furnishing operas to Drury Lane. Hence, the deputation respectfully hoped, that HER MAJESTY would be pleased to bestow upon the pieces in question that patronage which, had the pieces been considered purely British, the deputation could not, from past experience, have ventured to desire.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN said he would certainly communicate the prayer of the deputation to the QUEEN, who would, no doubt, indulgently consider it. On a subsequent day the deputation had the honour of being introduced to the QUEEN, when, out of compliment to the Court, the use of English was eschewed during the conference,—the whole of the conversation being carried on in German and French.

RAILWAY COMMITTEE.

(By Punch's Own Reporter.)

THE chairman and committee sat on the Equinoctial line as usual, and proceeded with the engineering evidence.

The first witness called was a surveyor. He thought there would be no difficulty in surveying from China to Peru — which he believed was a notion of the celebrated DOCTOR JOHNSON. The cuttings presented no difficulty.

The chairman asked if there would be any difficulty in cutting it short, and on this hint the witness retired.

The counsel for the bill then opened at great length on the subject of the tunnelling, when he was interrupted by

The chairman, who asked if when the tunnelling had been discussed the boring would terminate?

The learned counsel said he should have to address the committee on fast trains.

The chairman remarked that counsel had as yet not at all gone into the fast trains, but had kept among the slow coaches.

A witness was then called to prove the value of the Railway as a great trunk-line.

In answer to a question from counsel, witness observed that a great trunk-line was better than a great carpet-bag-line.

The chairman asked why, but as it was announced that the Speaker was at prayers, the committee adjourned until 12 o'clock on the morrow.

THE RULING PASSION.

THE lawyers have had a part of Lincoln's Inn Square laid out as a garden; simply because, as lawyers, they like to make the most of all that 's green.

THE TWYFORD QUESTION.

BE it known, to the delight of all scoundrels who would violate every sanctity of life, that MR. TWYFORD is still at Bow Street. There he is, fixed in the chair, like the lady in *Comus*. SIR JAMES GRAHAM, on being asked in Parliament for his opinion of TWYFORD'S conduct in the late infamous MACLEAN case, said,—

"He was perfectly satisfied MR. TWYFORD had acted in a *bonâ fide* manner, and had given *his best judgment* in the matter. But, at the same time, it had been intimated to that gentleman by him, that he did not think the decision he had come to *was guided by a sound discretion*, and he had expressed in very decided terms *the strong dissent* with which he regarded the course taken by him."

And at this, certain Parliamentary goslings cried "Hear." Now, what does SIR JAMES GRAHAM avow? Why, this; that TWYFORD gave his "best judgment," but that such judgment was not the result of a "sound discretion." Therefore, he is not cashiered: and therefore, according to the logic of SIR JAMES, it is not necessary to have magistrates endowed with sound discretion; no, it is enough if they commit according to their "best judgment," very bad being, at all times, their best. If not brains, but merely good intentions, are necessary to a magistrate, why then is *Jerry Sneak* as fit for the bench of Bow Street, as for the mayoralty of Garratt!

Marriage in High Life.

WE understand that a very young remnant of an old aristocratic trunk is about to marry the fair daughter and sole heiress of a celebrated blue bag, who is rather remotely connected with an ex-ministerial portfolio. The bride is to be given away by a distinguished stick, attached to the royal household; and it is said that the wedding will be graced by the presence of one or two Baths.

NEW COLOUR.—What is an invisible blue?—The dress of a policeman.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XX.

"BROTHER" CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO A MASONIC CHARITABLE DINNER. MRS. CAUDLE HAS HIDDEN THE "BROTHER'S" CHEQUE-BOOK.

UT all I say is this: I only wish I'd been born a man. What do you say? *You wish I had?* MR. CAUDLE, I'll not lie quiet in my own bed to be insulted. Oh, yes, you *did* mean to insult me. I know what you mean. You mean, if I *had* been born a man, you'd never have married me. That's a pretty sentiment, I think; and after the wife I've been to you. And now I suppose you'll be going to public dinners every day! It's no use your telling me you've only been to one before; that's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. Of course you'll be out every night now. I knew what it would come to when you were made a mason: when you were once made a 'brother,' as you call yourself, I knew where the husband and father would be;—I'm sure, CAUDLE, and though I'm your own wife, I grieve to say it—I'm sure you haven't so much heart, that you have any to spare for people out of doors. Indeed, I should like to see the man who has! No, no, CAUDLE; I'm by no means a selfish woman—quite the contrary; I love my fellow-creatures as a wife and mother of a family, who has only to look to her own husband and children, ought to love 'em.

"A 'brother,' indeed! What would you say, if I was to go and be made a 'sister'? Why, I know very well—the house wouldn't hold you.

"*Where's your watch?* How should I know where your watch is? You ought to know. But to be sure, people who go to public dinners never know where anything is when they come home. You've lost it, no doubt; and 'twill serve you quite right if you have. If it should be gone—and nothing more likely—I wonder if any of your 'brothers' will give you another? Catch 'em doing it.

"*You must find your watch?* And you'll get up for it? Nonsense—don't be foolish—lie still. Your watch is on the mantel-piece. Ha! isn't it a good thing for you, you've somebody to take care of it?

"What do you say? *I'm a dear creature?* Very dear, indeed, you think me, I dare say. But the fact is, you don't know what you're talking about to-night. I'm a fool to open my lips to you—but I can't help it.

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you—on the mantel-piece? *All right, indeed?* Pretty conduct you men call all right. There now, hold your tongue, MR. CAUDLE, and go to sleep: I'm sure 'tis the best thing you can do to-night. You'll be able to listen to reason to-morrow morning; now, it's thrown away upon you.

"*Where's your cheque-book?* Never mind your cheque-book. I took care of that. *What business had I to take it out of your pocket?* Every business. No, no. If you choose to go to public dinners, why—as I'm only your wife—I can't help it. But I know what fools men are made of there; and if I know it, you never take your cheque-book again with you. What! Didn't I see your name down last year for ten pounds? 'JOB CAUDLE, ESQ., 10*l.*' It looked very well in the newspapers, of course: and you thought yourself a somebody, when they knocked the tavern tables; but I only wish I'd been there—yes, I only wish I'd been in the gallery. If I wouldn't have told a piece of my mind, I'm not alive. Ten pounds, indeed! And the world thinks you a very fine person for it. I only wish I could bring the world here, and show 'em what's wanted at home. I think the world would alter their mind then; yes—a little.

"What do you say? *A wife has no right to pick her husband's pocket?* A pretty husband you are, to talk in that way. Never mind: you can't prosecute her for it—or I've no doubt you would; none at all. Some men would do anything. What? *You've a bit of a head-ache?* I hope you have—and a good bit, too. You've been to the right place for it. No—I won't hold my tongue. It's all very well for you men to go to taverns—and talk—and toast—and hurra—and—I wonder you're not all ashamed of yourselves to drink the QUEEN'S health with all the honours, I believe, you call it—yes, pretty honours, you pay to the sex—I say, I wonder you're not ashamed to drink that blessed creature's health, when you've only to think how you use your own wives at home. But the hypocrites that the men are—oh!

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you? It's under your pillow—there, you needn't be feeling for it. I tell you it's under your pillow. *It's all right?* Yes; a great deal you know of what's right just now. Ha! was there ever any poor soul used as I am! *I'm a dear creature?* Pah! MR. CAUDLE! I've only to say, I'm tired of your conduct—quite tired, and don't care how soon there's an end of it.

"*Why did I take your cheque-book?* I've told you—to save you from ruin, MR. CAUDLE. *You're not going to be ruined?* [Ha! you don't know anything when you're out! I know what they do at those public dinners—charities, they call 'em; pretty charities. Charity, I believe, always dines at home. I know what they do: the whole system's a trick. No: *I'm not a stony-hearted creature:* and you ought to be ashamed to say so of your wife and the mother of your children,—but, you'll not make me cry to-night, I can tell you—I was going to say that—oh! you're such an aggravating man I don't know what I was going to say!

"*Thank heaven?* What for? I don't see that there's anything to thank heaven about! I was going to say, I know the trick of public dinners. They get a lord, or a duke, if they can catch him—anything to make people say they've dined with nobility, that's it—yes, they get one of these people with a star perhaps in his coat, to take the chair—and to talk all sorts of sugar-plum things about charity—and to make foolish men, with wine in 'em, feel that they've no end of money; and then—shutting their eyes to their wives and families at home—all the while that their own faces are red and flushed like poppies, and they think to-morrow will never come—then they get 'em to put their hand to paper. Then they make 'em pull out their cheques. But I took your book, MR. CAUDLE—you couldn't do it a second time. What are you laughing at? *Nothing?* It's no matter: I shall see it in the paper to-morrow; for if you gave anything, you were too proud to hide it. I know *your* charity.

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you fifty times where it is? In the pocket—over your head—of course! Can't you hear it tick? No: you can hear nothing to-night!

"And now, MR. CAUDLE, I should like to know whose hat it is you've brought home? You went out with a beaver worth three-and-twenty shillings—the second time you've worn it—and you bring home a thing that no Jew in his senses would give me fivepence for. I couldn't even get a pot of primroses—and you know I always turn your old hats into roots—not a pot of primroses for it. I'm certain of it now,—I've often thought it—but now I'm sure that some people dine out only to change their hats.

"*Where's your watch?* CAUDLE, you're bringing me to an early grave!"

We hope that CAUDLE was penitent for his conduct; indeed, there *is*, we think, evidence that he was so: for this is the only lecture to which he has appended no comment. The man had not the face to do it.

Antiquarian Society.

ONE of the most interesting meetings of this Society occurred last week, when an article of extraordinary rarity was exhibited. The object excited considerable speculation as to what it could be; and we therefore present our readers with some of the principal features of this phenomenon. The form was that of a man; but there was round the arm a narrow circle of stripes, resembling those of the zebra. The coat was, however, blue; and there were some hieroglyphical marks round the neck, consisting of a single letter and three figures. On close examination, these hieroglyphics were found to consist of a K, and the numbers 482, which, however, threw very little light upon the subject. We had almost forgotten to state that round the shoulders of the rarity a cape of oilskin had been found, the removal of which revealed the numbers we have just spoken of. This apparent attempt to preserve the specimen, gave some the idea that the object of investigation was a mummy; but a letter signed "JULIA" having been found in the pocket, asking "K 482 to a cold supper in the kitchen," completely settled the question; and the rarity was at once pronounced to be a City Policeman.

The extraordinary specimen was immediately handed over to MR. COMMISSIONER HARVEY, who gave directions for every care to be taken of the strange phenomenon.

More Comets.

THERE was discovered last week another new Comet. Could not a list, like DORLING'S List, be published every comet season, of the different planets that intend to run, with the names of the astrologers who have trained them, the colour of their tails, and their pedigree? We are sure it would be very convenient to all lovers of the firmament who have backed a favourite comet, and are anxious to know the exact night he is likely to run, and the sign of the Zodiac he has been entered for. At present they are disturbed out of their beds in the middle of the night to be told that the Comet, about which they have been for months making a book, is visible at Greenwich. The List might be called "SOUTH'S LIST," and all defaulters could be conveniently posted at the Royal Observatory, which would of course be the Grand Stand for the great heats of the season.

"THE ART UNION"—ITS "HAND, HEAD, AND HEART!"

In these days of selfishness—of commercial rapacity—of Pharisaical sympathy—of miserable outsidedness of every phase and kind,—it is delicious, cheering;—it gives us some hope in our species to meet with a critic who really has a "Hand, Head, and Heart!" Other critics have, we know, the similitudes of such organs; but the Editor of the *Art Union* has them—as they publish by sound of tuck at Wombwell's—"all alive!" He is a man of intense sympathy—and of intense modesty to match. "Hand, Head, and Heart!" Pooh! he has—though the ignorant, horny-eyed public may not have seen them—as many hands as Briareus—he has as many heads as Hydra—as many hearts as a pack of cards,—and all of them always trumps!

He is a creature all feeling! A very whitlow of sympathy! When he cuts up a young painter—the poor creature not being one of his own set—he does it with the delicate hand of a Liston, weeping anodyne tears into the wound; tears, that, crystallised, might be worn as shirt-studs by the original *Pecksniff* himself!

And is it not something to have such a benevolence—such a sweet piece of humanity among us? In the rank fields of art and literature, overgrown as they are with hemlock and other odious weeds, is it not something to come upon this flower—this double-daisy of a critic—this balm-of-Gilead of a man?

We think we shall follow this "Hand-Head-and-Heart" through their notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition; but it is our present fancy to begin with the peroration.

And here the reader will be pleased to imagine a few bars of music, expressive of an Editor laying aside his pen—"wearied, Hand-Head-and-Heart!"

"Our task is, for the present, ended; *there will be few to question our sincerity when we say we shall rejoice to lay aside the pen*; even the physical labour necessary for this duty is not a little severe; while the mind *is continually and most painfully exercised* between the desire to discharge it faithfully and the anxiety to avoid *giving pain* or inflicting injury."

Here the exhausted critic pauses—then takes a new dip of ink and writes—

"In truth, now that our work is done, we are wearied, hand, head, and heart."

THE EXHAUSTED PECKSNIFF.

Smelling-salts and barley-water being administered, the Hand-Head-and-Heart go on:—

"*Without at all inclining to exaggerate our responsibilities*, we know them to be GREAT. We know there are many individuals (and it cannot be presumptuous to allude to a fact we have borne constantly in mind, as one that ought to make us exceedingly cautious as well as *rigidly upright*) who take our opinions as guides to their own—who give *to our integrity and judgment* that confidence which they have not in their own knowledge and experience; and who consequently *look to us for determining the course they are to pursue in reference to purchases.*"

Is not there a sweet reserve in all this? Do not the "Hand-Head-and-Heart" talk of their "integrity and judgment" with a modesty to be rarely found even in a footman seeking a place, and diffidently dilating on his many flunky excellences? But the "integrity and judgment" of the "Hand-Head-and-Heart" are, in truth, serious qualities. Think of them, ye young painters in garrets—and tremble when, in the enthusiasm of your souls, you enrich the canvas with some touch that, in your rapt spirit, makes you for a moment richer than Rothschild! Tremble, we say, lest the "Hand-Head-and-Heart" should avow that immortal touch to be a blot; a daub; as most assuredly they will; unless, young painters, as we have before announced, you belong to the "Hand-Head-and-Heart's" set; unless you burn incense to them; or, it may be, hang some little picture to them, a votive offering to their "integrity and judgment."

The "Hand-Head-and-Heart" continue:—

"A more irksome task than that of criticism, even under the best circumstances, can scarcely be undertaken by a writer *of generous sentiments, emotions, and sympathies*; it is human nature to be more indignant at condemnation than sensible of serviceable praise; *but he who does his duty justly and fearlessly may profess*—AND IN A GREAT DEGREE FEEL—*indifferent as to whether his remarks shall gratify or offend the party to whose performances they have reference.*"

Why, just above, the "Hand-Head-and-Heart" say that in such a task the mind is "continually and most painfully exercised." And in the next paragraph they feel "indifferent." How soon is some kind of pain forgot!

"The task we have here fulfilled we have performed during six years; *with scarcely the screen of the anonymous* to protect us from the annoyances which almost invariably await those who censure. It is needless to say it has been a task most difficult. Our reward has been—the certain knowledge that confidence *in our integrity* [integrity again] has increased from year to year."

The "screen of the anonymous" has, certainly, been very thin. Pecksniff behind a muslin curtain could not have been less hidden.

DEBATE ON THE NAVY.

Just as the House was about to adjourn, Mr. Macaulay rose and said, that in moving for papers on the state of the Navy, he would call the attention of the House to the fleet of steamers now riding in their proud anchorage near the Surrey margin of Thamesis' shore (*loud cheers*). When in ancient Rome the mariners went forth to sea, we are told by Cicero that they imbued the prows of their vessels in the blood of bulls, as a sacrifice to Mars; and we know that the Spartan sailors rigged their vessels with the hair of their women, for such in those days was the patriotic ardour that filled the breasts and inflated the hearts of those entrusted with the defence of their country's liberties (*enthusiastic cheering*). He, (the honourable member,) could not look upon the fourpenny wooden steam-boats without sighs mingled with tears; nor would he regret those sighs if they could waft those vessels into dock for proper repairs; and he would deem those tears well shed if they could wash out the stain that the neglect of those boats necessarily threw on the naval administration of this great but misgoverned country (*vehement cheering from the opposition*). "Sir," continued the honourable member, "the navy of England was her boast in the days of Pitt; it is her shame in the days of Peel. Her boats, which were once her bulwarks, are fast becoming her burdens (*loud and long-continued cheers*), If I had been called to the councils of my sovereign, what should I have done? (*hear, from Sir R. Peel*). I will tell the honourable baronet what I would have done, or rather what I would not have done (*Oh! from Sir James Graham, and ah! from Mr. Peter Borthwick*). I would not have made a principle of free trade and a practice of monopoly. I would not have come down to the House with corn in my hand, sugar in my mouth, and timber in my eye; nor would I have thrown cattle into the face of my friends, while I stuffed with cotton the ears of my enemies (*tremendous cheering, which lasted for several minutes, during which strangers were twice ordered to withdraw, Sir Valentine Blake four times insisted on counting the House, and Mr. Ferrand attempted to move the previous question*). Sir," continued the honourable member, "let me recal the House to where it was—let me go back to the wooden navy—the fourpenny steam-marine. Yes! I am not ashamed to call it so, for it is by a fourpenny marine this country will one day be saved, as commerce has been already preserved by our penny postage (*universal cheering from all parts of the House, and a private 'pooh' from one of the Clerks at the table*). I must now conclude my remarks, leaving the practical part of this great question to those experienced professional men who are practically qualified to deal with it."

The honourable member resumed his seat amidst a perfect hurricane of applause. Several of the opposition pressed forward to shake him by the hand. The Conservatives formed themselves into little knots in all directions; and, in the midst of the general excitement,

Captain Rous rose, and said that he had looked at the fourpenny boats with the eye of a tar, and he would as soon hope to smash another Spanish Armada with half-a-dozen jackass frigates, as to do any good with the wooden steam navy. (*Hear, and a laugh*). Why there was the *Daisy*, which, when it had her cutwater half a knot up on the lee-way, was of no more use than a mere powder-monkey. (*Hear, and a laugh*). "Give me," said the honourable member, "a good steam-tug, and man her with the experienced crew of a coal-barge, and I would

undertake to blow the *Daisy* right out of the water, leaving nothing but her hull behind her to tell her story. (*Hear, hear*). He, (the honourable member,) had in his young days seen a good deal of this sort of thing; and he would give the *Daisy* three yards of canvas, he would allow an extra horse-power to her midships, and he would then take a Lord Mayor's barge and scuttle the steamer through and through, till her stays were all cut to ribbons. (*Laughter and cheers*). If he had to go to sea again, he would prefer a bumboat, with a stunsail, to anything else in the world. As to your men-of-war, they were all humbugs; for, if they got a broadside in their ribs, down they went, and then where were you? (*Much laughter*). The House might laugh; but he, (Captain Rous,) knew the nature of these things, and would move the previous question."

Sir C. Napier was sorry to differ from the honourable and gallant member, but he, (Sir C. Napier,) had been all his life either in the yard-arms of a schooner, or on the gunwale of a brig. He had watched the Thames steam navy with interest; and if he were to act again as a Commodore, he really did not know any craft he should like so much to hoist his flag upon as aboard the *Daisy*. (*Tremendous cries of hear*). He had been abaft her binnacle and athwart her bows; he had trod her quarter-deck, examined her timbers, and tested the accuracy of her compass,—and he defied Her Majesty's Admiralty to turn out a tighter or a tauter craft. (*Much cheering*). He, (Sir C. Napier,) recollected the old Dutch flotilla, and its frightful consequences to the German Marine, when the Swiss Confederacy determined to man her fleets; and with the recollection of all this still upon his (Sir C. Napier's) mind, he, (Sir C. Napier,) said, give him, (Sir C. Napier,) the *Daisy*.

The conversation here dropped.

The Privileges of Parliament.

Some doubt having arisen concerning the extent of the privileges of the House of Commons, we intend to lay down the law on that subject as ascertained from the best authorities.

One great and glorious privilege of the Houses of Lords and Commons is the Right of Victimising. Every Noble and Honourable Member may play the Do without fear of the Dun; that is, they may incur debts and not pay them.

The House of Commons is the judge of its own actions; and a pleasant thing for it in actions wherein it is the defendant. All must take the Law from the House; but nobody must take the Law of it. The doing so is a breach of privilege for which one is liable to be sent to gaol; a man would sooner think, therefore, of calling the Lord Mayor, than the House of Commons, to account.

It is a privilege of Parliament to repeal any law that it pleases; and if it chooses to repeal the Law of Gravitation, it would be a breach of privilege to deny that the said law was repealed.

A breach of privilege is anything that the House declares such, even after it has been done. Thus, a man has decidedly committed a breach of privilege by wearing a white hat, if it passes a vote that he has. The House has therefore done wisely in never having declared what its privileges are. It cannot tell all that may happen, and what, consequently, it may be convenient to call a privilege. How comfortable is the reflection that our lives and liberties are dependent on a vote of the House of Commons!

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF EAST INDIA STOCK.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

The Hon. Mr. Leslie Melville having made his election to fill the present vacancy in your Direction tolerably certain, and your votes for the next dozen vacancies that may occur having been bespoken for as many years by a corresponding number of Majors and Lieutenant-Colonels, I trust that, by being thus early in the field, I may secure the favour of your support as a candidate for the thirteenth. I should venture to solicit your suffrages for the twelfth; but an active canvass during the last four years has convinced me that the ground on that occasion will be pre-occupied by Major Mac Somebody. My Indian career, as well as my circulation in this country, is by this time, I trust, well known to all of you; and I doubt not it has been such as to have convinced you that I well know what to do with your stock. I cannot boast of having been in the Indian Army; but I am as well versed in curry as any one who has. I have also the misfortune not to be a Scotchman; but to get over that difficulty, I have no hesitation in calling myself,

Ladies and Gentlemen, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,

92, Fleet Street, June 14, 1845. Sanders McPunch.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

The balance of last year's accounts of the British and Foreign Destitute, amounting to the sum of £4. 19*s*. 3*d*., was invested last week in the Three and a Half per Cents., for the benefit of the Resident Director. We have not yet heard what effect this transaction has had upon the Funds.

A NICE YOUNG MAN FOR A SMALL PARTY.

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
An author by his trade;
He fell in love with Polly-Tics,
And was an M.P. made.

He was a Radical one day,
But met a Tory crew;
His Polly-Tics he cast away,
And then turned Tory too.

Now Ben had tried for many a place
When Tories e'en were out;
But in two years the turning Whigs
Were turn'd to the right-about.

But when he called on Robert Peel,
His talents to employ,
His answer was, "Young Englander,
For me you're not the boy."

Oh, Robert Peel! Oh, Robert Peel!
How could you serve me so?
I 've met with Whig rebuffs before,
But not a Tory blow.

Then rising up in Parliament,
He made a fierce to do
With Peel, who merely winked his eye;
Ben wink'd like winking too.

And then he tried the game again,
But couldn't, though he tried:
His party turn'd away from him,
Nor with him would divide.

Young England died when in its birth:
In forty-five it fell;
The papers told the public, but
None for it toll'd the bell.

A Counterfeit Presentment.

We never could make out what Sir Robert Peel's speeches were like, till our last visit to the Royal Academy, when it struck us that they bore a remarkable resemblance to Turner's pictures. Both of them are admirable, but neither of them understood. Sir Robert Peel's speeches, too, like Mr. Turner's pictures, are always an illustration of the "Fallacies of Hope."

LITTLE LESSONS 'FOR LITTLE LADIES.

In Words of One Syllable.

A NICE French Girl was so Good, that she was brought out for a Great Treat to see her Friends. She came to see one of Them who had a large House, so large, that she did not know what to fill it with to make it look Gay when her Friend came to see it. So she got some Great Dolls, and did dress them all up so Fine, and the Clothes were so Rich, and yet so Strange, that some of them did look like Great Guys; and the sight was so Odd, that you could not but laugh when you saw them. The Dolls did Dance as well, and the two Young Friends did look on, and did Dance too for Joy. If you are a good Girl, you shall have some Dolls, though you have not such a large House to put them in.

THE QUEEN'S FANCY DRESS BALL.

SEVERAL mistakes occurred at the late *Bal Poudré*, and such was the alteration made in the appearance by the costume, that the saying as to its being "a wise son who knew his own father," was in several instances literally realised.

Unfortunately, however, it was a wise master who knew his own coachman, and noblemen were shaking hands in all directions with menials.

Curious Mistake at the Palace.

"HA! LORD GOOSEBERRY, I BELIEVE?"
"NOA, ZUR! I BE ONLY HIS COACHMAN."

THE following selections from the costumes of the gentlemen were most unaccountably omitted from the regular newspaper reports of the *fête*. We cheerfully supply the gap in the records of this great national event, which will take its place in the pages of history.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

Sabretash of blue sarsnet, and pierrepoint of pink tape. Vizor of white cotton over a buckler of wash-leather, and thorax of black bombazine. Gauntlets of dark calico trimmed with gimp, and surcoat of piebald dimity.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

Helmet of coarse flannel, with crest of brown-paper, richly gilt at the edges. Corslet of Dutch metal, and battleaxe of block-tin, with a halberd of cherry-wood.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Tabard of white worsted, and patent leather straps. Diapason of porphyry-coloured serge, and breast-plate of Indian muslin. A bunch of bantam's feathers depending from an amadon of bronze, with trunks of slashed buckram, and stockings embroidered with whitey-brown horologes.

The Character, however, which excited the greatest attention, was that of the HONOURABLE CAVENDISH SQUELCHER, who appeared in the costume of a French Poodle of 1740. The upper part of the figure was attired in a close-fitting garment of lamb's-wool, admirably imitating the soft hair of the well-washed favourite; whilst the *culottes*, which were worn high, were of flesh-coloured elastic silk. The tuft at the extremity of the tail was worn fuller than at present, and was tied with a bow of Mazarine blue. Around the neck was a collar of gold, with the name and address of the lovely owner worked in brilliants. The padlock was also richly jewelled. The perfect propriety of the costume was universally admitted, and the effect of the figure as it moved with grace in the stately minuet, or bounded (barking) in the lively gavotte, was—like the crystal stream—"to cheer but not inebriate."

Great inconvenience has been occasioned by the necessity of shaving off hair and whiskers in order to make way for that immense superstructure of powder and pomatum which formed the chief feature in the *Bal Poudré*. Half the nobility who were present at the *fête*, if they continue

LORD CAPILLARY'S HEAD BEFORE THE BALL.

LORD CAPILLARY'S HEAD AFTER THE BALL.

au naturel, must look for the next few months as if they had just emerged from a lunatic asylum, where their heads have been shaved, while, after the hair begins to grow, they will have to pass through the gradations of prison crop and workhouse crop, till the hair resumes its former luxuriance. The *Bal Poudré* has played what may be familiarly termed old Bogie with the heads of the aristocracy.

Legal Gardeners.

WE understand that the Benchers of Lincoln's-Inn will publish a gardening book in accordance with the complete revolution they have lately effected in the art of horticulture. They have been laying out New Square with trees, removed after forty years' growth, into a soil of stone, brick, and rubbish, thinly overlaid with mould to the depth of ten inches. The trees are said to be in full bearing; and if they will bear such treatment as this, they will undoubtedly bear anything. The operation of moving trees of forty years' standing has seldom been tried with success, but we understand that the Benchers of Lincoln's-Inn have caused writs of *certiorari* to be dug in all over the Square, because a *certiorari* will remove a case—and why not a tree?—in nearly all its branches.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.

SOME of the French newspapers seriously assert that PRINCE ALBERT has lately become a Tailor! a Fishmonger!! and a Goldsmith!!! because he has been elected a member of each of the above companies. Only one thing was wanting to complete the absurdity of the PRINCE'S titles, viz.—to have called him the "Patron of the Fine Arts."

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

"COME, DEAR NEMOURS, AND LOOK AT MY DOLLS."

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